

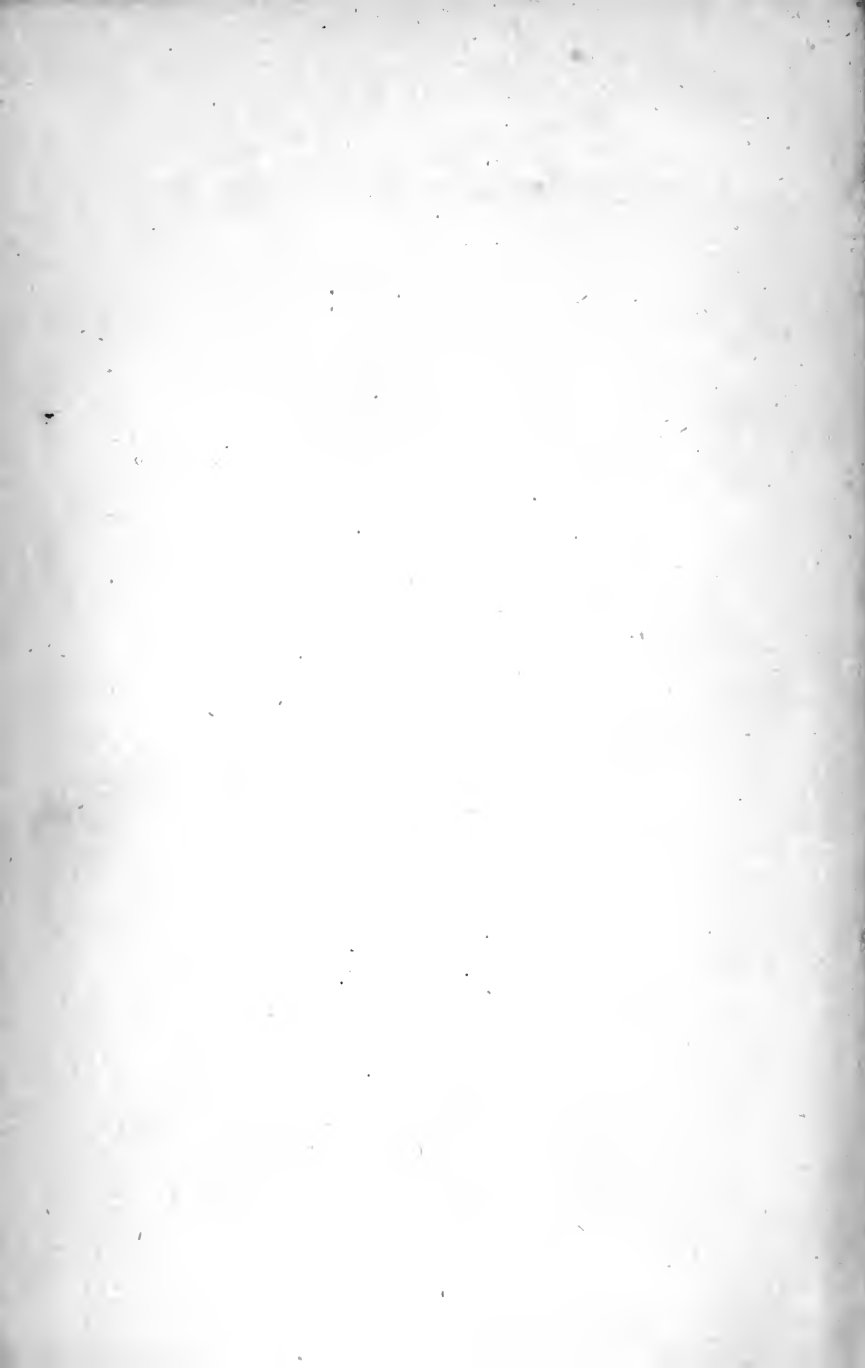


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With gratitude for all
he has done for Ireland
this book is sent to
Edward Blake

from his friend
the writer.

July 1887



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MOY O'BRIEN

A Tale of Irish Life

BY

E. SKEFFINGTON THOMPSON

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DUBLIN
M. H. GILL AND SON
O'CONNELL STREET

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PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR.

THIS story (under a *nom de plume*) first appeared in December, 1878, when it began in the *Dublin Weekly Freeman*, and continued, until completed in the summer of 1879, when it was republished in America by Messrs. Harper Brothers, of New York.

A few words now seem necessary by way of preface, as "Moy O'Brien" was written more than three years before Mr. Gladstone's Land Act of 1881 came into force, and allusions are made to a state of affairs which that and succeeding Acts did much to alter.

The Land Act mentioned, in these pages, is Mr. Gladstone's of 1870, an Act so very cruelly crippled in its passage through the House of Lords, that it soon became evident that another was imperatively necessary.

1878 was a memorable year for Ireland. The Political Prisoners (through the intercession of the American Minister) were released, and for the second year in succession the failure of the harvest was bringing dread and disaster to many an Irish home!

The harsh landlords had not yet commenced in dreadful earnest the shower of those "sentences of death" which rained thick and fast in the winter of 1879-80, but the farmers were heavily borrowing to pay the claims upon them, and in every direction the outlook was a gloomy one!

In Parliament, the Irish National Members were warning the Government of the coming distress, but as usual, a deaf ear was turned to them.

On the 28th of April, 1879, a meeting of farmers, organised by Mr. Michael Davitt, was held in Mayo; on the

8th of June, 1879, Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt held a meeting at Westport, and on the 21st of October in the same year, the "Irish National Land League" was founded in Dublin.

The first object of the League was to bring about a reduction of rack-rents, also to defend those threatened with eviction for refusing to pay unjust rents.

And to obtain such a reform in the laws relating to land as would enable the tenants to become owners of holdings "by paying a fair rent for a limited number of years."

But Famine was upon the people, and there were no funds to meet the distress, so on the 20th of December, 1879, Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon sailed from Queenstown for America, and in three months obtained nearly 250,000 dollars "for the relief of distress in Ireland."

The Home Rule Hero in this Irish story says:—

"I know that the man who would serve his country truly, honourably, with the highest patriotism, must be prepared to give up every thought of self, he must not be surprised if he is misunderstood, maligned, loaded with every epithet that can wound, ay, even perhaps, branded as a traitor, and imprisoned with thieves and murderers! Imprisoned, not for his acts, but for his opinions."

Very soon this came true in the lives of the men who were striving to help the beggared and starving people of Ireland, and to raise their country to her proper place amongst the Nations of the Earth.

Carlyle, in his "Past and Present," says: "To make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God, to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed! It is work for a God."

MOY O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER I.

"A mere atom of suffering
Outlined against the far-off patient stars."

BRET HARTE.

'WHERE can Moy have gone? I can't bear to lose sight of her; for after this week I shall not see her sweet face for many a weary day.'

The speaker was a handsome old Irish gentleman; the listener was a Catholic priest, a refined-looking man; he was leaning against the chimney-piece beside his friend's armchair, and he looked thoughtfully into the fire as he replied—

"I saw her go up the hill about half an hour ago, and I think I can guess where she has gone."

"Where?" asked the occupant of the armchair, looking up eagerly.

"To say good-bye to Dermot's grave!" replied Father Fitzgerald. "Remember, this journey must seem a great undertaking to your young granddaughter."

"Of course, of course," replied the old gentleman, hastily, "and I can't say I altogether like her going to Sir Ralph Windsor's; but he was very kind to me after my poor boy's death, and came all the way from England to see us. Then, there's Lady Arthur and her daughter, just going off to Germany, and delighted to take charge of Moy the whole way to London; so that altogether it seemed the best thing to do under the circumstances."

"What circumstances?" asked the priest, adding im-

mediately, "you know I only returned this afternoon from Dublin."

"To be sure," said old Mr. O'Brien, twisting round in his chair, and looking up brightly in Father Fitzgerald's face. "How stupid of me! Well, you know how this new English landlord, Mr. Frederick Hackney, has been going on—crowbar brigade at work (at least, all that kind of thing)—evictions the order of the day. Moy has been the witness of scenes of misery caused by this grasping man—ay, scenes that would melt the heart of a stone. Think what hers is, and then imagine her feelings when, as she reproached him during one of his many visits here, Hackney suddenly seized her hand, implored her to marry him, and do what she liked with his tenants."

Father Fitzgerald simply raised his eyebrows with an expression of calm surprise, popularly believed to belong exclusively to members of the English aristocracy.

"I was in the room," continued the old man, with enthusiasm; "and to give the devil his due, I must say I never liked the fellow so much as at that moment. Not that I want Moy to be his wife, Heaven forbid! but his intense love for the girl seemed almost to glorify his face."

"What did she say?" asked Father Fitzgerald.

"She sprang to my side as if an adder had crossed her path, though it's not many of them we'd see in Ireland. She could not find words for a moment or two. Then she said in a low voice, 'You must not speak to me like that; I shall never love any man on earth as you ask me to love you. Do your duty to your tenantry and I will be your friend.' Then she was gone, and I told him what had happened just before he bought his fine property here. How her boy-lover had died, and how faithful she had been ever since—child though she was—to his memory."

"I suppose he urged that time might efface that impression," said the priest, smiling, not cynically but sadly.

"Oh! bless you, yes. Just as confident as man could be. 'Give me time, my dear sir,' he pleaded; 'let me come here as a friend, and one day she will say "yes" to me very sweetly.'"

A dangerous flash came from the priest's eyes, as he said under his breath, "I would rather see her in her grave!"

"What!" said the old man, only half hearing the words, "the grave?" "Yes, she ought not to be there so late in the evening. It is cold now. But, as I was saying, I thought this trip to England would be a good thing just now, and what her poor father would have liked; so, without speaking to Moy, I wrote to Sir Ralph Windsor. He was Mr. Windsor, at Ashantee, when my poor boy was shot down beside him. Now he has come into the baronetcy, and left the army. He is an M.P., and his wife is an earl's daughter, and they are very grand people; but still I felt I could write to him in my difficulty, for he showed so much kind feeling about my dear boy, his old comrade, when he came to see me, and made me promise that some day Moy should pay him a visit. He said his wife would take great care of her."

"Does Moy like the idea of going?" asked Father Fitzgerald.

"Well, when I told her what I had done," went on the old man, "she was a little put out, the darling, and unhappy about leaving me, and all that; but now she has come to see it was a good idea, and that, perhaps, it has all been arranged on purpose for her to go and speak to English people about Ireland, and perhaps persuade some absentee Irish to return to their estates. 'If they will only come back to Erin,' she said to me, smiling through her tears; 'and who knows, dear grandfather, but what I may do a little good. I don't mean to be presumptuous, but you know the Lion and the Mouse story?'"

"I never met anyone with a greater sense of responsibility than Moy has," said Father Fitzgerald.

"Ay!" said her grandfather, "that's true. Why, I've known her sigh when she has bent a tendril of our vine the wrong way and broke it. 'I could have helped it had I been more careful,' she has said."

"She is right," said the priest, earnestly. "For every thought, word, and deed we are accountable. We want to put on St. Patrick's armour every day. But tell me, had you a pleasant answer from this Sir Ralph Windsor?"

"Oh, very kind. They would be delighted for her to pay them a visit, if she did not mind passing many of her evenings alone. But as they are now in London for the season they have many engagements."

"I suppose these grand English people would be ashamed to ask if they might bring a little Irish friend with them," said the priest.

"They'll find it difficult to equal her in London," exclaimed the old man, with ill-concealed pride.

"Not only difficult, but impossible," Father Fitzgerald said, as he took up his hat to go in search of Moy. He passed out of the house through the garden gate, and along the low stone wall, that (after he passed the O'Briens' grounds) for some distance separated the high road from a field that rose gradually up the hill-side to some poor cabins on the ridge above, though trees and shrubs quite hid them from the view of anyone on the road below. Farther on the wall ceased, and the park-like grounds became wild and hilly, with heather and furze bushes, and narrow ravines, up which came the sound of torrents rushing on to the sea. Soon the priest turned off the high-road, and followed a pathway, a short cut he knew to the ancient graveyard, where he expected to find Moy O'Brien. The scene grew more and more wild and picturesque—in the distance a lofty range of mountains, behind which the sun had set so long that one or two pale stars were now visible; valleys opening here and there; a river hurrying on to the sea; and far, far away, the broad Atlantic itself. Then, a few miles off, standing out against the apple-green of the sunset sky, were the ruins of an ancient castle, one of the strongholds of Moy's ancestors; for the mountains and valleys, far as the eye could reach, had once belonged to the O'Briens, and had gradually been wrested from them by "confiscation," or "plantation," or "Black Acts," about which the least said the better, if we want to have peace in these latter and happier times.

The only shred of land left to this branch of the O'Briens was the old house and garden at the end of the town of Ballyvorna, and this, in the troublous times of

the Penal Laws, was preserved to them by the honour of a distant relative, a Protestant, and a neighbour, who held the property for the O'Briens until such time as England permitted Catholics to hold lands in their own names. For several generations the heads of the family had managed to make a little money in Spain, where they owned part of a vineyard, but they had always returned to die in "Dear Erin." Then, Moy's father had persuaded his parents to let him enter the British army, and after a few years he married, but lost his young wife at the birth of their second child, "Moy," and died himself, like so many of his brave countrymen, fighting under the English flag.

Since her father's death Moy had had one great sorrow in the death of her playmate, her boy-lover, Dermot Davoren; and Moy, like the Scottish king in the ballad mourning for "Douglas, the tender and true," felt that now "all men to her were but shadows." All were alike. Never more could she love, except her country, that dear land for which Dermot would have gladly died; and now her tender remembrance of him, to whom she had often sung, "Who fears to speak of '98?" was so connected with her love for Ireland, that the latter feeling had all the intensity of a passion; and with this love deep, deep in her heart, she devoted herself to the duties lying nearest to her. Her grandfather was her first care, for her only brother was far away in Australia, and after her home duties came the people. The good priest and the kind Protestant rector found her ever ready to help them in works of charity; and the blessings of her poorer friends followed her wherever she went.

But to return to Father Fitzgerald. He at last arrived at the old graveyard. It was in the very ruins of what had once been a beautiful Cistercian abbey. Mounds of ruins rose here and there, and the grass grew long and rankly, and into the modern wall that surrounded the sacred enclosure many curiously carved stones were built.

Father Fitzgerald mounted the steps that led over the wall, but paused when he gained the top, for he saw the object of his search kneeling beside her lover's grave, her

slight figure in soft outline against the evening sky. But so absorbed in prayer was she that no sound of approaching footsteps had reached her ear.

Her kind friend looked down pitifully at the passionately swaying figure. He felt that it must be more than the personal sorrows for the past which so affected her at this moment, for the loss of her boy-lover had long ago softened into a tender memory.

The good priest hesitated to disturb this young girl, for whose earnest character he felt respect as well as affection. Suddenly Moy unclasped her hands from her bowed face, and, throwing her arms up towards Heaven, with the wild *abandon* of action which she must have unconsciously learned as she watched the "keeners" on many a hill-side, she looked away from the village lights up to those purer fires on high, and cried in an agony of supplication, "Oh, my God, let me do good to Ireland!"

CHAPTER II.

"By the fires trod out on each hearth,
When the exiles were driven forth!"

LADY WILDE.

THERE were no handsome villa residences about Ballyvorna such as swarm in the outskirts of English towns, and indeed near some in Ireland. Mr. O'Brien's house was the last at one side of the old town, and the railway station was the most imposing building on the other side. But if there were no villa residences, there were some fine properties in the neighbourhood, three of which almost met in the town of Ballyvorna. First of all there was Glenrowe, which an Englishman, already mentioned—Mr. Frederick Hackney—had bought out of a fortune made in Lancashire. He had been both hard and unjust to the tenantry, for if they remonstrated at an unfair increase of

rent, he simply told them to go ; and when, with breaking hearts at the idea of leaving their old homes, they adopted the only course left to them—namely, claimed compensation under the new and much-talked-of Land Act—everything was made particularly hard for them by the legal proceedings in connection with the evictions being laid in the Supreme Courts in Dublin, so that the poor homeless tenants had unheard-of expenses to meet. Indeed in many cases the wretched people found themselves not only homeless but penniless.

Mr. Hackney's agent was a Scotchman, a hard man, but one who wished to be just, and who in several instances had sided with the tenantry against their landlord, and gained the day. The people, though they did not like him, felt grateful to him, and knew that he could not always gain his point. Indeed, Mr. Syms—for such was the agent's name—was often disposed to throw up his appointment, but his wife and daughter would not hear of this line of conduct, for they had their business in the neighbourhood.

The next estate to Glenrowe was owned by an Irish nobleman, Lord Arthur. He was easy-going, generous, and poor, or, as an Englishman would put it, "reckless, extravagant, and poor !" But he was a kind landlord ; his rents were pretty regularly paid, and he was beloved by his tenantry. He had an Irish bailiff, and seldom left home, though his wife and daughter went once a year to London or some German watering-place. His second son and heir was in the army, and seldom at home. His eldest son had been in the same regiment as Moy O'Brien's father, and had died soon after his return from the effects of Ashantee fever. This community of sorrow, and the remembrance of "ancient kindness" (for it was Lord Arthur's ancestors that held the O'Briens' property in the penal times), made a bond of union between the two families, so far apart in outward circumstances.

The third and the largest property, Gilmartin Castle, was owned by an absentee. When Father Fitzgerald was going in search of Moy, it was the ruins of Gilmartin that stood out so boldly against the sunset sky.

The whole place had fallen to decay, and this was a real grief to Moy, for though it had so long ago passed from her family, she felt as if she still had some sort of right over it. Indeed, the English officer to whose share it had fallen had married a daughter of the house, left mourning for her father and brothers, who had been either killed in battle or driven as exiles from their home and country.

"But, oh ! there can be little of the O'Brien spirit in this degenerate man," Moy would sigh, as often she wandered through the ruins of the castle, and thought of its absentee owner. He had paid a flying visit to Ireland and Gilmartin when he came of age, but had never been near the place since, and that was now fifteen years ago. Fortunately for his tenantry, he had a good agent in Mr. Davoren, the father of Moy's "Dermot."

Mr. Davoren lived on a small estate of his own, and his eldest son was a lawyer and a Home Ruler.

The morning after Moy's visit to her lover's grave, Mr. Frederick Hackney came riding along the road which led from Glenrowe to Ballyvorna. He had not left his own gates far behind when he saw a lady on horseback coming slowly along, unattended by a groom. Mr. Hackney, with a frightful contortion of face, fixed his glass in his eye, and, examining the lady attentively, discovered that she was Miss Symms, the daughter of his agent. She was small, with fair, or, according to her friends' verdict, 'golden locks,' but her enemies called them "sandy." Her eyes were too small, and her lips were too thin, and had a peculiar downward curve at the corners, and there was something not quite pleasant in the expression of her face even now, when she was trying to look her best. Still, no one could deny that she had only just escaped being very pretty.

Miss Symms had long wished to know Mr. Hackney's real feelings with regard to Moy. If he was as much in love with her as rumour said, here then was a golden opportunity. She knew of Moy's intended journey, and felt certain that he did not.

The gentleman and lady drew rein, and their horses kept stepping backward and forward, sideways, and every

way, as horses are wont to do when suddenly checked for their riders to converse. This fact is, perhaps, one of the strongest proofs of the want in a horse of mental capacity of the same kind as ours; for surely the "dear craytures" must often hear conversations interesting enough to keep them quiet if only they could understand them.

Mr. Hackney and Miss Syms exchanged remarks about the weather, which was particularly fine, and then she said:

"I suppose you are going to say 'good-bye' to Miss O'Brien?"

Mr. Hackney did not start perceptibly, but his face darkened, and his hand must have tightened on the rein, for his horse backed away almost into the ditch.

"Is Miss O'Brien going away for a lengthened period?" he asked, stiffly.

"Oh yes; for some months, I believe," replied Miss Syms. She saw he felt the news so much that he seemed unconscious of her presence. She said good morning hurriedly, and, with a heightened colour and an annoyed expression of countenance, rode quickly away.

Mr. Hackney, with a muttered curse, looked after her, and said aloud, "I wonder if the little minx was lying? It would not be the first time. She gave me no particulars of this journey, so there may not be a word of truth in it. Or was it a bit of spite her not telling me more?"

He resumed his journey to Ballyvorna, little suspecting the scene he was soon to come upon.

Moy's answer to Mr. Hackney when he proposed to her had had one good effect. He had already reinstated the poor tenants so lately evicted from their holdings. To one the tardy act of justice came too late. An old man, named O'Leary, had been suffering from fever when he was carried out of his house and laid upon the roadside; a heavy downpour of rain came on, and though a priest from a neighbouring village (who happened to be passing) saw the state the poor man was in, and bore him to a lodging (like the good Samaritan of old), still the shock and the chill had been too much for O'Leary, and he died. Who can wonder that his only child, when he looked upon

his father's corpse, and saw his mother a homeless widow, vowed vengeance on the wrong-doer? Even the priest, though he reproved him for his violent words, could not be very severe with the lad. Poor Tim and his dead father had done much to improve their land, and they owed not one penny of rent. Their only crime was refusing to pay an increase of rent when there was an unjust advance of from nine to fourteen pounds. In reply to their remonstrance they were served with a "Notice to Quit." O'Leary died before the claim for compensation could be put in; and when Mr. Hackney, to please Moy, offered to let Tim and his mother have their little farm again at the old rent (but with some tiresome conditions), Tim refused it, and went to work on Mr. O'Brien's bit of land, taking a cottage for his mother and himself on the road, close to the garden-gate. It was a "come down" for the proud spirit of Tim O'Leary, but he felt as if he would die sooner than accept a favour from the man whom he looked upon as his father's murderer. There was also something to sweeten the bitter cup. Not only by his industry and sobriety was he gaining the respect of all about him, but his heart was taken captive by the fair Kitty MacClancy (Moy O'Brien's little housemaid), and he was supremely happy in the assurance that his love was returned.

Mr. Hackney had to pass several of his small farms on his way to Ballyvorna. The houses belonging to these farms faced the high road, and when the landlord gained the brow of a hill close to two of these, he was startled to see a large crowd collected, evidently gathered round and listening to some one in the centre. The speaker was Moy O'Brien. She had walked out to say "Good-bye" to a poor sick girl, to whom she was in the habit of reading. The news that she was there had spread like wildfire to the adjoining farms, and when she came out into the road she was received with beaming smiles and hearty blessings.

The people had always loved her, and looked up to her as their young mistress. She and her grandfather were treated with as much deference and respect as if they still owned the broad lands over which the O'Briens had once

held sway. But how was this feeling increased when they found (for the fact had leaked out some way or other) that it was to Moy's intercession they owed their restoration to their holdings at the old rents!

"And sure, Miss Moy," said a tall, fine-looking man, thin, indeed (as if there had not been much overfeeding in his case), but muscular and healthy-looking enough—"indeed, Miss Moy, we had the rights of it; a good bit of the land was bog we had reclaimed. Sure we toiled hard, and it was only just returning something for our labour. We couldn't have paid the money he asked for it, so it wasn't a ha'porth of good promising to pay it. We, who have lived on coarse Indian meal stirabout and potatoes, and never had one farding of parish money; we would have had nothing but the poorhouse only for *you*, Miss Moy, God presarve ye!"

"Ay, God presarve ye!" was echoed by every voice.

"And give ye a good Irish husband," said a woman's voice, "and presarve ye from an English one!"

The latter part of the sentence was in a lower and more tremulous key. Quick to observe, these people had guessed why Mr. Hackney had attended to "Miss Moy's" intercession for them.

"Ha!" cried an old woman, "the saints presarve ye from a Saxon. They're all bad."

"No," said Moy, in a determined voice; "think of what Father Fitzgerald said only a few Sundays ago—that he had known three men as noble and good as ever trod God's earth. One was an Irishman, the best, of course," Moy added, with an arch look that was flashed back to her from the sympathetic crowd; "another was an Englishman; and the third was a Scotchman. So you see you must look for good in all, and when you find bad, don't blame the country, but blame the man."

"Ay," said the tall man, who had already spoken, "thru for you, Miss."

"And now, dear people," said Moy, "let me give you a word of advice. Because other people have been wrong, don't be tempted to be so yourselves. Be fair, be reasonable; don't give anyone an occasion to find fault with

you. Lay by, pay your rents regularly, and leave any wrong-doer to be judged by his Maker; and be sure, if you are patient and just, you will before long be rewarded by a good Tenant Right Bill."

"Ay, ay! There's to be a Home Rule meeting to-night, Miss."

Evidently, in the speaker's mind, Home Rule and Tenant Right were inseparable; and who will say he was wrong?

"Yes," said Moy, in answer to the last speaker. "And now," she added, "I must say good-bye to you all; I may not see you again for a long time."

Her voice was sad, and a groan of almost despair broke from her hearers.

"Good-bye, is it? Och, sure, Miss, dear, is it going away ye are?"

And as they crowded round her, Mr. Hackney appeared over the brow of the hill, and they all saw him draw rein for a moment as he surveyed the scene.

The people crossed themselves as if to avert the evil eye.

"He's afeerd to come on," whispered one; and they exchanged quizzical glances, and seemed highly to enjoy the idea.

"He needn't fear," said another, contemptuously. "Tim O'Leary isn't here, or maybe he'd lave him his skull for a drinking-cup; and Tim's father—God rest his soul!—is quiet enough, thanks to Mister Hackney."

"Hush!" said Moy. "Let the dead alone. Mr. Hackney is coming."

He came riding on at a quicker pace, the crowd separated, and there stood Moy O'Brien!

CHAPTER III.

“Hide the blood-stains now
With hues which sweet Nature has made divine—
Green strength, azure hope, and eternity,
But let not the pansy among them be:
Ye were injured, and that means memory.”

From “An Ode to the Assertors of Liberty,” by
SHELLEY.

“MR. HACKNEY,” said Moy; and, as he dropped his glass out of his eye, he looked and felt so intensely surprised that he forgot all about his tenants, though he had felt rather nervous a minute before at the thought of passing through them; for, though they were back in their holdings again they were saddled with tiresome restrictions, and would now have to pay for many privileges which hitherto they had got for nothing. He well knew they had no kindly feelings towards him, for his conduct had brought death, sickness, and many expenses upon their little community. Some of the sufferers from his first evictions (before he had made the acquaintance of Moy O'Brien) were now on their way to America and Australia. At least he hoped so. The remembrance of one of them caused him many an anxious moment, though the Constabulary assured him the man was out of the country, and he need not fear him or his threat; but they confessed that Dan Rieley was a dangerous customer.

Moy felt bound to be very civil to Mr. Hackney, standing, as she did, among the people he had reinstated to please her; for she knew well enough he had not a sense of justice or feeling of duty sufficiently strong to have impelled him to such a course of action of his own free will; but she went forward as he paused, and held up her little hand very graciously. He pressed it, but did not dismount, as in any other surroundings he would have done.

He said, very respectfully :

"I am sorry to hear you are going away."

"Yes," said Moy, "I am going to pay a long-promised visit to an old friend (and brother officer) of my father's."

"And do you go alone?" asked Mr. Hackney. "Is it far?"

"It is to England," replied Moy; "but Lady Arthur and her daughter are going to Germany. So they will take care of me as far as London, and my friends will meet me at the station."

"You are, indeed, going a long way," said Mr. Hackney, biting his lips. "And may I ask if it will be for any time?"

"I don't know exactly for how long," said Moy. "Oh, here is Father Fitzgerald!" she exclaimed, and could scarcely restrain a great sigh of relief. "Good-morning, Mr. Hackney; I see your horse is impatient."

She did not shake hands this time, but bowed her pretty head, feeling very thankful that the interview was over.

Mr. Hackney again turned his horse's head towards Ballyvorna, and again an oath was on his lips. He devoutly wished that he had some hold over Mr. O'Brien, that in some way or other he could make his power more felt in Moy's home; and he determined that during her absence he would endeavour in every way to gain an influence over her grandfather.

Father Fitzgerald and Moy soon set out to walk back to Ballyvorna. They had not gone very far when Moy began eagerly to ask her friend if he would grant her a great favour.

"What is it, my child?" asked Father Fitzgerald.

"That you will take me to-night to the Home Rule meeting. Maurice Davoren is going to speak, and his father is not well enough to come into town, but I have promised him to try and go, and tell him all about it when I say good-bye to-morrow. You must persuade grandpapa to let me go. Remember I have only read speeches. I never in all my life heard one."

The priest smiled at her enthusiasm, and promised to use his influence with her grandfather.

* * * * *

The Home Rule meeting was held, and Moy went to it; and as gas was too expensive a luxury for the poor inhabitants of Ballyvorna, and as even oil and candles were not to be had in unlimited quantities, the great barn where the meeting was held was but poorly lighted, and no one guessed that the slight little figure attired in a cloak and veil and bonnet, that had once belonged to her grandmother, was Moy O'Brien.

They went early, and Father Fitzgerald found her a comfortable seat, and then went to the platform. Mr. O'Brien never went out at night. He said he was too old.

The chair was taken by Mr. Maurice Davoren, who introduced two or three well-known speakers. But later on some one else was voted to the chair, when Mr. Davoren made the speech of the evening. He was an avowed Home Ruler, and he looked the born orator—lithe, active, with a face, not handsome, but lighted up by deep, earnest eyes—an intellectual forehead, round which his black and silky hair curled, cut short enough to show his well-proportioned head, which was not so small as to make one doubt his brain capacity, or so large as to make one fear for his energy.

"My friends," he began, "perhaps my speech may be a little bitter to-night. I trust it may at least be just, but I have this moment come from reading a particularly unfair article on Ireland in the columns of the London *Times* (groans). It has long been my opinion, shared, I am glad to say, by many eminent men, that until the Press of England alters its tone about Ireland, there can be no real peace between the two countries, for we feel the injustice which in England we hear treated with ridicule or scorn. Take, for instance, such a question as the inequality of the franchise in England and Ireland. If we had Home Rule in Ireland, how long do you think would the privileges of citizenship be denied to our fellow-countrymen? Would we sneer at their just demands? And suppose even that, when given, it was 'made bad use of'—as our English

critics tell us would be the case—why, things would right themselves in time. We must, anyway, be just, and leave the consequences to a higher power. Some great thinker has said that a really noble race will prefer being even badly governed by their own people to being well governed by strangers. But” (his eyes flashing) “when it comes to being badly governed by strangers, who will then dare to blame the nation that unceasingly demands its liberty—liberty to make the laws it has to live by, and liberty to repeal bad laws? No nation irritated by injustice can do its work well, any more than a human being with a toothache or a headache can work well. My friends, we are constantly asked to forget all these local ailments, and ‘think of the Empire’—‘work for the Empire!’ I say yes, when that empire is founded on *justice*! (loud cheers)—when Ireland has as much justice as England; but we are not so blind as to admire a Government ‘whose hand is held out to raise the fallen and help the weak’ when they are at a safe distance, or it can gain anything by it, which has the ‘far-off look’ of Mrs. Jellaby, and ignores the rights of those nearer home. No; we Irish have too keen a sense of the ridiculous to fall down and worship such an image as *this* (great laughter). We are asked again to forget the *past*; but I maintain that to show up the past in its true colours is the first step towards starting on a right basis in the *present*; and only when the Englishmen of this generation, with all their knowledge of other countries, are less ignorant about Ireland, and know how she was handicapped *by law* in the race for very existence, will they cease to upbraid us for our backwardness in trade, and many other shortcomings which no true Irishman must shut his eyes to, but which we know were caused by the Penal Laws, which stamped out our trade (to benefit England and Scotland), and paralyzed the energies of a sorely-tried people. But we must not be unjust. Some Englishmen and some Scotchmen have understood the true state of the case. Hear Carlyle, when speaking of England’s government of Ireland. He says that Government ‘ought to drop a veil over its face, and walk out of court under conduct of proper officers, saying no word—expect-

ing now of a surety sentence either to change or die.' One more quotation I will give: 'When the English people and the English Government know Ireland they will give up attempting to govern by the sword—that old and used-up instrument of despots—and betake themselves to justice—employing, instead of the weapons of the soldier and policeman, the more powerful instrument of redress.' That was written more than thirty years ago by that eminent man, Dr. Samuel Smiles. There is, at least, one English name which will always be received by an Irish audience with the deepest respect—Gladstone ('Ay, Gladstone's the man! Hurrah for Gladstone!') Mr. Gladstone has, I believe, earnestly and conscientiously considered the past of our country, and has used his splendid powers in our service; but the Land Bill that is called by his name is not really the measure he proposed, which was much fairer, much nearer to what we really want. I will tell you a little story to illustrate what happened to this Land Bill. In some part of Africa, where black kings still hold sway, when a subject wishes to reform any abuses or make any new laws, if the king finds out in time, he sends the reformer a present of a very poisonous bean, with the request that he will eat it. The wretched man eats the bean and dies, and so ends all hope of better laws for his groaning countrymen. Now, the House of Lords in England is like the African bean—it stops all reform (groans and laughter). It cut and hashed up poor Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill, and the consequence is, we want a new one; but don't let us blame Mr. Gladstone (cheers, and cries of 'No, no'). But what we want more than all this is some measure of Home Rule (loud cheers). And what would we do if we had it? Not what we are so often told by English and some Irish newspapers that we *would* do—confiscate the land and turn the landlords adrift. No, no, my friends; our Irish noblemen and gentlemen have their faults, but some have their virtues too (cheers). And, more than all, they have their rights as well as the tenant-farmers. (A voice—'True for you, Mr. Davoren.') Ireland must never forget the truth which Mr. A. M. Sullivan has so beautifully expressed:

'Cases might be named by the score,' he says, 'in which the Irish landlords (in 1846-7) scorned to avert by pressure on their suffering tenantry the fate they saw pending over them—they went down with the ship.' (Here there was a silence far more impressive than any cheers, and not many eyes in the vast crowd assembled could see the speaker's face distinctly for some moments.) No; we don't want to change all our landlords. There are still many good ones among them. We want the absentees to return to Ireland; or, if they wish to sell the land, to let the tenants have the first chance of purchasing their holdings, that they, and not some moneyed stranger, may have the road to proprietorship smoothed for them. ('True for you, sir!' came from a hundred voices.) Then we want no rents raised, because the tenant's industry has added to the value of the soil. But these things—and many, many more, in law, in education, in improvements of a hundred kinds—will never be until there is more discipline in the Irish ranks! Is it not true that some of the greatest disasters which befell the Irish cause in military engagements in this land arose from differences among themselves? Forgive me my plainness of speech; but look how the enemies of the Home Rule cause gloat over our dissensions! Listen while I read a few words from an English paper: 'That the Home Rulers, or any similar parties, could ever succeed, no one who has studied Irish history will for a moment believe. Even if England were less resolved than she is to maintain the Union, the character of Irishmen is such that they are incapable of carrying on a great enterprise.' Oh! fellow-workers, let us prove that this is a base slander on the men of Erin. Shall the countrymen of the Liberator not carry the day in secular as in religious questions? He won Catholic Emancipation. Let us win Home Rule (loud and long-continued cheering, and cries of 'We will! we will!'). But how, you perhaps ask? I reply: look at the Government side in the English House of Commons. We don't like them. We don't agree with them, but we can learn something from them, namely to work together. There are Catholics and Protestants and Dissenters in that party, but they give their votes as Con-

servatives and nothing more, and that solid mass of politicians, led by a man few of them believe in, act together as if they had not the least difference of opinion on any subject whatever. Now, the English know well enough that the way to break up an Irish party is to bring in the religious question. Again and again we have fallen into the snare, and all has been shipwrecked. Let us take warning from the past. Let us work together as fellow-countrymen, whether we be Protestant or Catholic. The best Protestants are not Orangemen, because the best Protestants are large-hearted, far-seeing, and liberal-minded men, who, while they admire what is worthy of admiration on their own side, do not withhold their meed of praise from the heroes on the other side, and truly honour the fidelity with which Catholics clung to their faith 'with a constancy,' as one of them (Mr. Lecky) has said, 'that has never been surpassed' (cheers). Then, my friends, let us be charitable and patient. Let us be temperate and forbearing. Let us be just, and all will yet be well with old Ireland, for—

'Freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train;
'Tis righteous men can make our land
A nation once again!'"

—(Loud and prolonged cheering.)

CHAPTER IV.

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."

MOORE.

A RAILWAY train (the Irish mail) speeding through England! Three ladies in a first-class compartment—one elderly, handsome, and fast asleep; two young, handsome, and wide awake, chatting also as they sat opposite to each other.

"Well, Moy," the elder of the two was saying, "I always think that you Catholics must come over to England with a far more independent feeling than we Protestants; for you have the satisfaction of knowing that you never gave in, while we became Protestants and kept our lands. One of my blessed ancestors was taken over to England when a sucking dove, and bad Queen Bess attended to him, and sent him home a grown-up Protestant; and so we floated on a Protestant wave, and had our share of the loaves and fishes that your faithful people forfeited 'for conscience' sake.'"

"It's very honest of you to allow all this," said Moy, smiling into Lady Catherine's merry eyes.

"Well, it's only the truth: but the funny part of it all is that there is such a 'harking back,' as the Darwinites would say. If any one of our family are suddenly alarmed about anything, we cross ourselves most devoutly. I know I do; my father does; and he says he remembers his father and grandfather doing the same, also when they sat down to dinner. By-the-bye, my dear, you have to thank Protestant Mr. Lecky that what you all went through (I mean your people) is now getting better known. He is standing up over the dead past, like another Mark Anthony, and making the modern Brutus see himself in his true colours."

"Maurice Davoren quoted Mr. Lecky the other night," said Moy, eagerly.

"It had all been told before, of course," said Lady Catherine, "but not so as to reach the English ear, till Mr. Lecky's 'England in the Eighteenth Century' came out."

"I must tell you," said Moy, "while I think of it, how glad I was to see you speaking to Mr. Davoren as we were leaving Ballyvorna."

"Of course I speak to him," said Lady Catherine. "My people are rather horrified with him. They are all Conservatives, but I am not. I admire the Home Rulers, at least when they are like Mr. Davoren," she added, with more earnestness than she often showed. "He seems to me the very type of a true patriot—modest, firm, and

brave. I met him at the rectory lately, and we had a long talk." Then she fell into a deep fit of thought, which Moy did not disturb.

Presently Lady Catherine said : "Have you heard lately of that absentee you are so often angry with, Moy?"

"No," returned Moy. "Why?"

"Oh, I thought old Mr. Davoren might have known of his return to England. I heard lately from a cousin of mine in London that Mr. Gilmartin was there. I dare say he knows of his agent's illness, and thinks about coming home for a while to look after matters for himself.

"I hope he is coming," said Moy, but it was a hope that had been so often doomed to disappointment, that the word (when used in connection with Mr. Gilmartin) had almost ceased to have any meaning to her ear, so she soon returned to her present occupation of castle building : Maurice Davoren, the Home Ruler, was to be made the first Speaker of the restored House of Commons in Ireland, and Lady Catherine was to be his wife. This fair lady suddenly looked up and said : "I wonder, Moy, if I ever told you about my English cousin, Miss Wentworth. I think I have to thank her for my Home Rule or Liberal sentiments. We have great arguments, for she is almost a Republican. She does the most extraordinary things, but her mother and brothers are so fond of her they will let her do anything almost."

"What does she do?" asked Moy, rather interested in this new character.

"Oh, she takes cart-loads of cabmen and costermongers and their wives and children down to Hampstead Heath, and sets them to play games. I believe she would like to have them in the drawing-room in Eaton-square, but her mother, Lady Margaret, would 'strike' then."

"Is Miss Wentworth clever?"

"Very. There is hardly anything she does not understand, from cookery to mathematics. She attended a course of lectures on cookery at South Kensington."

"She must, indeed, be very fascinating," said Moy, much amused.

"She is, my dear child, for, with all her cleverness, she

is very handsome, and has charming manners. She has refused many good offers. Indeed, I often think she will never marry, she is so hard to please. I am telling you about her, because I mean you to know one another. I shall write and tell her to call upon you, and then you will be asked to some of their nice parties. They know everyone worth knowing, and are very musical."

"But don't you think it will be rather a bore to her to call?" said Moy.

"Not in the least, she drives every afternoon. She will be sure to be near you some time or other. Let me see—where are you to be?"

"At Sir Ralph Windsor's, in Grosvenor-street."

"Ah, one of those nice old houses. But tell me, have you ever seen Lady Ann Windsor?"

"No," said Moy, rather anxiously, for the expression in her friend's face was not reassuring.

"Don't look unhappy, Moy; but I've heard a good deal of her, and have no wish to make her acquaintance. I know she can be so intensely rude; but never mind, Sir Ralph is a dear, good man; he will take care of you. And here we are close to London!"

Lady Arthur woke up, smiled sweetly at the two young ladies, let them take her shawls and roll them up, and put up the books and newspapers; and before many minutes were over the train steamed into Euston station.

* * * * *

"Sir Ralph not yet returned!" said a peevish voice, coming from some one in the very depths of a particularly large sofa—large at least for a fashionable London drawing-room. It was the month of May, so, though past six o'clock, it was still broad daylight. There was no fire, though the evening was chilly enough to have made one desirable.

"To lose our drive and three or four afternoon parties, and sit here alone!" continued the same discontented voice. "And all for what! To receive a girl from Ireland whom no one in our set knows or wants to know! Really your father was too absurd to word his answer as he did, though of course no one with any sense of what was right would have come after what I made him put in

about leaving her alone in the evening. It stamps the girl at once. I do not approve of people getting out of their own groove." This was a favourite expression of Lady Ann's.

"Pray, mater, are you talking to me?" asked a shrill young voice, and a pretty girl of eighteen or nineteen came laughing from the inner room. "Because if you are I have not heard a word you were saying, simply because I was not in the room."

"Of course I was talking to you, and you knew it," said Lady Ann Windsor, in an aggrieved tone of voice. "But I am accustomed to your home manners, Gertrude."

"Well, my dear mater, home manners are learned at home, just as a home-made dress is made at home; not that I ever wore one, thanks to my French dressmaker."

"I should say thanks to my father and mother, if I were you," said Lady Ann. "I don't believe there is a more extravagant girl in London."

"Bet you two to one there is," cried Miss Windsor.

Lady Ann simply replied by a sort of impatient groan, and returned to her first subject.

"I think the absurdity of your father going to Euston to meet that girl, has rarely been equalled; as if a footman or maid would not have been quite enough, and a cab, for a girl coming, no doubt, in a second-class carriage, in charge of the guard; but no, nothing but the best carriage would do, and he must needs go himself! I dare say he would have liked me to refuse the invitation for this dance to-night, but he did not venture to ask that, though I am sure he has made eight or nine solemn requests to me the last few days in connection with this girl's visit."

"Poor papa," laughed Gertrude. "He has evidently had a time of it. But he knew where to draw the line—didn't he, mater? By-the-by, is Harry Finch coming to go with us to-night?"

"Yes, of course. I asked him. I thought if this Irish girl was in very bad style, we could explain matters to him. I really did not like to ask anyone else."

"Papa says Miss O'Brien is rather pretty," said Gertrude; "at least he thought so some years ago—but 'prepare to receive cavalry'—here they are."

Lady Ann never rose from her seat till Sir Ralph, leading Moy, had advanced to the very middle of the drawing-room. Then she got up slowly, and, as she was a very fat little woman, it was not an easy matter for her to extricate herself from all the cushions and shawls she had been lying in.

Kind Sir Ralph gave his wife an imploring look, and she remembered his first request and her own promise, which was to kiss Moy, and say she was glad to see her. She certainly kept her promise in the letter, if not in the spirit; but poor Moy felt terribly chilled. She looked towards her first friend, but he was just speaking to his daughter, whom he now brought forward.

"This is Gertrude, my dear Moy. I hope you will be great friends."

The only human being in the world whom Gertrude cared for, except herself, was her father; so she sometimes did things to please him, and now she came forward very graciously and (when they had all had a cup of tea) offered to take Moy to her room; but once there she left her to help herself, not even sending her own maid to assist her, as she would have done for any special friend.

Thanks to hints from Lady Catherine Arthur, Moy's wardrobe was in good order even for a fashionable London visit; and when, after dressing for dinner, she found her way back to the drawingroom and walked in, Lady Ann, who was the only person there, was rather startled. Moy looked simply lovely. Her dress was in the most excellent taste, of delicate colour, and fitting her graceful figure to perfection.

"Come and sit down by me," said Lady Ann, moving her own stiff brocade to make room for Moy. "How did you get such fine clothes, child?"

"My grandfather likes me to be nicely dressed," replied poor Moy, blushing deeply. "A very good dressmaker in Dublin has my pattern; I always write to her when I require anything."

"But how did you know what to wear to-night, coming, as you do, from such a wretched out-of-the-way place?"

Moy's cheeks burned as she listened to these impertinent remarks, but she was far too truthful not to say:

"Perhaps you are right, and I might not have known the proper dress to wear when you had no party; but I have a very kind friend, who is accustomed to the best society, and she told me many things she thought would be useful to me."

"And who is she, my dear?" said Lady Ann, more kindly than she had yet spoken.

"She is Lord Arthur's daughter, Lady Catherine."

"Lord Arthur? I never heard of the title."

"He is an Earl," said Moy, a little proudly.

"Oh, only an *Irish* title," suggested Lady Ann, with a sigh of relief.

This was too much. Moy could not be angry. The sublime impertinence had become ridiculous, and the girl began to laugh. Lady Ann laughed too: she had surpassed even herself, and she felt it. She began to talk more kindly altogether, and before dinner was over Moy had made up her mind that of the two—mother and daughter—she preferred the mother. Her vulgar bluntness (if it is allowable to use such words when speaking of a member of the English aristocracy) was not so trying as the daughter's covert sneers.

About ten o'clock they all went off to the ball, Mr. Finch with them. He was rather struck with Moy (whom he sat opposite to at dinner), and felt much disappointment when he found that she was going to stay at home. When they were all gone Moy wrote to her grandfather, and then she sat and thought of her dear, dear Ireland, and of all the warm hearts she had so lately left there; of "The God speed you! The saints preserve you!" that had sounded so sweetly in her ear; and then she thought of how far she now was from Dermot's grave, and great tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

CHAPTER V.

"Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs—
To the silent wilderness,
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind."

P. B. SHELLEY.

"How much attentien Mr. Finch paid Miss Wentworth last night!" said Gertrude, as they all sat at breakfast, and while Moy was wondering if it was her Lady Catharine's "Miss Wentworth."

Sir Ralph said to her, rather archly, "But Mr. Finch was regretting your absence the whole night, Moy." The young girl smiled brightly into her kind friend's face. "And he is a poet, my dear," continued the baronet: "over his door in the Temple is written, 'This room is dedicated to poetry, the arts, and love!'"

"I know there is a good deal of art in law," said Moy, laughing; "but I don't think that inscription states his profession plainly enough to bring him much practice."

"Oh, he does not want practice," said Gertrude; "he is heir-presumptive to a rich old uncle."

"You are quite mistaken," said Lady Ann, testily. "He was telling me last night he particularly wants something to do for a few years; in fact, as long as the old man holds out."

"What a happy release it will be when he dies!" said Gertrude, dryly.

"Finch evidently does not find poetry a paying business," said Sir Ralph; "and I don't wonder; for I read something of his once, about the moon, and being out of tune, and dying soon, and I did not think much of it."

"He does make some money, but he spends it as soon as he gets it," said Lady Ann, "like some of your spendthrift

countrymen, my dear," she added, turning to Moy. Sir Ralph looked annoyed, but Moy laughed it off by saying she did not think they got much either to spend or save in Ireland.

"Oh, my dear, now don't you begin the old story of Irish distress," cried Lady Ann; "there is none except what is caused by those dreadful Home Rulers."

"I am sorry to say I could tell you of some very real distress," began Moy, her colour rising.

"I sincerely hope you are not a Home Ruler?" said Lady Ann, sharply; but before Moy could possibly answer, Sir Ralph interposed laughing, "I won't have politics at breakfast, the only meal in the day—according to Lady Blessington—when people are not conceited. Come, my dear Gertrude, can you not think of some subject as interesting and not so painful?"

"I want to go to the dentist's, papa; perhaps that is less painful, in its effects at least."

They all laughed, as Gertrude continued, turning to Moy—"I waited till you came to go with me to the dentist's; mamma and my maid get faint at the very idea; so I hope you won't mind."

"I will not say I'll go with pleasure," said Moy, smiling; "for I'm very sorry you have to go; but I am not afraid of feeling faint."

"Then my mind is made up—I'll have my mouth stretched to-day," said Gertrude, rising from the table.

When Miss Windsor and Moy O'Brien drove up to the dentist's door there was already a carriage there, and when they were shown in they were told they would have to wait a little, as the dentist was engaged. So they sat down, and Miss Windsor began studying the first column of the *Times*, while Moy glanced over some of the many other newspapers left on the table to distract the thoughts of the unfortunate people who, as Miss Windsor said, "came to have their mouths stretched."

They had not waited long when a hansom drove up to the door, and a gentleman sauntered into the room they were in. He seemed very much surprised when he saw Moy's companion.

"Miss Windsor," he exclaimed, "I can't say this is a delightful surprise, for I'm sorry to see you here; I suppose the ices last night found out a weak tooth?"

Gertrude laughed, and then they began discussing the ball the night before, where they had evidently danced together several times. Moy, standing looking out of the window (for Miss Wentworth took no further notice of her) saw the hansom-driver return, take a nice-looking umbrella out of his cab, and come up to the dentist's door with it. Presently a servant-man entered the room where they were all waiting:

"The driver says you left this in the cab, my lord."

"Ah, so I did; honest fellow!" taking the umbrella as he spoke. "Give him a half-crown, my lad." The servant did not receive the half-crown from the nobleman, but he left the room at once.

After awhile a bell rang, and Gertrude said to her acquaintance: "It is your turn now, I suppose."

"It's just the time I appointed," said he, looking at his watch. "I'm sorry to take precedence, but I have to catch a train about two o'clock. I must be down in the country this evening."

"Don't mind," said Gertrude. "I made no appointment, so it's my own fault I have to wait."

The servant at this moment summoned the nobleman, and off he went.

"Wasn't it beautiful the way that man rewarded the cabman and saved his own pocket?" said Gertrude, laughing, the moment she found herself alone with Moy.

"I thought he had no change. Of course he will pay the servant or the master."

"Not he; he isn't such a fool," said Miss Windsor, shrugging her shoulders. "And why should he pay it? These dentists, and people like them, make a great deal more money than they can possibly spend. They have no style to keep up, while we, poor 'upper ten,' have no end to our expenses, and can't afford to throw away half-a-crown."

For a moment or two Moy was silent with astonishment. Then she said, "Perhaps the man has already told his

master, and the master will ask your friend for the half-crown."

"Oh, never!" cried Gertrude; "he dare not. Lord Edmonston would tell all his friends how mean the dentist had been, and his practice would be gone."

Moy did not say aloud what she was thinking—that it was not the *dentist* who would be the "mean" person in such a transaction.

The servant returned to ask if Miss Windsor would make an appointment for the next day, or would wait another quarter of an hour. Gertrude decided to wait. "By all means," she added, when the door closed; "it will be some compensation for all my sufferings to see Lord Edmonston come back with his mouth stretched; and he must come, for there is his umbrella."

However, he did not return. Presently a servant came and took away the umbrella, and then they heard the hall-door close, and were soon after summoned to the consulting-room.

"There are in the mineral world certain crystals, certain forms, for instance, of fluor-spar, which have lain darkly in the earth for ages, but which, nevertheless, have a potency of light locked up within them. When these crystals are warmed," says the philosopher, "the detent is lifted, and an outflow of light immediately begins." Moy O'Brien was a human "fluor-spar." When her heart was warmed by love and sympathy there was ever an outflow of intellectual light, giving evidence of hitherto unthought-of powers of mind; but when in uncongenial surroundings, like those she at present found herself in, she felt almost mentally benumbed; her bright thoughts seemed all locked up; she was continually asking herself during the first few days in London, "What is the matter?" "Why am I only able to say 'yes,' or 'no?'"

She could not even think, much less say, any of the merry things that were for ever rising to her lips when her grandfather, or Maurice Davoren, or Father Fitzgerald, were her companions, and which often and often brought flashes of mirth into the faces that were sometimes overcast with anxiety.

The only time when she had felt like herself was one most delightful morning, when dear Sir Ralph took her to the Royal Academy. Then her sweet voice was like an Alpine stream that the sunshine has suddenly unlocked! She perfectly charmed her companion with her lively and witty talk. Almost every picture suggested some happy speech—such as, “Ah, there’s an Irish salmon river, I’m sure. Sir Ralph! you—so fond of fishing—ought to try our rivers. Why, some American has said that the fish in Ireland bite as if they had nothing on their consciences.”

Then, when they came to a picture of the death of some English hero, “Why does not some artist paint a picture of Sarsfield dying on the field of Landen,” said Moy, “and so recall to our minds his pathetic words, ‘Oh that this were for Ireland?’”

But when with Lady Ann and Gertrude neither pathos nor fun came out. She felt unlike herself, and the constant effort to be cheerful, and not let Sir Ralph see how much his wife’s rude speeches annoyed her, was a great strain upon poor Moy’s mind; and this visit to London, that Miss Symms had so much envied her for, was not, so far, a very happy holiday. She constantly heard from Lady Ann (as that lady glanced over the evening papers) such words as “those ignorant Irish,” or “those lazy Irish.” But Sir Ralph always said a good word for them. “Whenever I hear any one doubting the natural industry of the Irish peasant,” he said one day, “I always refer to poor Thackeray’s description of the settlement near Kilcullen, where several hundred little homesteads were raised ‘on land rescued entirely by the people’s industry from a marshy common,’ and for doing this I rather think, he adds, that many of them passed months in jail!”

“Well,” said Lady Ann, “no doubt they were day labourers, and got some absurd ideas about having land of their own. I do not approve of people getting out of their own groove.”

“It’s an unpleasant groove if you happen to be starving,” said Moy; for sometimes she could not quite control her emotions.

“Then you are so bigoted in Ireland,” continued Lady

Ann ; "Im sure I've heard or read something quite dreadful about it—haven't I, Gertrude ? "

"I think some one was saying there was, or ought to be, a Protestant and a Catholic railway," replied Gertrude, dryly.

Sir Ralph and Moy both laughed at this, and the baronet said :

"Then I'm sure in England we ought to have a Ritualistic and a Low-Church railway."

As she drove about London with the Windsors, Moy missed something in nearly all the faces she saw. "In Ireland," she said to herself, "there is a look as if they still believed in the possibility, at least—even if they do not always possess it themselves—of truth and beauty and happiness on God's earth ; but here there is a dull hopelessness, or a defiant or a thoroughly bad look." Then she thought, amidst all their poverty, how cheerful her own poor people could be, how thankful for the blessings they had still left to them ; how generous to their poorer neighbours ; how sympathetic to all—how courteous, how kind. She found herself for ever missing their cheerful faces, that reflected every mood in those they met, and then to hear these people sneered at—traduced.

There was only one voice beside Sir Ralph's that Moy ever heard say a kind word for her country, and that was Mr. Finch's ; but then he had taken a tremendous fancy to Moy, and therefore she smilingly took his eager championship for what it was worth. She had met a few English and Scotch people at a dinner-party the Windsors gave soon after her arrival ; but she had not been taken to any parties. One night, however, when Lady Ann and her daughter were going to a dance, Sir Ralph himself took Moy to the opera, and that was an immense treat.

CHAPTER VI.

"Her voice was like the voice of his own soul
Heard in the calm of thought."

From "Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude."

ONE afternoon, when the Windsors and Moy came in from driving, they found among other cards those of Lady Margaret and Miss Wentworth, and with them two cards of invitation to an afternoon musical party—one card for the Windsors, one for Moy.

Lady Ann with her usual plainness of speech, turned to her guest and said, "And how in the world, my dear, did she know of your existence?"

Moy laughed, "She is a cousin of my friend's, Lady Catherine. I half expected she would come and see me."

From that moment Moy remarked a difference toward her in the manner of Lady Ann and her daughter. Knowing the cause, the fact did not affect her particularly, and she felt growing almost cynical as she thought of how much their condemnation or approval was worth!

"The Wentworths is rather an interesting house to go to," said Gertrude. "You meet everyone there, from royal dukes to African kings. All the latest lions will be at this party, I suppose."

"But Miss Wentworth I do not approve of," said Lady Ann, severely. "She talks about the lower orders in a most unlady-like manner. I have the greatest objection to people——"

"Oh, yes, mater, we know all the rest of it," cried Gertrude, interrupting her. "Here's the tea; I'm almost choking."

The Wentworths lived in Eaton-square, and on the day appointed for the musical party Moy found herself driving up to their door with the Windsors.

The road outside was already lined with fine carriages and horses, and grooms waiting for their masters or mis-

tresses, and when Lady Ann's party got up-stairs they found the drawing-rooms crowded with guests.

Lady Margaret and her daughter came forward to meet them, and both were particularly cordial to Moy. There were not many seats unoccupied, but Miss Wentworth took her cousin's friend to one in a window, looking out into the square, and chatted to her very kindly for some minutes about their mutual friend, Lady Catherine; then she had to turn away to receive some more guests, and Moy, not knowing anyone, was left to make her own observations. First of all, remembering all she had heard about her, she looked well at Miss Wentworth, as she stood in the centre of the room chatting to the new arrivals. Moy admired her very much—she was tall and fair, but her hair was a rich brown, and her eyes were hazel, the colour of the nut, not of the leaf! she had a frank and noble expression of countenance, and a particularly happy light in her eyes at this moment, as she turned from the people she had just welcomed to speak to a distinguished-looking man in the crowd behind her. Moy was arrested by his face; had they met already, or was he like some picture she had seen? She was puzzled, and found herself studying his features earnestly; suddenly their eyes met, and then she looked away. Lady Ann and Gertrude seemed to know everyone, but they never thought of introducing Moy to their friends and good Mr. Finch was not there.

Presently a celebrated Italian singer arrived and began to sing. At first people tried to go on talking, but Lady Margaret went about saying "hush," and gradually every one grew perfectly quiet—everyone at least but poor Lady Ann Windsor. She had found a seat pretty near Moy, and either the draught from the window or the dust of the room made her sneeze. She controlled herself wonderfully, but got frightfully red in the face. You could have heard a pin drop; and Lady Ann dare hardly breathe. The silence was only broken by the "tra, la, la," of Signor ——. The inclination which Lady Ann had to sneeze became worse and worse, and the silence more profound as the accomplished singer's notes sank lower. Lady Ann—watched by her daughter with unholy mirth—leaned back against

her chair in mental anguish, and the old-fashioned Chippendale gave way! One loud crack and the back went slowly slipping down like an avalanche; and then the noise of Lady Ann's sneeze was drowned in the applause which greeted the conclusion of the song.

Moy looked out of the window smiling; and down the King's road saw many carriages gaily dashing on, bearing other fashionable victims to other scenes of misery. She thought of some words by the American, Emerson, which expressed her feelings at that moment. She was quite alone; for even Lady Ann had left her and the wreck of the Chippendale!

Meanwhile Miss Wentworth had not forgotten her cousin's little friend, and when she had thanked the Italian, she looked round for some one whom she could introduce to Moy. The distinguished-looking man already mentioned saw the look on Miss Wentworth's face, and asked if he could be of any use. She hesitated for a moment, and then glanced up brightly and said: "You are so good, I don't think you will mind talking a little to a young lady who knows nothing, I am sure, of all the subjects that interest you."

"Is it the young lady in the window looking away from the company?" he asked.

"Ah, yes, poor girl! I fear she has found our party dull. She does not know anyone in the room. May I introduce you?"

"By all means; I suppose she is almost the only one in the room I do not know, at least by sight; so if she will not talk, I can tell her the names of the people about us."

Miss Wentworth smiled: "Then follow me."

"What is her name?" he asked, bending down, but still looking over at Moy, who had just turned from the window.

"Miss Moy O'Brien."

He said almost to himself, "It ought to be Maud—'Maud, with her exquisite face.'"

"Yes, you are right," said Miss Wentworth; she seldom missed a word he said. "It is an exquisite face," she added, sighing, she knew not why.

Then she introduced them, and the Chippendale being still in the window, the gentleman drew it nearer to Moy and sat down. She had not heard his name, and was rather taken by surprise to find, close beside her, the only face in the room that really interested her, and Miss Wentworth, interrupted by some one at her elbow, hardly finished saying her friend's name. He did not begin the conversation with the usual topic—the weather; but said in a quiet voice, that seemed like the voice of an old friend.

“Will you think me impertinent if I ask what you were thinking about just now, when I saw you looking out of the window?”

Moy glanced up in his face with an arch look, through which there was a dash of melancholy, and said:

“No; and I do not mind telling you. I was thinking how true it was that Columbus discovered ‘no isle or key so lonely as himself’—I think Emerson says that.”

Their eyes met. There was a wondering smile in his.

“Yes, it is Emerson; and he goes on to say that even the dearest friends are separated by impassable gulfs; but I think there are moments of such intense sympathy between some human beings that we may well doubt what Emerson says to the contrary. Life would be too perfect if such moments could lengthen into hours, days, years; but everything is broken off in this world.”

There was something almost stern in his voice as he said the last words. Each measured tone seemed a remonstrance addressed to Fate.

There was silence between them for a moment or two, and then Moy said, shyly,

“Are you a stranger here?”

“No; though it is almost two years since I was last in London. I have been travelling in the East”—and as Moy looked up, but without speaking, he added, smiling—“The East comprehends a good deal, does it not?”

“Yes. I wonder if you have been in a country that interests me—Persia?”

“A great deal,” he answered, looking pleased. “I can tell you its geographical features, the manners and customs

of the people, or describe how they make the shawls and carpets you English admire so much."

"I am not English," said Moy, quietly; "I am Irish."

He bent his head gravely, as he said:

"Is that the reason you take such an interest in Persia?"

Moy assented, and he went on—

"You believe a wave of emigration came from thence to Ireland? so do I."

"Their traditions of sun worship, their refined and beautiful legends, the very names for some trees and plants, are all alike—are they not?" asked Moy.

"Yes," said the traveller; "even the shamrock was a sacred emblem of the Persian Triads; and it is phonetically the same as the Irish word. Oh! without doubt," he continued, thoughtfully, "the Irish are the most interesting and ancient race in these islands."

Moy's lovely eyes brightened still more as she heard these words.

"It is delightful," she said, "to hear even our far distant past spoken of with respect."

Her companion looked much interested, for there was a quiver in Moy's voice which showed how deeply the subject affected her.

"The English papers are sometimes rather hard upon Ireland," he said. "I have often noticed it."

"And the English people," replied Moy, quickly. "You do not understand us; you never come near us. You glory in saying, 'Been in Ireland? No, thank you! Don't want to have three bullets through me!' and yet, with this ignorance of us, and injustice to us, you expect us calmly to submit to your laws!"

The stranger looked intensely amused as he said, "I should feel crushed, only I know present company are always excepted."

"Of course," said Moy, blushing and laughing. "I did not mean you."

"But, Miss O'Brien, I have heard Irishmen in England say quite as bad things about their country as the English papers say."

"Very likely," said Moy; "there are unworthy and

untruthful people in every nation ; but what did a great American say ?—" Show me the man who looks down upon the land of his birth, and I will show the man who must be looked after in the land of his adoption."

Her "exquisite face" was even more fascinating to the stranger than when first he saw it ; for now it was instinct with life and enthusiasm. He could not laugh ; he said, gravely,

"And what would you do with—with absentee landlords?"

"I'd give them their choice to come home or be heavily taxed," replied Moy, in the most business-like manner.

"Would you?" he said, with a very amused look. "But suppose they have stayed so long away that their people have ceased to care for them?"

"They *never* cease to care for the old families," said Moy, warmly. "They will forgive a great deal of neglect, even injustice, from them, and welcome back with enthusiasm 'one of the old stock.'"

Her companion looked thoughtfully out of the window for some moments, and another song beginning, they neither of them spoke again for some little time.

The song ended, Lady Ann came up and told Moy they were just going away. The girl turned shyly to say "Good-bye" to her new friend, but he begged to be allowed to see her down stairs, so she took his offered arm. Many people looked at the pair with interest as they followed Lady Ann and her daughter across the room and at the door of one of the drawing-rooms they were stopped by a lady saying to Moy's chaperon,

"I hope, Lady Ann, we are to have the pleasure of seeing you and your daughter to-morrow night? And pray bring your young friend."

She looked very kindly into Moy's face, and the girl thanked her with one of her happy smiles.

"Then we shall meet again," said the stranger, with ever so slight a pressure of the little hand against his side ; for I hope to be at Lady Meldon's party to-morrow night."

* * * * *

Moy would have been startled had she heard what her

new acquaintance said when he returned to the drawing-room. Miss Wentworth and her brother were standing together, and he joined them.

"I wonder if either of you can help me," he said (they were old friends of his), "about an agent for my Irish property? The excellent man who has managed everything for me since my father's death has died suddenly."

"Shot?" asked Mr. Wentworth.

His friend smiled a grim smile as he replied, "No; not a natural death, as I suppose you Englishmen would call such a death for an Irish agent. It seems the poor old fellow has long been ailing, but no one had any idea he would die suddenly. I've just had a telegram from the son."

"I wonder if Mr. Finch would do," said Miss Wentworth: "he was once Secretary to a Lord Lieutenant. He must know something of Ireland."

"We must have a talk about him. I am obliged to send some one at once, for I cannot leave London till I have seen my book through the Press."

CHAPTER VII.

"But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
Thy name, beloved Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs."

MOORE.

LADY ANN WINDSOR's sneeze had next day developed into a very severe cold in the head. She could not go to Lady Meldon's party, which was also musical. So Sir Ralph took charge of his daughter and Moy.

They were late. Gertrude always liked to be late. She enjoyed entering a crowded room, and seeing hundreds of eyes directed to the door as her name was announced. She always went late to church, and secretly exulted as her friends looked up from their prayer-books. So when

she and her companions arrived at Lady Meldon's the company had all assembled, and were already seated, for the huge drawing-rooms had been filled with rows of light cane chairs, except a space at the end of the last room, which was left for those gentlemen who preferred standing, or sauntering into the conservatory and garden beyond. Miss Windsor, followed by Moy and her father, entered at this open space, where they were received by their host and hostess, and directed to pass up the side of the rooms to the top, where they would still find seats unoccupied.

As they passed on, Moy raised her eyes and met a very earnest glance from her acquaintance of yesterday. He was one of a group of gentlemen who refused to be seated. Only a bow and a smile—for many yards of space intervened between the two—and then Moy found herself going on, on up the rooms, to the very front row. For once in her life Gertrude had made a mistake in coming late. Their noses were all but touching the edge of the grand piano. When the concert began there was not much room for the musicians, and the lady next to Miss Windsor had to "dodge" to avoid the fiddle-bow. The back of another violin-player was towards them, and he worked so violently that they almost expected to see the seams of his evening coat give way and expose still more of his apoplectic neck. Then the noise of the grand piano, top up, was enough to wake the dead. It was something too dreadful, Moy thought. She asked herself, "Shall I ever after this night hear again?" The dying notes of a violoncello seemed to echo "Hear again."

When there was a pause in this terrible performance, two men-servants came in with ices and cakes, tea and coffee.

Their struggles and situations when they reached the front row were most distressing. What with the performers, the audience, the music-stands, and prostrate double-bass, they had to plant one leg boldly and firmly forward, and then look out for a safe spot to bring the other round to. Their position could only be compared to the egg-collector on the ledge of rock—with a break in it—who put the *wrong* leg forward first! However, after nobly

struggling, they came out of the battle, the fat butler looking as if he had gone through the first stage of a Turkish bath; and the exquisite footman with a pink cream ice plastered down his left arm; this, as he pressed onward toward the door, he wiped, all unconsciously, against the satin and velvet shoulders he passed.

Meanwhile nearly every one talked, not only when the ices were being discussed, but all the time. Several of the performers rejoiced at this, as it drowned their false notes or careless playing; but one gentleman, who commenced an exquisite solo on the piano (that would have been a real treat to many in the room), was so infuriated by the roar of conversation that went on, that, after one withering look down the room, he suddenly broke into a wild noisy piece that effectually stopped all further conversation, and snapped two or three strings in the piano.

When the concert was over the company began to circulate through the room, and away into the hall and dining-room beyond, where refreshments were served. Moy's "stranger" quickly took up his position beside her.

"What a farce it is calling such a party as this has been so far, pleasure!" he began.

"Yes," said Moy, "I begin to think there is a great deal of show and unreality in this London life."

He smiled down into her innocent, upturned face as he thought, "Is she only just beginning to discover what I found out ten years ago, when I left the Guards, and began my wandering life?"

Moy read his look, and said, quickly, "But I think you all who have influence and position might and ought to reform society."

He smiled. "The labours of Hercules would be nothing to it."

"But a brave and good man does not mind hard work."

Her companion looked as if he would like Moy to consider him brave and good. "And what better ambition could one have?" continued Moy.

"I can only speak for myself, of course," he said; "and I am not ambitious."

"A man! and not ambitious?"

"Heavens! no. Think of Madame Tussaud. If I ever had one spark of ambition, the thought of figuring among her wax models completely quenched it."

Moy laughed, but sighed too. He went on more gravely—indeed, a stern expression often swept over his face, but softened always when his eyes rested on Moy.

"I will tell you the honest truth. I left England many years ago thoroughly disgusted with the failure of our much vaunted civilization. Since then, though returning every few years, I have travelled over the whole of the Old World, and though far more interesting, I find it *effete*, and"—with a flash of fun—"Cook's tourists everywhere."

"You won't find anything of that in Ireland," laughed Moy. "You ought to pay a visit to that yet unexplored country. You will find so much, oh, so much simplicity in that, and real goodness, such cheerfulness—the people so interesting, so kind and sympathetic."

"I like to find sympathy," he said, looking down very earnestly into her face, but Moy never raised her eyes, that a moment before had been flashing into his. Had she, perhaps the colour would have deepened on her already flushed cheeks.

"Would you like an ice?" was his next remark, in rather an altered tone. "Very much," said Moy, so he took her away to the dining-room, and she saw no more of Sir Ralph and Miss Windsor for some time. When the refreshments had been taken, the two sauntered back to the drawing-rooms, still arm-in-arm. "Shall we explore that conservatory?" said the stranger, "I hate in a room a glare of artificial light;" so they entered through a sort of orange grove, and soon found a comfortable seat, shaded by camelias and gloriously coloured broad-leaved tropical plants. There was another couple already in the conservatory, seemingly enjoying a charming flirtation; but nothing seemed farther from the mind of Moy's cavalier; he went to business at once. "Now, I want to tell you seriously," said he, "that I have been thinking over what you said yesterday, and am convinced that, as a rule, English people do not speak slightly of the Irish. I assure you I know many who have confessed to me that

their dearest friends are Irish, and that they always like the people they meet from our—your country.”

Moy looked a little mollified. “Then,” she said, archly, “if the English people are the close reasoners they get the credit of being, why don’t they see that a nation, the individuals of which are charming, must be charming in the aggregate.”

“A fair conclusion,” said he; “what one is, why may not millions be? But I want you seriously to believe what I feel is the truth, that there is growing up in this country a very kindly feeling for Ireland; and many warm English hearts are longing to do your country good. The English often go wrong in their treatment not only of Ireland but of other nations: still, it is not from an innate badness or wish to be disagreeable; it is very often from an utter want of tact and lack of sympathy; but when an Englishman has his eyes opened, and sees that he has done wrong he can feel remorse.”

“Well,” said Moy, “I feel inclined to say, like the little American boy when he was told that Franklin walked to Washington with bare feet, and two cents. in his pocket, ‘I can do that;’ but let them do more—let them prove that they are sorry for what they did to Ireland in the past by redressing every wrong in the present.”

Her companion looked very thoughtful as he said: “The English are not an imaginative people. The great want in them is a sense of the ridiculous, a love of fun, a tender sort of half-amused glance now and then at man in his struggles to understand himself and nature. There is plenty of this in you Irish; it is just what makes you sympathetic, what makes an Irishman the best ruler over people of different nationalities; he can throw himself into their position, and look at events from their point of view.”

“Yes,” said Moy, smiling, “your words remind me of what my grandfather says, ‘that an unimaginative person cannot even draw a cork properly; he cannot throw himself into the position of the cork, and ease it out, but with main force draws it sideways, and, of course, breaks it off short.’”

“Exactly,” said he, laughing. “Well, you must throw

yourself into the position of the English, and at least give them credit for a wish to be friendly."

"I will try," said Moy, humbly; "but you owe us a good deal, and must not be surprised if it takes years to make us believe in the reality of your good intentions. Oh!" she continued, passionately, "when I think how the iron has entered into our very souls, I do not wonder that forgiveness is long in coming! But perhaps when every wrong is righted we shall be two friendly nations, hand-in-hand against the world; and then, if some gifted Irishman, some modern Homer, takes up the story of his country's wrongs and his country's triumphs, he will sing the grandest, the most tragic, and the truest epic that the world has ever listened to."

Her companion had drawn nearer to her as she spoke, and something of her own enthusiasm seemed to kindle in his dark eyes and flash back into hers as he watched her radiant face. When at last she paused, and with parted lips and heaving breast looked onward, as though she saw afar off the day of her country's glory, he caught the little hand nearest to him, and, kissing it respectfully, said, "May that good day come, my child, and everything that will make you happier"

"Thank you," said Moy, simply, not even blushing as she slowly withdrew her hand from him. The action seemed in unison with the high-strung feelings of the moment—a sort of solemn and tender "Amen" to her earnest speech. "And when I feel inclined to be angry with England," she added, "I will think of you and Sir Ralph."

"What would you say if I told you I was Irish?" he said, suddenly.

"*If you said it* I would believe you, because I like you; but," she added, as a flush rose over his very brow, "I am always speaking on the impulse of the moment, and of course that is wrong. I don't know you well enough," she continued, shyly, "to tell you that I like you; but oh, it was such a relief to meet some one I could not honestly detest!" Her companion threw back his handsome head, and laughed heartily.

"Well, you have certainly taken all the conceit out of me that your first remark might have nourished a bit; but let me give you a little advice, Miss O'Brien. Always say exactly what you are thinking about; it *must* be right. Good women, like the angels, should act from impulse alone; for motives, the reasoning powers, as Coleridge said, imply the existence of evil, and——" but here their confidential little chat was interrupted by Gertrude's cold voice. "We are going now, Miss O'Brien," she said. There was something in her look and manner which made Moy conscious of having transgressed some of the laws of that conventional society in which the Windsors moved.

Moy and her companion rose together, and he offered her his arm, but Moy, in the confusion of feeling that agitated her at the moment, declined it. However, she gave him her hand, which he pressed and bowed over in his grand manner, which she liked, for it reminded her of the courtier-like greeting her grandfather always gave Lady Catherine or the Countess when they came to see him; to all women he was courteous, but there was with them the remembrance of and gratitude for the past.

As Gertrude followed Moy into the carriage, she said, "It's a pity you stayed the whole evening in the conservatory; it's bad style." Then she drew her wraps round her, closed her eyes, and remained silent for the rest of the time.

Sir Ralph chatted away a little with Moy about the music, and then he too grew silent, and Moy was left to her own thoughts. She was angry with herself for the abrupt way in which she had declined the offered arm of her new *friend*, for she knew he was one now; one, too, whom she might never see again! for, as he himself had said, "Everything in this world is broken off."

CHAPTER VIII.

"By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world."
"Merchant of Venice."

THE next morning Moy had a sad letter from her grandfather, telling her of the sudden death of their dear friend, Mr. Davoren, the father of "Maurice," the Home Ruler, and of Moy's lost "Dermot."

Mr. Davoren was not an old man, so that his death was quite unexpected, though he had not been in good health for some time. Little, however, had Moy dreamed, when she sat beside him the day before she left Ireland (telling him of his son's speech), that never more in this world would she see his kind smile or hear his words of love and sympathy. She had been like a daughter to him ever since Dermot's death, and now she felt that as a daughter she would mourn for him. So, though many kind invitations came for her, now that the Windsors' friends had seen her, she would not go to any more parties. She was almost ashamed to find how much she secretly regretted not seeing the "English stranger" again. Before the week was over Moy had arranged to pay a visit, before returning to Ireland, to an aunt of Father Fitzgerald's, an old friend of hers, who was now in England staying at a seaside place in Lancashire.

Before she left London, Sir Ralph one night took his young friend to the House of Commons, and there, through the close bars of the "Ladies' Cage," Moy not only saw many of her countrymen, but heard two of the most eloquent members of the Home Rule Party make two of their most memorable speeches. Moy thought of Baron Bunsen's words when he found himself under the same roof: "If I were an Englishman, I would rather be dead than not sit among them and speak among them!" and she thought would not Baron Bunsen have said, had he known all our past, "If I were an Irishman, I would rather be dead than not endeavour to bring back to the

old Parliament House in College Green the voices of the men of Erin making their own laws."

The very day before Moy left London, Mr. Finch came in to five o'clock tea. He had hardly taken a seat when he announced a fact, which was evidently a source of great joy to him, in connection with Moy.

"We shall meet again," said he, with an affectionate and poetic glance, which nearly upset her gravity (sad though she was), "for I am going—guess, now guess, where I am going."

"To Colney Hatch," suggested Gertrude, in an undertone. "I never before saw you excited, Mr. Finch," she added aloud.

"And no wonder I am excited. I am going to settle down to hard, but congenial, work. I am going toward the setting sun. I am going to live, in fact, among the people Miss Moy O'Brien loves. I am going to be Mr. Gilmartin's agent."

This was news, indeed. Moy did not know whether she felt glad or sorry; for with poor Mr. Finch professing the most unbounded admiration for her, with Mr. Finch living in Ballyvorna (as she supposed he would), and to all intents and purposes lord and master at Gilmartin, farewell to her old, lonely walks in the dear ruins she loved so intensely. At the same time, Mr. Finch was a gentlemanlike, agreeable, and kind-hearted man, who would be an acquisition to the landlord-deserted neighbourhood, and a friend, perhaps, to the Gilmartin tenantry.

"Have you nothing to say?" he said at last, looking rather crestfallen.

"Yes," said Moy, smiling, and trying to speak in a really friendly manner, "of course I am surprised; you make no allowance for that. Before I congratulate you, I will give you a bit of advice. Take care how you treat the tenants; though their landlord has been an absentee, he has not been hard to them, and his agent was their kindest friend." Here her voice trembled. "As a proof, I may tell you that, though he was a Protestant, and the tenantry are all Catholics, they would have done anything for him."

Mr. Davoren had married a Catholic lady, and their children had been brought up in her faith.

When the day and hour came for Moy to leave the Windsors, and she had thanked them all for her "pleasant visit to London," Lady Ann fired her last shot.

"I do feel sorry for you going back to that poverty-stricken Ireland," she said. "It is miserably poor, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Moy, "but money is not everything, Lady Ann. Besides," she added, "Ireland is an undeveloped country; we may yet be richer than England."

Lady Ann laughed incredulously.

"I feel so sorry, too, for poor Harry Finch," she said. "He, accustomed to all the refinements of civilised life!"

Moy laughed.

"Well, Lady Ann, when he has civilized us enough to be bearable, perhaps we may tempt you over to judge for yourself. I can promise you and Sir Ralph a hearty welcome; and Miss Windsor, too."

Gertrude and her father were talking together in the inner drawing-room.

"Perhaps Mr. Finch will try to persuade my daughter to go over to Ireland," said Lady Ann, in a mysterious whisper, which was intended to convey to Moy the idea that Mr. Finch was a very ardent admirer of Gertrude's, which fact, she doubted, and her expressive face said so.

"Perhaps you are not aware," said Lady Ann, rather haughtily, "that it is only his unfortunate uncle holding out so long which has prevented Mr. Finch and Gertrude from becoming engaged to one another?"

"Indeed!" said Moy.

"Yes," continued her ladyship, "he has long admired her, and she is not indifferent to him, but of course I would not *hear* of any engagement till it was quite certain Harry would have the property. For you know the old gentleman might marry his nurse or his house-keeper."

"He might, indeed," said Moy, like one in a dream. These people seemed made of different materials from any she had hitherto been accustomed to.

Sir Ralph and Moy took an affectionate farewell of one

another, and he promised to "run over to Ireland" before very long, and try the fishing near Ballyvorna.

Moy met with a real Irish welcome from Father Fitzgerald's aunt, who had come over from Dublin on business, and was now in lodgings by the sea-side, in the huge house overlooking *the sands*, for Moy sought in vain for any traces of rocks, like those on the grand coast near Ballyvorna. But Mrs. Fitzgerald was such a charming old lady, and had everything so nice for her rather tired visitor, that Moy gladly turned her attention from the sea to home comforts.

Indeed, outside it was anything but pleasant. The tide was out, and, being Saturday night, the place was swarming with rough Lancashire operatives, many of them quite tipsy.

"Poor creatures," said kind Mrs. Fitzgerald, "they rather interfere with one's comfort; but then it is so nice to see them enjoying themselves away from their mines and furnaces. They crowd into this town to spend Sunday, and if they would only keep sober, I would be glad to see them—though one of them killed the pet cat in this house last week; but the wretched man was tipsy when he did it."

Moy shuddered as a regular procession of coarse heavy-looking young men and vulgarly-dressed young women passed the windows singing loudly, without any regard to time or tune.

"They are rather an uncouth people, my dear; you will hardly like to meet some of them."

* * * * *

Sunday afternoon! Outside there are floods of blazing sunshine baking the sands, the tide is out, there is no horizon, for there is a sea-fog. On land it is clear, and inside "the Rabbit Warren" (as Moy has named the well-filled house she is in) every one has dined.

Some writer says, "Repose is not for man."

Moy would have denied it on this particular afternoon, for the dens of the carnivora at the "Zoo" at half-past four are not quieter than this house was, full of well-to-

do Birmingham tradespeople and Liverpool cotton-brokers, and their fat wives and children.

Through the great house there was a dying odour of roast beef, and on every sofa, and in every arm-chair the true British tourist was fast asleep, eyes shut, mouth open, and snoring profoundly.

Even pretty old Mrs. Fitzgerald was sleeping, but as quietly as a baby. Moy drew a chair near the window. Out of the fog opposite, along the edge of the hot yellow sands, three white gulls were floating, like spirits from the briny deep. Then there appeared (where the fog seemed lifting) a little yacht on a sea of glass, all sails set; but there was not a breath of air, and yet the boat moved forward. It looked exactly like a scene in a theatre, as if the boat was being pulled across the stage by strings.

This place is described so particularly, because here Moy spent nearly six weeks. She came for a fortnight, but a fever broke out at Ballyvorna, and her grandfather would not allow her to return home even had Mrs. Fitzgerald been willing to let her go, which she was not.

Moy was easy about her grandfather, for old people were not attacked by the fever; and though an immense number of young people were down with it, in no case did it end fatally.

Poor Moy. Nice and kind as Mrs. Fitzgerald was, the girl was feeling lonely. The people she saw in crowds were very coarse and very rude, and she had constantly to *remember her promise* and think of Sir Ralph and the stranger.

She wrote to Lady Catherine about this time, and complained of feeling low. She attributed it to the death of Mr. Davoren.

"Farewells are trying to us poor mortals in this mysterious life down here," she said to her friend, "even when we can feel almost certain that those we love have exchanged 'these outward shadows for that inner glory.' This is an ugly place; but I don't know anything to equal the sunsets here for making one think of, and realize the truth of another and a better world. Whether it is that

the turmoil and roughness of the crowds make one naturally turn to thoughts of the order and peace of heaven, or whether it is that the golden path of rays seems likely to lead to 'some bright isle of rest,' I don't know; but I am certain that no sermon on immortality could be more convincing to me than my own thoughts here the last few evenings, when watching these glorious sunsets. So I don't think I am right in saying I have felt low, for I have had very happy thoughts, but they have not been about this world."

No, she was not exactly happy about this world. She found herself often repeating the stranger's words, "Everything here is broken off."

At last, one day, she took herself seriously to task for thinking so often of him and what he had said. "He is one of the good Englishmen, I am sure," she said to herself, "and will be a very great man some day, and perhaps help Ireland to gain her rights. But there is not the least chance in the world that I shall ever see him again, so I had better not think of him any more than I do about the sunshine on the floor that comes and goes," and then she sighed.

CHAPTER IX.

"I arise from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the moon is shining bright;
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet."
"The Indian Serenade."

RIGHT glad was Moy when the summons came from her grandfather, and she and Mrs. Fitzgerald set off for Dublin, leaving without regret the sands and the excursionists, and the rows of bath-chairs, with the men sit-

ting in them half asleep, waiting for a fare, and looking just like a row of snails in their shells.

The only incident worth mentioning during the journey home occurred through Mrs. Fitzgerald getting into conversation with a pretty American lady; and her husband seeing that Moy and Mrs. Fitzgerald were travelling alone, was most attentive to them, and it ended in all chatting together very pleasantly.

Moy was speaking of the want of capital in Ireland, and how she wished that some of the millionaire Irish she heard of in America would come to Ireland instead of spending all their money in Paris. The American gentleman looked so interested that Moy continued to speak with even more earnestness. "These men," she said, "will be remembered in Paris by the waiters they fee so generously, but very soon forgotten by the world; whereas, if they come to Ireland, and buy some of the estates so often in the market, they would found a family, and never be forgotten."

The gentleman turned round to his wife and said, "My dear, do you hear that?"

"Yes," she replied, tears rising to her eyes; "you have often wished to settle in Ireland. I only am to blame that he has not," she continued, turning to Moy. "It is I who have taken him to Paris every year."

"My dear young lady, it is a case of 'Thou art the man!' You see before you an Irish-American millionaire. My wife and I are both Irish. Her father and mother and my father and mother went to America, fevered and famine-stricken, only to die. It is a sad story. There were many like it. However, by God's blessing, here we are. I'm a rich man now, and I will promise you this, that if you will let me know when any nice property comes for sale again I will buy it, if there is a clear title and all above-board. Now, that's my determination."

Moy blushed and smiled, and looked a little confused, and very much pleased. She took the gentleman's card and address, and they all parted as very good friends.

Moy rested that night in Dublin, and the next evening found her in the train, drawing near to Ballyvorna. At

last she arrived. She saw Tim O'Leary first, "Welcome" beaming from every feature of his handsome face.

Then came Father Fitzgerald, kind and thoughtful as ever, very happy to have Moy home again; and, last of all, dear old Mr. O'Brien came hurrying forward, steadying himself on his gold-headed stick, a present from Lord Arthur.

"And there's great news, Moy," said he, when they got into their snug little dining-room, where Kitty MacClancy had tea all ready, and, with Tim O'Leary, was now hovering near the door, loath to lose sight of "the young mistress" so soon again.

"And what is the news, grandpapa?"

"Why, Mr. Gilmartin arrived only the day before yesterday, quite unexpectedly. He said he did not deserve a welcome home, so he would not say he was coming."

"Well," cried Moy, "I am glad. So he has come at last, and I like his feeling so—that he has been wrong to stay away all these years. It looks as if there was some good in him."

Moy had not felt so happy for a very long time as she did that night. When she went to her own room, with a thankful heart she glanced out on the moonlight streaming over her dear Irish land. Suddenly she perceived a tall figure moving in the shadow opposite, and the red light of a cigar rather hastily extinguished. She closed her window, drew down her blind, and went to bed.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Moy set off to go and see the poor girl who was such an invalid when she left home; for she had promised that this should be the first visit she paid on her return.

Moy, in her fresh morning dress and wide straw hat, looked a pretty picture enough as she went along the well-known road, greeted by the two or three people she met with a hearty "Welcome home, miss." This longed-for greeting brought her own happy smile to her face, and she felt that life was very sweet, and full of simple pleasures here in dear old Erin.

It was a lovely morning; and, though late in July, the trees and hedges were still green and fresh, and many

wild flowers bloomed unchecked among the ripening blackberries.

About half-way between Ballyvorna and the little farm she was going to, Moy saw a tall man coming towards her; he was a good way off, but she stood almost still with surprise, for it was a well-known figure. Even the easy shooting dress, the comfortable cap, all so unlike the correct afternoon or evening dress she had last seen him in, could not conceal the identity of the stranger. Moy knew him by no other name. She uttered a little joyful cry of—"It is! it is!"

He did not hear this—he was too far off; but he saw her beaming face and her hastening step, and he hurried to meet her, his eyes flashing with pleasure and satisfaction.

Another moment, and he had clasped both her hands. It seemed quite natural that he should, they were so delighted, and unaffectedly glad to meet again.

"And you have come to explore Ireland, after all!" she began.

He seemed contented for the present to look into her sweet face without speaking.

"And do you know," Moy continued, her colour deepening, "that though we have met like old friends, I have never heard your name."

"I thought not," he said, with a bright but somewhat agitated look. "It is—it is Gilmartin."

Moy's eyes got larger and larger. "And you are—" she almost gasped.

"Or rather, I was," he added, with an arch look, "an absentee; but you have converted me."

"I?"

"Yes. You showed me the enormity of my conduct. You gave me my choice, in fact, to change or die; to return or be 'heavily taxed.' It was a mild form of 'Your money or your life!'"

"Oh! stop, stop!" cried Moy, as they both laughed heartily; but still she felt in a dream. She could not speak yet.

He went on:

"Show me the man who looks down on the land of his birth, and I will show the man who must be looked after in the land of his adoption."

He was evidently in the highest spirits.

Moy looked up again into his laughing eyes as she said, "Then you are really, really Mr. Gilmartin, of Gilmartin Castle?"

"Yes; really, really."

"It seems all like a dream, but I suppose I shall understand it in time," said Moy. "I think I ought to tell you," she added, "that there is no one I have abused as much as I have you."

"It requires no effort of the imagination to believe *that*," said he.

Then they both laughed again, and then he said, "I ought not to keep you standing any longer. May I walk with you wherever you are going?"

"I was just going to say good-bye. Don't let me take you out of your way," began Moy.

"I was going to call upon you and Mr. O'Brien (unearthly though the hour is); so, if I may, I would like to walk with you. I am not going to lose sight of you so suddenly as I did the last time. Do you remember?"

"Oh yes," said Moy, as they walked on side by side. "I was so sorry then I had not asked you your name, for Miss Windsor was so horrified at my staying in the conservatory that I was ashamed to tell her I did not even know your name. It would have made matters much worse."

He laughed heartily. "So that was the reason they would not take you to any more parties?" he added, mischievously.

"No, indeed; I would not go." Moy suddenly looked grave. "Don't you know why?" she said. "It was dear Mr. Davoren's death. He was like my own father." Her voice trembled, and tears sparkled on her downcast lashes.

"I did not know; forgive me," said he, gently. "You see I am such a stranger here; but tell me, did you never get my card?"

"No," said Moy, looking up. "When did you call?"

"Let me see. It was on the Sunday week after that party; but you were all at the 'Zoo.'"

"I was not. I had left town the day before."

"Well, I went out every night after we met—busy though I was. I got introduced to Miss Windsor, but I never got her to talk about you."

Then he had wanted to hear about her. Moy felt so pleased she could not speak. Her heart gave a throb as he went on.

"I found out at last all about you, and where I could find you." Here his voice was very earnest, almost tender. "Miss Wentworth told me when we were talking about Mr. Finch having come over here as my agent. She said she believed that you lived somewhere in this neighbourhood, and then it flashed across me in a moment that you must be one of the O'Briens to whom Gilmartin really ought to belong. By-the-way, you know Mr. Finch?" he said, suddenly.

"Oh yes. He often came to the Windsors. The very day before I left he told us of his appointment here. Is he here now?"

"Yes; and engaged to a lady who tells me she is a great friend of yours—Miss Syms."

"Is he really engaged?" said Moy, so surprised at this piece of news that she hardly noticed what he said about Miss Syms being a great friend of hers.

"Yes, really he is engaged. You seem surprised. Is he false to some fair one in London?"

"Oh no," said Moy, laughing. "At least not that I can tell for certain. But this is the place.

'Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been.'

Mr. Gilmartin finished the quotation, and thought to himself that there was a good deal in that poem, "A Gleam of Sunshine," which would well express his own feelings at this moment, as he walked with "the gentlest of his friends."

"May I call this afternoon?" he asked, still lingering.
"I am quite near you at the inn."

"Indeed," said Moy, much surprised.

"You know there are only ruins at Gilmartin—thanks to myself," said he. "Do you ever go there?"

"I used to go constantly," said Moy; "but ——"

"But now I have come, I suppose you will not go near the place."

"Indeed," said Moy, a little hurt, "I was not thinking of you when I made up my mind about it. I did not know if you were in existence. At least I mean I did not know what part of the wide world you were in when I said I must stop going so often to Gilmartin."

"Then some one else made you come to that severe decision?" He spoke playfully, but he looked rather anxious.

"Yes, some one else," said Moy. "You must know I was always going there; but when I found that Mr. Finch was to be your agent, I—well, I thought I must give up my favourite walk."

"I see," he said; nothing more. He understood now why she had laughed, and seemed so surprised to hear of the engagement. Mr. Finch had, no doubt, been an ardent admirer of hers.

"And you are going in to stay ever so long with these lucky people; and I who would gladly change places with your shadow, must go on alone."

"Please don't begin to talk like Mr. ——," said Moy, blushing, and stopping short.

"I once begged you to say exactly what was in your mind," said he, earnestly. "Please finish that sentence."

"I was only going to say Mr. Finch," said Moy. "But you could never be like him."

"I must know your opinion of my agent before I can tell whether to be vexed or pleased at that speech," said he; and with laughing eyes, meeting for a moment, they parted till the afternoon.

CHAPTER X.

"Owen Roe, our own O'Neill,
He treads once more our land ;
The sword in his hand is of Spanish steel—
But the hand is an Irish hand."

AUBBEY DE VERE.

Moy had a good way to walk up to the house after she had passed through the gate Mr. Gilmartin opened and shut for her. When she got nearer she heard a boy's sweet voice singing, but before she could distinguish any words the song ceased, for the people had seen her coming as soon as she had passed through some shrubs and trees that sheltered the house. All except the sick girl came over the door-step to welcome Miss O'Brien. There was the mother, a handsome little woman, with a baby in her arms; the rest of her children were away in the fields at work, but a little boy (a sister's son) was beside her. He had come to bring his cousin Mary some fruit and flowers grown by himself. Last of all, there was one of those cheerful little Irish dogs that one sees in every village in the land, ready to play with dog or man. He now stood wagging his tail from side to side with such regularity and such vehemence that one could hardly help wondering at his being able to keep his feet.

"Ah, miss, dear, you're welcome back to old Ireland; sure it's we that have missed you," said the mother, depositing the baby in its rough wooden cradle, "haven't we, Mary darlin' ? Sit down, miss. See, I've dusted the best chair that that contrary baste (the dog) will sit in."

"And who was singing so sweetly ?" asked Moy, as she sat down in the "contrary baste's" favourite seat, and took Mary's thin hand in hers.

"Oh, sure it was my little cousin, miss; he's just come over from Gilmartin; that's where his father lives; and he's been telling us the great news that the master has come home at last."

"And was he singing it?" asked Moy, smiling.

"Well, indeed, miss, it seems like it. It's a bit of a song he picked up somewhere, and he says it just seems to suit."

"Won't you sing it for me?" said Moy, looking round kindly to the boy, as he stood cap in hand. He came forward, brave and fearless-looking.

"Mebbe I can—it's only a bit," said he, conquering his shyness by a strong effort, because he wished to please "the young mistress." After a moment's pause he sang in a sweet, clear voice:

"Owen Roe, our own O'Neill,
He treads once more our land;
The sword in his hand is of Spanish steel—
But the hand is an Irish hand."

Moy listened to the very last word with such a joyous expression of countenance that the girl said, "Ah, miss, I see you like it right well; so do I, Barney."

Barney, whose colour had risen during the performance, looked thoroughly happy now.

"It is very sweet," said Moy, and she thanked the boy heartily, and slipped a bit of silver into his hand to buy something on his way home. Then she asked Mary about herself, and if she had wanted for anything.

"Father Fitzgerald brought me some port wine from Mr. O'Brien, miss; but we only wanted *you*," she said, softly, with happy tears in her eyes; "and things have been going on well," she added, Moy pressing the hand she still held. "All about has been doing better, and the men keeping sober. I think they took on about your going, and they minded your last words."

"And Mr. Hackney's been followed wherever he went by the Constabulary," said the elder woman, as she rocked her baby in such a rough and noisy cradle that Moy wondered it had the effect of soothing the child to sleep, for it was enough to keep two grown-up people awake. "And no one's wanting to harm him at all, at all," continued the mother. "But they say he would have it. He got some word of Dan Riley, they said." She sank her voice, and looked round the room as if she half expected

to see this mysterious being. "Dan swore he'd have his life, and no one iver knew Dan Riley to break his word, bad as he is; but it's a long time now since he went over the say; and I belave he's killed himself with the drink."

Moy had no crowd assembled to meet her outside, as had been the case when she last visited the little farm, for now the people were all busy in the fields; the harvest was unusually early, and they were taking advantage of the fine weather.

Mr. Hackney or Miss Syms were the only people she was at all likely to meet, Moy said to herself; for Father Fitzgerald had left Ballyvorna the very day after her return home, and Maurice Davoren was in Dublin.

Moy thought that her grandfather's house looked particularly bright on this lovely July morning, when she arrived without having met anyone to disturb the current of her happy meditations.

If Tim O'Leary had sometimes neglected the garden while Moy was away, he had made almost superhuman efforts to have it in a fitting state for her return. In two or three days he had done the work that ought to have been spread over twenty, and not a weed was to be seen, or an untidy flower, or the tiniest blade of grass in the gravel-walk that led to the front door, and round the garden to the gate at the side which opened close to Tim's cottage; while Kitty MacClancy had really surpassed herself in cleaning up the windows, the hall-door, and steps. Moy smiled as she came up them. She had not seen anything brighter, cleaner, neater, in England; and Kitty herself, in her dark cotton dress, her white apron and dainty cap, looked as if she had stepped out of a picture of the olden time. She was as good as she was pretty; rather apt, like her fair namesake in "Rory O'More," to have "Reproof on her lip but a smile in her eye." Tim tried her patience sometimes, but she loved him dearly, and would not let anyone say a word against him.

Inside, Moy's home was equally cheerful and neat, though nearly everything was old. There was carved furniture, black with age, and real old china bowls and plates that many a dealer in Wardour-street would have

come a long way for the chance of buying—bowls that no one knew how old they were, or where they came from in the far distant past, their ancient beauties half hidden with roses cut from Moy's favourite trees by Kitty's hands.

Spanish embroideries were everywhere over the sofas and chairs, and a wonderful bit of Spanish lace on the edge of the velvet chimney-piece in the drawing-room. If Moy had been worldly-wise she would have taken it off and put it round one of her dresses when she left for London. Lady Ann would have stared a good deal at such a treasure as that, and found out every particular about Moy's grandfather bringing it home to his wife on one of his return voyages from Spain.

The drawing-room was a long narrow room, with a window at each end on a level with the garden; but on the opposite side of the hall (in which hung the few old family portraits that the O'Briens had managed to save from the wreck of their fortunes) was the dining-room, small and cosy, less used in summer than in winter; and at the back of this room, but opening off the hall, was the large cheerful kitchen. Moy's storehouse, linen and china closets, were all on this floor, and upstairs there were five bedrooms. That was the whole house, and it was quite large enough for Moy and her grandfather. They had always a spare room for a friend, and that was all they wanted.

Moy had a great deal to tell her grandfather when they met at luncheon, and found it difficult to make him realize that she had really met and talked to, in London, the Mr. Gilmartin whose return the whole country-side was now rejoicing over.

They had left the table, and Moy had nearly finished her story, when Mr. Finch was announced.

He was perfectly delighted to see Moy again, and not in the least embarrassed, as she had half expected he would be, at his own fickleness. He asked for news of the Windsors, but Moy had none to give him.

"You know Lady Ann is my godmother," he said; "that is the reason I am like a tame cat in the house. My mother and Lady Ann were brought up together."

Presently, as Mr. Finch directed all his conversation to Moy, old Mr. O'Brien (who could not hear very well) rose and left the room to go on reading his Dublin paper. Then with rapture Mr. Finch announced his engagement.

"I know you will sympathize with me," he said, with an emphasis on the "you" which puzzled Moy as she thought of it afterwards. "To think of that angel caring for me!" he continued, with a glance heavenward. "What have I done to deserve such an angel!"

Moy, with her keen sense of the ridiculous, and her superior knowledge of the agent's daughter, had hard work to control her countenance. "How long will this rapture last?" she asked, mentally; but she congratulated the poet very kindly, and inquired if they would live in Ballyvorna when they were married.

"Yes," said Mr. Finch, "for dear Janet knows it will only be for a comparatively short time—in fact, till my poor uncle passes away. And so she had consented to our taking an old house near the church—it is being done up now. On our wedding trip we will go and see the old man. He has dictated a very kind letter to me, which the nurse wrote—you will be glad to hear she is an Irish woman, a very superior creature. But dear Janet says she will gladly nurse my uncle herself. Oh, Miss O'Brien, she is such an angel! and she says 'Yes' to everything."

Some men profoundly admire—before marriage—such women! Again Moy found herself wondering how long this would last, and then she felt very angry with herself, and thought—"Perhaps Janet is altered. I have no right to doubt her so, because she has sometimes annoyed me;" and so Moy threw herself with real interest into the one subject upon which Mr. Finch conversed during the rest of his visit.

CHAPTER XI.

"If hearts that feel and eyes that smile
Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own Green Isle
For sensitive hearts and sun-bright eyes."

MOORE.

WHEN Mr. Gilmartin called in the afternoon he found Mr. O'Brien and Moy sitting in the drawing-room by one of the wide open windows, the cool air from the garden waving gently about the soft India muslin curtains—"Too good to be curtains," as Lady Catherine always said.

Mr. O'Brien met his guest very warmly.

"I knew your father well," said he. "Ah! what a fine man he was! Though not in the army he looked like a general officer. He used to laugh and say, 'Why, I'm like the Gascon of the story! I have such a martial air that when I look in the glass I am afraid of myself.'"

Moy laughed; but as she glanced at Mr. Gilmartin she thought the son had inherited a good deal of that look and manner.

"He was not often in the country," continued Mr. O'Brien; "but whenever he did come we met as old friends, for I remembered his father. Yes, you look surprised at that; but many a day we spent together. Ah, those were the good times in Ireland, when the gentry lived here, and spent their money in the country. What is it, Kitty?"

For there stood Kitty, blushing and smiling, and not quite liking to advance farther into the room, with a splendid salmon she held firmly.

"Please, sir, a boy just brought this for Miss Moy, because he was glad she'd come home."

"Ay, we are all right glad," said the old man; "but who is it?"

"He's gone, sir. He would not stay or lave his name; but I was to tell you it was all fair. He had *lave* to catch

this, just for a present to Miss Moy. I think, sir, he would not stay for fear you would go to give him some money."

Moy could not help looking at Mr. Gilmartin to see if he was not much impressed with this confirmation of what she had told him of the people's generosity and delicacy of feeling. To her astonishment she saw that he was—as Kitty would have said—"dying with laughing."

As soon as Kitty had left the room he began:

"As I looked at that salmon, I thought, 'thereby hangs a tale.' The poor fellow did not dream that I would be here when it was presented. I met him yesterday, and he asked my permission to fish in the river. He said it was a present he wanted for a young lady who had done them all a world of good, and had just come home again. Of course I had no objection to the testimonial being presented." Here he looked archly at Moy. "But as I did not know any of the regulations about the fishing, I sent him with my card to Mr. Finch, and this is the result. I should think, from the size of the fish, that the salmon, too, thought it an honour to be caught for such a purpose."

Laughing and blushing, Moy said, "And wasn't it all true what I told you about the people?"

"Yes," he said, gravely, "it was—it is all true. I have been to see a good many of them, and they have not said anything but what was pleasant to hear. They have made no complaints to me, though they had made them to my agent just before I came. They have not made a request to me for themselves, but in two or three houses they begged that a poor widow on the property might not be pressed for rent. She has had three children 'down with the fever,' and has spent what she laid by for the rent."

"There, Moy," said her grandfather, looking very mischievous and happy, "I am sure that does your heart good, darling."

Moy did not speak. Mr. Gilmartin wanted no words when her eyes rested on him with such an expression of rapture as was in them now. He went on: "They all without exception have received me most kindly, as you

said they would. Some of them begged me just to come inside their door, that they might tell their children in after years 'that Gilmartin had stood under the roof;' they thought I was only paying a flying visit, like the last"—and he sighed—"or such as my poor father's were. They did not know I was going to stay."

Then he *was* going to stay. Moy was still silent, and old Mr. O'Brien said:

"You see how the old expressions linger. I remember when I was a boy, the head of a family—an old family—was always called by the name of the property; but you don't often hear it now."

"I am surprised," said Mr. Gilmartin, "at the great beauty and refinement of some of the faces, both men and women. There is one old man in particular who has the most beautiful face, perfect features, and great intelligence. I found upon talking to him, that he understands a little both of Greek and Latin; so that he really can speak in four languages—for he and his wife always chat together in Irish; and then their manners are so perfect."

"It is not strange," said Moy. "When you think how few generations ago many of the best families had either to leave the country or become tenants on the land that had once been their own. I always account for their good manners in that way—the agricultural classes have *so often* been recruited from the gentle classes."

"And, gentle or simple, they all have tact and kindness of heart; and both qualities are the foundation of good manners," said Mr. Gilmartin.

"I was almost forgetting to tell you something very particular," said Moy, archly. "I heard to-day a verse of Mr. Aubrey de Vere's sung in your honour."

"Indeed!"

"Yes," and then she repeated the incident.

Mr. Gilmartin looked very much pleased, and Moy's grandfather said:

"Yes, it's an Irish hand; hold it out, my friend!"

Mr. Gilmartin laughed, and raised his hand to his forehead with a military salute. It was a slender and perfectly shaped hand, and yet gave one an idea of power as well as beauty.

Before any of the three could speak again, the sleeping echoes of the road outside were roused by a tremendous clatter of wheels and horses' hoofs; and though the garden wall was a good way from the house, and they were sitting at the end of the drawing-room farthest from the road, they all saw, as they turned their heads that way, a carriage dash past, followed by two men of the mounted Constabulary.

Mr. Gilmartin glanced at Moy for an explanation.

"Oh! that's Hackney," said old Mr. O'Brien; "he's going to dine with us this evening. Will you honour us by joining our little party, Mr. Gilmartin?"

Moy was so utterly amazed that she felt for the first time in her life as if she was going to faint. The shock was very great. Mr. Hackney asked to dine with them, to celebrate her return, no doubt! Never before had their hospitality to him gone beyond a glass of wine and a bit of cake, when he called on some winter afternoon after a long and cold ride.

Moy was recalled to the reality of the present circumstances by Mr. Gilmartin's voice saying, "Thank you very much; but unfortunately I have promised to go to-night with Mr. Finch and dine at the Syms', to be introduced to the family of the bride-elect; but perhaps," he added, "you will be so kind as to renew your invitation some other day." He looked at Moy, as the lady of the house, to second her grandfather's invitation, and to his astonishment saw that she was looking utterly confused and unnerved, almost fainting, he thought; but as she met his surprised glance the colour rushed back to her cheeks. Her grandfather was also looking at her rather uneasily, too, for he knew well the cause of her agitation; but all he said was,

"I hope Hackney won't think it necessary to bring the Constabulary fellows in here. Very fine men, good fellows; but we have no room for them."

"Why is Mr. Hackney so guarded?" asked Mr. Gilmartin, rather coldly. Moy had not seconded her grandfather's invitation.

"I heard about it only this morning," said Moy, with

a great effort. "There is a man named Dan Riley, who threatened long ago to shoot Mr. Hackney. He set out to go to America, but lately Mr. Hackney heard he had been seen in this neighbourhood."

"Some of the houses are very curious here," said Mr. Gilmartin, as he rose to go. "One of my tenants showed me yesterday part of his house, which had a double wall, inside which a man might live pretty comfortably for some hours, perhaps days."

"Such places were necessary in penal times, when our martyr priests went about the land at the risk of their lives. Perhaps Mr. Dan Riley is in one of these houses, profaning the consecrated spot, for the assassin runs the risk of ruining not only his own soul, but his country's hopes."

Then "good-bye" was said, and Mr. Gilmartin went away, feeling not quite so happy as he had felt in the sunny morning hours.

CHAPTER XII.

"The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies."

"Merchant of Venice."

Miss SYMS was certainly unfortunate in one circumstance of her existence. Her mother had been one of four sisters who went by the names of "Envy," "Hatred," "Malice," and "All uncharitableness." Mrs. Syms' maiden name was "Envy," and she had, perhaps, bequeathed to her daughter some further portion of the family characteristics. It is wonderful how much mischief one woman can do in this world. Without going back to Helen of Troy, Count Julian's daughter, or our own "Deirdre," were we to think of a few of the women of our acquaintance, who, without being absolutely wicked, have managed to blight the happiness of others, the list would be a long one. In some

cases their evil deeds have almost the appearance of virtues; as, when the wretched mother of a large family of marriageable but stupid daughters tries (with the motive, not always successful, of securing a good husband for one of her own flock) to ridicule or ignore the existence of some young and more charming lady friends praised by a desirable *parti*. Men are so simple in some matters, they seldom see through "deep designs" when a woman is the designer; they are twisted round the finger of an artful creature, whom most of her own sex know at a glance. Men work the mighty evils of life—they desolate our lands, they stamp out our very life; but women, so to speak, do the embroidery of misery.

Mr. Gilmartin dined with the Symeses on the evening of the day he had called at the O'Briens', and Moy never saw him again for ten days. At least, she was never certain that she saw him; but many evenings, when she went to her room for the night and drew near the window to close it, she fancied she saw the red light of a cigar in the shadow opposite; but she never waited to look for the tall, graceful figure she had seen the first night of her return home.

During those ten days Mr. Gilmartin had been busy enough. He had received addresses from his tenantry far and near, and had given all a great dinner in Ballyvorna; but he would have made time to call at the O'Briens' had he not been kept away by what he had heard.

Moy had a letter from her friend, Mrs. Fitzgerald, telling her that some cousins of hers had taken a cottage about three miles from Ballyvorna, on the coast, and asking the O'Briens to go and see them. Moy determined to do so, but day by day put off her visit. She had a good deal to do upon first coming home, going to see her friends, both rich and poor, and she was feeling unhappy and thoroughly dissatisfied with herself. Was she forgetting Dermot? Why should she care if Mr. Gilmartin never came near the house again? Was Ireland not still left to work for and to love? But oh—bitter thought!—had she been boldly glad to meet "the stranger?" Was he horrified with her, though amused and pleased at the

time? She did not blame him. She knew the cold and conventional atmosphere he had long been accustomed to in England. "It was very natural," she thought, "that my manner should shock him; but I was only glad." And then the tears she could not always restrain would rise and dim the brightness of her eyes.

At last one bright, clear day, she felt as if a long walk would do her good, and she told her grandfather that she was going to call on Mrs. Fitzgerald's friends.

"Why, my dear child," said he, "you will be blown away."

"Oh no," returned Moy, "it's only a fresh breeze."

"Here; but wait till you get nearer the sea. Remember we are sheltered."

However, Moy was not to be frightened out of her walk, and soon set off, telling Mr. O'Brien not to expect her home again for some hours.

Moy, like the lady in Moore's song, was not afraid to trust "to Erin's honour and Erin's pride," and set out on her long and lonely walk without the least anxiety.

The sky was blue enough wherever it was to be seen, but great white clouds were passing hurriedly over it, and it looked rather stormy altogether. Still, though the wind was high, it was not unpleasantly so, till Moy, following the course of the river, drew nearer to the sea. But she liked it; she had to "battle with the elements," and that seemed to do her good; besides the wind was off shore, so every now and then she seemed to sail along with it.

After her healthy walk she reached the cottage, and paid Mrs. Fitzgerald's nice friends a long visit. She had afternoon tea with them, and then set out on her homeward journey; but as soon as she had mounted the hill, and got into the road along by the sea, she found how unpleasantly the gale had increased. The wind had changed, and the tide was coming in. She walked on for some time, until she felt rather tired of breasting the storm, and almost frightened with its violence. She went a little way off the road and sat down to rest in a sheltered spot, where a grassy knoll rose up and protected her from

the storm, for such it had now become. And as she sat there, as in some still lagoon, she had one of the grandest sights before her that the eye could wish to rest upon. Over her head the curlews were flying and the gulls coming in by dozens from the angry waves. The roar of the sea was tremendous; every now and then it seemed to rush in quicker. The gigantic waves advanced almost in regular columns across the wide bay, their glittering crests sparkling in the afternoon sun, which gleamed ever and anon through the grand stormy clouds, that appeared like a veil which giant hands were trying to tear from the fair face of heaven. Down below one seemed to hear the hurrying, remorseless feet of millions of sea-devils, driven on towards the "Isle of Destiny," whose sacred cliffs, with their proud heads reared high above the sea, seemed to wait in fearless calmness for the onslaught. At last headland after headland was reached by the furious tidal wave, which rushed with each return higher and higher up the rocks, until the cliffs were swathed in foam, and the spray fell even on Moy's face as she sat at what she considered a safe distance from the edge of the rocks. The waves would rush up their sides even to the very top, but only to fall back again, leaving a wreath of spray and white foam clinging to every crack and shelf, sparkling like diamonds, too, and seeming to drown the cry of hundreds of weird-like voices, as it sobbed and fell away and was lost in the chasms below; for the whole coast was terribly undermined, and every now and then Moy could hear the deep boom far inland, as it seemed, of some gigantic wave that had found its way into these subterranean chambers.

Ah, the Atlantic coast of Ireland! Is there anything like it in the world? Moy was thinking this, and feeling a sort of wild exultation in Nature's grandeur, which so often soothes "our insect miseries," even when it does not altogether drive them away, when round the knoll which sheltered her out of the roar and the turmoil, the spray and the sunshine, came Mr. Gilmartin.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?"

MOORE.

HE dropped down beside her in the sheltered nook, for it was impossible to stand just above where she sat—the wind came with too much force over the knoll. Besides, he was so tall, Moy could not have heard a syllable he said. He looked quite changed since last they met. Moy put it all down to the effects of the storm.

"You must forgive me, Miss O'Brien," he said, gravely. "I saw you leave the road, and I trembled lest you would be blown over the cliff. I confess, in fact, I followed you; and I don't think you can get home without my assistance."

Moy, who had kept a very tight hand over herself, did not look as startled as she felt. Her heart beat quickly enough; but after the first look up into his face, she sat buttoning and unbuttoning her glove, and she thought—"How kind! how gentlemanlike! how thoughtful! He would always be that."

"I thank you very much," she said. "I do think I will have to be a great trouble to you, for the storm gets worse and worse. I don't think I dare go on alone. Indeed, I was almost frightened when I sat down here alone."

"It is a delightful surprise to me to think that I can be of the least use to you," he said, but looking away again over the sea: "How magnificent it is!" he added, quickly.

"Yes," Moy said, "I would have been sorry to miss such a sight: but it was dreadful to feel so helpless between the wind and the waters."

"I am thankful I was near," was all he said.

"Perhaps if you had not come," Moy went on, "I would

have been carried over into those awful whirlpools of waves. Just to 'feed the wrath of the sea,' as the peasants say about here. I could sit for hours fascinated and watching it all, but I suppose we ought to go on."

"I could sit here forever," said he, but in a voice so low that Moy hardly thought he intended her to hear the words. "I little thought I should meet you to-day, and here, Miss O'Brien. I fancied the sea would be rather grand this afternoon, so I walked over to see it. When did you come—or, rather, by what road?"

Moy told him when she came, and the road, and where she had been.

"I don't think they should have allowed you to leave the cottage alone," he said.

"Indeed, it was quite sheltered there. We had no idea of the storm," Moy replied. "Besides there was only a lady and her children and the nurse—no one to send with me. Shall we go now?"

"Yes, if you like." He looked at her almost sternly.

Moy thought to herself—"What can I say to please him, or to interest him? He is out of spirits. He is lonely here in Ballyvorna. Ah! I have it;" and she decided upon a subject to introduce as soon as circumstances would permit. For the first thing, when she rose to her feet, she found herself blown into Mr. Gilmartin's arms. He had expected it, and was ready for her. He held her fast for a moment till the gust was over, and then very gently, half led, half carried her back to the road she had left; and once there, clinging to his strong arm, she got on well enough, and they were able to talk a little every now and then.

"I wonder if you ever met my friend, Lady Catherine Arthur, at the Wentworths," Moy said presently.

"I think I have. I was certainly presented to a Lady Catherine *Something* just before I left London, and she seemed to know all about my shortcomings with regard to Ireland."

Moy laughed. "I knew she was to be in London about that time, so I thought it likely you would have met her at the Wentworths."

"They were almost the last people in town," said he ; "but Miss Wentworth had to make arrangements about her poor people while she was away."

"She is very good, as well as clever, is she not?" said Moy, humbly.

"Yes, very good," he answered, warmly. "There are few women in the world like Miss Wentworth—indeed, I don't think there is one" (Moy thought of this speech afterward). "I mean that she combines so many qualities that you find separately in other women."

"And she is very handsome," said Moy.

"She has a noble face," he said, and then turned the conversation to some other subject. He talked a little of his travels in Persia, and described the village of Kala and its lovely gardens; its wonderful birds and flowers, brooks and streams—so different from the dull scenery and absence of cultivation in the surrounding country. His manner was grave and dignified. Yet the walk, tiring as it was on account of the high wind, seemed a very short one to both of them.

Only once was he at all like the Mr. Gilmartin of ten days ago. He asked Moy suddenly what was her favourite walk, now that the ruins of his house were forsaken.

Moy said at once, "The cave near the old abbey." He did not know the place. "It is consecrated by many prayers," said Moy. "Our people used to meet there when they would have been persecuted for assembling to worship in their own way. I like to sit in that old cave. There is an ancient seat built up round it, and a small basin hollowed out higher up in the rock. No doubt it was used for putting the holy-water in."

Mr. Gilmartin said he must go and see the place.

"It is hard to find," said Moy ; "the banks of the river jut out and shelter it, and the branches of the trees and shrubs above hang over it. I like to sit there and think how some day the story of our persecutions will be written. I think the most rabid Orangeman would surely be softened by a visit to that spot. If he happened to be a Presbyterian, he would think of his own spiritual fathers—the Scotch Covenanters—and so learn to sympathise with us "

"But the trial of the Covenanters was short compared to ours," said Mr. Gilmartin. "They were soon allowed, not only to worship God in their own way, but their particular form of worship became the law of the land. How different was the fate of poor Ireland! The events which the Orange societies are so fond of declaring brought 'civil and religious liberty to all,' brought only death, and worse than death, to the Catholics."

"But we will all be happy now," said Moy. "Ireland will yet teach true religious liberty to the rest of the world."

They were in Ballyvorna now, and Moy saw that Mr. Hackney was meeting them. Mr. Gilmartin also saw him as he walked along, his head well thrown back, as if he was trying to take a sight off the end of his nose.

To Mr. Gilmartin's surprise Moy's little hand seemed to clasp his arm more tightly.

Mr. Hackney was so short-sighted that he did not recognise the pair till they were close to him, and then, much as he would have liked to stop them and speak, he dare not. Moy had been too cold in her manner the night he dined at her grandfather's, so he merely raised his hat and passed on.

Moy did not see the flash of surprise and joy from her companion's dark eyes; but the moment they were well past the Englishman, she was startled to hear Mr. Gilmartin say, "Pardon me, Miss O'Brien, and don't think me impertinent, but are you not engaged to Mr. Hackney?"

"No; oh, no, no," said Moy; "I never was engaged to Mr. Hackney."

Unconsciously she laid a stress upon the name, acknowledging to herself that she had once been engaged. The tone hardly struck Mr. Gilmartin's ear then, he was so rejoiced to hear her contradict the news he had heard.

"What made you think that I was engaged to him?" asked Moy, shyly.

"Why, Mr. Finch told me it was a fact."

"And who told Mr. Finch?"

"He says he heard it constantly when first he came here."

Yes, he had, indeed, heard it constantly from Miss Syms.

Moy could not understand.

"Well, it is not true, and never was, and never will be," she added, with some warmth.

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Gilmartin, gravely. "I do not like the look of the man."

He could not say another word. They were now standing at Mr. O'Brien's door, and Moy did not ask him to come in; but he was not going to leave her thus.

"May I call very soon?" he asked, and the answer in Moy's eyes made him come the next day.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Altogether directed by an *Irishman*;
A very valiant gentleman, i' faith."

SHAKSPEARE.

MR. GILMARTIN wanted to arrange about a picnic to the ruin Moy had once been so fond of visiting. "I hope before long to begin building there," he said; "but I must go to Dublin and London first."

Then two horses he had bought were to arrive the next day, and he intended to drive tandem with them. He and Mr. O'Brien talked it over, and Moy, with a happy smile on her lips, sat working near them. Mr. Gilmartin was in wild spirits (his nature was truly Irish). Everything now seemed clear and sunny in the prospect before him. The picnic was to be an eventful day; for he intended Moy to decide upon the site for the new house, and then to ask her to be his wife.

Then he would go to Dublin and select an architect. There were plenty of clever men in the profession there, and he was determined to have everything Irish. He said nothing of all this, but his heart was very full of it.

"We shall be a small and select party at the picnic,"

he said, laughing, "only the Symes, Mr. Finch, and ourselves."

"I wish you knew Maurice Davoren," said Mr. O'Brien. "He is a fine fellow."

"Maurice Davoren!" replied Mr. Gilmartin. "Why, he's a Fenian, isn't he?"

Moy's face flushed crimson. She was too much vexed for a minute to say anything, for she knew that the word in England was a term of reproach.

Mr. Gilmartin watched her with surprise as she looked steadily at her work before she replied, with some warmth:

"No, he is not a Fenian, he is a Home Ruler; and I think, if you are fortunate enough to meet, you will like one another."

Mr. Gilmartin bit his lip. There was something in the tone of her voice which annoyed him.

"However, he is not here, continued Moy. "He is to speak at a meeting in Dublin to-night."

Moy's happiness seemed destined never to last.

Mr. Gilmartin had not long taken himself off, not in the best possible humour, when Mr. Hackney came in to five o'clock tea. Moy noticed how warmly her grandfather always received him now, and what would naturally have been her manner to him seemed so cold by comparison that she had to try and throw a little more cordiality into her greetings; and then he presumed upon that, and became insufferable; but to night he was enduring tortures from the toothache; and Moy, womanlike, was really very sorry for him, and was certainly kinder in her manner than usual. She always had to remember that she had promised to be his friend if he behaved well to his tenants, and she had not heard any complaints of fresh acts of injustice. This evening she went and got him some laudanum to apply to the outside of his cheek, and presently it seemed to ease the pain, and he talked to her grandfather as usual. Suddenly he turned to Moy.

"What do you think of that long Englishman who has come back lately?" said he. Moy knew well enough to whom he alluded, but she looked up inquiringly. "I mean Gilmartin," he said.

"He is not English," Moy and her grandfather exclaimed, almost in the same breath.

"Well, I don't know what more you want to make an Englishman—born in England, brought up there, always connected with England, whether in the army or out of it."

"He was born in Dublin," said Mr. O'Brien, "and his mother belonged to one of the oldest Irish families in the kingdom. She had to live abroad, poor thing, for her health, and died there, when her son was still a child."

"Oh, I see you are old friends" (looking satisfied). "Well, do you like him?" he persisted, not able to contradict these facts.

"Very much," said Mr. O'Brien. "He reminds me constantly of his father—both his look and his way of talking. He is most polished in manner, but I dare say he has his father's fiery temper."

"A temper's a bad thing," said Mr. Hackney, tapping on the table and scowling across the room. "It's better to be stupid."

Moy laughed. "But, Mr. Hackney, why can't people be clever, and have a good temper?"

"We can't all be like Miss O'Brien," said he, with his nearest approach to a polite bow.

When Mr. Hackney was going away Moy noticed that he gave her grandfather some papers to look over and return to him.

As soon as they were alone Moy asked about the papers, for there was something in the old man's manner that made her uneasy.

"Oh, my dear, just some business papers to look over."

"But Mr. Hackney does not do business for you."

"Well, my dear, lately he has made some very desirable investments for me."

"Oh, grandpapa! grandpapa! how could you ask that man to do any business for you?" cried Moy, more agitated than Mr. O'Brien had ever seen her.

"My darling, I did not ask him. When you were away he very kindly often came to see me, and one day he told me of this good investment, and after talking the matter over on many separate evenings I drew my money

out of the Funds, and he invested for me in England in——” But Moy could hear no more. She never thought of any risk there might be of losing all by the transaction. She never thought of loss and poverty. It was the horror of Mr. Hackney having anything to do with their affairs—of having the right to come in at any time, and talk them over with her grandfather or herself. She could say no more then. She ran away to her own room, and had a long and bitter cry.

Kitty found her young mistress with red eyes when she went to announce dinner. The girl did not speak, but Moy saw the loving sympathy in her eyes. Kitty went down-stairs, and when she entered the kitchen, both the cook and Tim O'Leary (who *happened* to be there) wanted to know what was the matter? “What are you troubled about, darling?” he asked in his softest whisper, as he slipped one arm round her waist.

“Well, Tim, it's that Mister Hackney——”

“Curse him!” muttered Tim, between his teeth.

“Hush, hush!” cried Kitty, “don't be saying those bad words. But Miss Moy—there she's been crying her eyes out ever since he left the house.”

O'Leary looked so dangerous that Kitty had to lay her hand on his arm, and then coax him to talk of something pleasant. In her inmost soul she often feared that Tim would lay violent hands on Mr. Hackney; for when he knew that he was in the house, sitting in the dining-room or drawing-room with “the master and the young mistress,” the poor fellow could hardly stand it: he would pace restlessly up and down the kitchen or the hall. His only comfort was in the knowledge that Miss O'Brien disliked Mr. Hackney as much as he did himself. “It's the ould gentleman,” he would say; “that varmint has got round him, or my name isn't Tim O'Leary.”

Kitty seldom mentioned Mr. Hackney's name, but tonight the sight of Moy's tears had thrown her off her guard.

Oh, how Moy longed now for the return of Father Fitzgerald! He was still away enjoying his well-earned holiday.

Maurice Davoren, too, was gone. He was getting into a large practice, and was one of the most rising men of the Irish Bar. He had let the dear old house, where his brother Dermot, and, later still, his father, had died; and in the one letter Moy had from him he did not speak of returning to the neighbourhood. She would have written to him now, only she knew that every moment he could spare was devoted to the Home Rule cause. So poor Moy, on that sad and anxious night, sat down and wrote a long letter to her far-away brother, and this somewhat relieved her over-taxed feelings.

A few days after the walk home by the sea, Mr. Gilmartin drove tandem to the O'Briens' door—a bright bay in the shafts, a thorough-bred grey leading. Mr. O'Brien and Moy came out to see the turnout, and as they were chatting away over it up came Miss Syms on horseback. She flushed with vexation when she saw the group at the gate, and Moy thought she had never seen her looking so pretty, for a little colour was a great improvement to Miss Janet. She saluted Moy most affectionately, and the girl left her grandfather and the tandem, and went and stood beside the fair rider, and patted the arched neck of the horse as she looked up in Miss Syms's face. Mr. Gilmartin saw the two laughing and chatting together. Indeed Moy was offering her congratulations upon Miss Syms's engagement; for, though they had exchanged visits the last few days, they had not met before since Moy's return.

As he watched them Mr. Gilmartin said to himself, "Yes, without doubt they are intimate friends."

And this belief sealed his fate.

CHAPTER XV.

"With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is every way pleasing to me."

SHENSTONE.

THE day of the picnic arrived. The weather was fine; but even if it should rain there was a farm-house near

the ruins for the horses and carriages, and some of the rooms at Gilmartin were still habitable—in one of them, indeed, the luncheon was to be served.

Moy went with the Syms's. They had all joined together and engaged a covered car. Ballyvorna was too poor to own a carriage, even at the best inn, for there were not enough resident gentry to keep it up.

Mr. O'Brien would not go to the picnic, and Moy dare not press him, for he was not well: he was more anxious than he liked to own about his business, which the papers Mr. Hackney had last left him failed to show in as prosperous a condition as could be wished. Mr. O'Brien was a very old man, and this anxiety was trying to him. Moy earnestly begged to be allowed to stay at home, but he would not hear of that; so she went with the Symses.

Mr. Finch had gone out to Gilmartin early in the morning to help its lord and master to prepare for the guests, but he found that Mr. Gilmartin had left all that to his own men-servants, and to the farmer's wife who lived nearest to the old house; and Mr. Finch found the master himself stretched on a heap of grass-grown ruins reading the "Life of O'Connell."

Mr. Finch left him very soon, and went to fish and compose a sonnet while waiting for the ladies.

Gilmartin Castle had been partially burned during the troubles of 1798; and though the present owner's grandfather had commenced to rebuild it, and lived, while the restoration was going on, in a rented house in the neighbourhood, he died when the work was only half completed; and his son, living almost entirely abroad (or, when he came to Ireland, making Dublin his head-quarters), the place was left to decay, and gradually the ivy wrapped new and old in one great mass of ruin. It was a beautiful though somewhat sad feature in the landscape, and there was near it, on a little higher ground, a splendid site for the new house. Mr. Gilmartin's eyes kept roving from his book to this spot; and longing, as he was, for the moment when he could stand there with Moy and ask her if it was not the best place to build on, his thoughts wandered away from O'Connell's Life, and instead of read-

ing about the past, he found himself dreaming of the future.

Mr. Finch, down near the river and the gate, saw the car coming which contained his "angel," and he flew to meet it.

Janet directed Moy's attention to his rapid approach. "Such attention is rather trying," she said, coolly.

"You should be more thankful, lassie, than you are for an honest man's love," said her father, more severely than he generally spoke to his daughter.

Miss Janet tossed her head. "Now, Harry, I insist upon your giving your arm to Miss O'Brien," she said as soon as the whole party were out of the carriage. She looked round for Mr. Gilmartin (expecting to see him every moment), wishing to have a walk herself with the master of the place. However, as he did not appear, she had to follow the two she had sent on, and content herself with the conversation of her father and mother.

Moy was not sorry to have a chat with Mr. Finch; she wanted to try and find out the name of the man who had sent them the salmon.

"No, no, it's a case of honour bright," said he, laughing. "I promised the fellow not to tell. I quite liked the romance of the thing. Oh, long one might travel in England without meeting with such an incident! I mean, if you have no objection, to put it into my new volume of 'Star Dreams and Earth Whispers.'"

"Oh, I have no objection," said Moy. "Only what could you make rhyme to salmon? I'm afraid nothing but 'gammon!'"

They both laughed heartily. He was not in the least offended. He was really the most good-natured, simple-hearted fellow in the world, with a great deal of the child in him, as most poets have.

"What a splendid place Gilmartin may make of this," he said. "It's a magnificent property—very good land, quiet people, nice fishing and shooting. All he wants is more neighbours and a wife."

Moy said "Yes," in a general sort of assent to the whole speech.

"I suppose it will be Miss Wentworth," he continued.

Moy was glad she had dropped his arm a little while before, for she started; she could not help it. Of course he was right, she acknowledged to herself. Why had she not thought of that before? Particularly when Mr. Gilmartin had told her that he did not think there was any woman in the world like Miss Wentworth. All this flashed through her brain in a moment. Mr. Finch went on:

"We always said in our set, every time he came home from his travels, that it would be a match. She has helped him with his books, made sketches for them, and all that kind of thing."

Moy said no more—not even the mechanical "Yes."

Mr. Finch, as they walked on and on, began to wonder why they did not meet Mr. Gilmartin, and then he proceeded to sound his praises. "He is such a noble fellow," he said. "So unselfish. Why, he is anticipating the Tenant-right Bill that Mr. Davoren wants to bring in. If all landlords were like Gilmartin we could do without Acts of Parliament."

At last they entered the very ruins. How long it was since Moy had last been there, and how little she thought that when next she visited them "The Absentee" would be found asleep in the roofless halls of his ancestors! Yet so it was. There, with his head resting on his right arm, O'Connell's Life beside him, lay Mr. Gilmartin. Moy and her companion walked softly up to him, and long might they have stood there, but Mr. Finch, beginning to laugh, the sleeper awoke. He sprang to his feet.

"Miss O'Brien, a thousand pardons! how abominable of me!"

"I can forgive you for everything but for falling asleep over the 'Life of O'Connell.'" She had lifted the book up, and stood laughing beside him. Yes, laughing!

"My only excuse," said he, "is that I hardly closed my eyes last night—I don't know what was the matter with me. But allow me to offer you my arm, and we will go and see if the servants have all ready for you."

"Shall we not wait till the Symeses arrive? They are coming slowly up the hill," said Moy, sighing now.

"Thanks. You teach me manners," he said, gayly. "You have taught me more than that," he added in a lower tone. Moy met his eyes, and smiled a friendly smile. She thought he meant that she had taught him to care for his country and his people.

He bit his lip, and walked over to where Mr. Finch stood watching for his lady-love. "I think I'm only half awake, Finch. Stupid blockhead I was to fall asleep!"

"Sleep, dewy sleep," said Mr. Finch, without looking at his friend; and Mr. Gilmartin wheeled round again to Moy. "As soon as luncheon is over will you walk with me?" he said. "I know the way you would like to pair us off—Finch and his beloved, Mr. Syms and yourself, and Mrs. Syms and your humble servant."

Moy laughed at his aggrieved tone and anxious face. "You know it would be no earthly pleasure," he continued, "either to Mrs. Syms or myself. But here they are—remember!" And with a warning look he went forward to meet them.

"I see," said Moy to herself, "we are always to be friends. Surely his friendship and Ireland should be possession enough for any woman."

* * * * *

"Now," said Mr. Gilmartin, when, luncheon over, he led Moy to the higher ground above the ruins, "does this please you?" But he was not looking at the scene before them—he was looking right down into Moy's sweet face, which had just now a touch of sadness in it. She gazed across the country, flooded with sunshine, to the sea sparkling in the distance. "There is the river," continued the master of Gilmartin, drawing closer to his companion. "There are the ruins; beyond is the park and the abbey and the cave that you love, and the sea, and all around our own 'hills and vales.' Do you think if I build a house on this spot and bring my wife to it, that she will approve of my choice?"

Moy blushed deeply. She was very angry with herself, but she could not help it. She must answer "Yes" for Miss Wentworth, and her heart beat so she could hardly speak.

"I think," she said, at last, very softly—"I think she would be hard to please if she did not like this view."

"You do like it?" He almost whispered the words.

"Very, very much."

"Then it is settled. Here I build my house!" He paused for a moment, and then said, almost humbly, "God knows I do not mean to be presumptuous, but I feel so at rest about the future. I think that here, surrounded by so many people who want help, who are ready and willing to learn, a good woman, who has always cared for the poor and the sorrowful, could be happy even with me beside her."

Here there was the slightest possible tremble in the strong man's voice. Mirth or the deepest feeling might have caused it.

"However," he went on, "this week I go to Dublin and get an architect, and when——"

"Oh, here you are," said Miss Syms's thin voice, as she arrived beside the two, a moment before her mother, whom Mr. Finch was assisting up the hill, Mr. Syms following at some distance.

Moy was determined that neither Mr. Gilmartin nor herself should be accused of having a flirtation. So, while he stood perfectly silent, she said, laughing, "Yes, here we are. Like the American gentleman in Switzerland, Mr. Gilmartin thought we might be *liable* to a good view up here."

CHAPTER XVI.

"To strive as they strove, yet retrieving,
The cause from all shadow of blame,
In the Congress of Peoples achieving
A place for our nation and name;
Not by war between brothers in blood,
But by glory made perfect thro' good."

LADY WILDE.

WHEN Moy returned home that evening Maurice Davoren opened the door for her. He had come unexpectedly to Ballyvorna, and her grandfather had insisted on his taking

up his quarters at their house. So he remained, and Tim O'Leary went over to the inn for his portmanteau.

Moy found Mr. Davoren in very low spirits. It seemed to be her lot always to soothe the desponding. He was low about the Home Rule cause, and said so desperately that "something *must* be done," that Moy trembled lest he should mean armed insurrection.

"Oh, Maurice," she said, "think of Emmet, and all who have suffered and died in the cause. Don't we all acknowledge now that O'Connell was right? He did not gain Emancipation with the sword."

"My dear and eloquent little sister, I agree entirely with all you have said, and my firm belief is that the Home Rule cause must have its vicissitudes like every other national struggle; but if God grant our people patience, perseverance, fortitude, and resolution, its triumph is inevitable. What I mean by 'something must be done,' is, that we must have a definite policy, and get our fellows to stick to it, and work together."

Moy was much relieved by this assurance. She talked the matter over with Mr. Davoren, and managed to introduce Lady Catherine's name. He brightened up immediately. Hope and comfort seemed entwined with the very thought of her, and the young patriot (for he was that in very truth) sat down to dinner, feeling happier than he had for months past.

Mr. Gilmartin had never yet dined with the O'Briens. Here was an opportunity of asking him to meet Maurice Davoren.

Mr. Davoren could only stay a few days, so Moy despatched a note in the morning to Mr. Gilmartin, asking him to dine with them that evening. Before very long came his answer. He would be delighted, particularly as he must leave for Dublin the very next morning, and had been fearing that he might not have the pleasure of seeing her again till he returned.

After Miss Syms had joined them on the hill, he and Moy had not had a word together until, just as they were all saying good-bye, one of the men came to tell his master

that the bay mare had got her leg through some loose boards, and had nearly torn the skin from the bone.

Mr. Gilmartin, who was just helping Moy into the carriage, pressed her hand and smiled, rather a sad smile, too, as he said, "Well, I was too happy. This is the second check I have had to-day."

And then, as the horses (untrammelled by gag-bit or bearing-rein), set off homeward at a swinging pace, Moy had wondered what the second check had been, and thought, "Oh! perhaps Miss Wentworth's daily letter has not reached him." As Moy read his little note she saw for the first time his whole name. She had actually never known it before—"Denis Gilmartin"—a real Irish name!

The day of their little dinner-party an incident occurred which pleased Moy very much. She wanted a little extra help in the house, so she got Tim O'Leary to fetch his mother; and in the evening, when she went to pay the old woman, she was surprised to see her place both hands behind her back, and draw away with a proud gesture from the money. "Oh, miss," she began, "do you think I could be so mean as to take that from you, who have helped us all. It's just an honour to be after helping you, miss." And nothing Moy could say would induce her to touch the money.

* * * * *

Why is it that when one is particularly anxious for two people to like one another they invariably do the other thing? Talk to them, reason with them on their "contrariness," it only makes matters worse.

Denis Gilmartin and Maurice Davoren had both heard a good deal in praise of each other, and yet they stood up, in evening dress, on each side of Mr. O'Brien's chimney-piece, and looked at each other as if so many paces had been measured between them, and seconds were just deciding who should give the word to fire.

Moy, quick as lightning, saw how it would be, and that her one aim throughout the evening must be to keep

the peace! Her cheeks glowed with excitement, but she was equal to the occasion.

Certain topics, which she knew would act as sparks to gunpowder, she tabooed—she “lured” to innocent subjects, “and led the way.”

She made them laugh, too, as often as she could, knowing that when a man is laughing in company with another he can hardly take offence at the next sentence that may be spoken by that other.

Once she got them both on the “Lost Arts,” knowing that Mr. Gilmartin was “up” in “Wendell Phillips,” as well as the East and its early civilization; and that Maurice was equally great on “Irish Oghams” and their Arabic origin. When she made some assertion almost as startling as Solomon’s about there being nothing new under the sun, Mr. Gilmartin said, “But you must at least own, Miss O’Brien, that the phonograph, which actually captures sound, is a modern invention, of which we have no hint in the literature of the East.”

“But I think we have a hint of it,” said Moy, laughing. “Where, do you think, did Baron Munchausen get his idea for the story of the waterman talking one night to a woman leaning out of an upper window?”

“I don’t remember the story.”

“Why, they neither of them could hear distinctly what the other said, so ‘What do you say?’ was frequently repeated by both. It was freezing very hard, and in the morning the house was all covered with ‘What do you say’ in ice!” They all laughed at this, and Mr. Gilmartin said, “What a memory you have!”

If he had never been in love with her before, he would have fallen in love with her to-night. He was more than ever fascinated, and watched her sparkling face, as if earth had no greater happiness to offer than nearness to her, her voice, her smile.

Moy met his glance continually. She could hardly understand him to-night. She had set him on a pinnacle, and must she now dethrone him as a flirt?

When the gentlemen came into the drawingroom he was the first. Moy was turning over her music at the

piano, for she knew they would all ask her to sing, and, being unaffected, she thought she would have something quite ready.

Mr. Gilmartin looking wonderfully handsome (for what glorifies a face like love and hope!) came across the room to her.

"We first met at a musical party," he said, softly.

It was certainly the case, and Moy also remembered that she first saw him bending over Miss Wentworth, and speaking to her just as he was here. And now she closed her eyes—she was beginning to feel tired. The evening had been altogether too great a strain upon her powers. She had acted her part well, but it had exhausted her.

Mr. Gilmartin watched her for a moment, and then he said, "I may not have another opportunity before I go to Dublin, and there is one thought disturbs me, and one question I would like to ask you. The day I first called here, when Mr. Hackney drove past, you looked—I can hardly describe how you looked, but it startled me. Then, when we met him the other day, you grasped my arm tighter. Are you afraid of that man?"

"Yes," said Moy. "To tell you the honest truth, I am. He always reminds me of what used to be said of the Russians, 'Scratch a Russian, and you will find a tiger.' He seems to me the kind of Englishman who could stamp a woman to death with his iron-nailed boots, as we read so often about in the papers. But it is very absurd of me, no doubt, and particularly when I am almost the only person he is always civil to. Please don't talk of him any more. You see I have really answered you as a friend." She smiled pleasantly, and then added, to turn the conversation, "Do you like music?"

He was lost in thought, but he roused himself, and began to quote his favourite, Shelley—

"I pant for the music which is divine;
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower."

But as he almost whispered the words, his dark eyes met hers with such a passionate glance that Moy felt angry.

"Is he a flirt, or does he think I am one?" she said, mentally. And, turning away very coldly, she sat down to the piano and began to play a piece of music she knew very well."

"Morley was right," said Mr. Gilmartin, slowly. Women are the most mysterious of problems." He shaded his eyes from the light, and began to look at some pictures. Moy heard what he said, and she knew that he intended her to hear it. She could not stand it any longer. She stopped playing, and walked slowly round to where he stood.

"Surely we are friends?" she said, in an appealing voice. "You told me once to say exactly what I was thinking. Listen: I say it now—I am no mystery, but I am not a flirt." She pressed one of her small hands against her side as she spoke, and before he could answer a word old Mr. O'Brien entered the room alone.

"Maurice has had to go away for a little," he said. "He was very sorry, but Mr. Hackney came to speak to him on business, and they have gone to the inn. He will not be long, though, he promised."

Mr. Gilmartin and Moy came away from the piano, and the three sat down round a little table where a shaded lamp stood.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Adieu! my daintiest dream. Although so vast,
My love is still for thee. The hour may come
When we shall meet in pure Elysium:
On earth I may not love thee."

From "Endymion," by JOHN KEATS.

"Is Mr. Hackney a Home Ruler?" asked Mr. Gilmartin.

"No," said Moy, trying to speak with animation, and forget the uncomfortable episode of ten minutes ago. "I

don't think he knows much about politics ; but he calls himself a Conservative."

"In all the conversations we have had I don't think we have ever discussed politics, said Mr. Gilmartin to Moy. "May I as a *friend*,"—he laid a satirical emphasis on the word—"ask what are yours?"

"Oh! Moy is whatever Maurice is," said her grandfather, laughing. "Of course she is a Home Ruler."

"Indeed!" How could a voice change so? His was almost icy in its coldness.

Moy felt it would be a relief to talk politics. She could not understand the different moods Mr. Gilmartin was in to-night, and her grandfather, though he had laughed, looked worn and anxious. He was silent now, and soon the comfortable arm-chair he was in soothed his nerves, and his white head nodded gently as he fell asleep.

"I think," Moy said, gravely, "that when our laws are in the state they are in, when the franchise is denied to many of our people, and when Irishmen are starved and tortured in English prisons, it is time, even for Irishwomen, to think about a remedy for such injustice."

"But will it ever be more than an idea, even with Mr. Davoren?" he asked, coldly. "I do not mean anything in the least disrespectful to him," he added, quickly, as Moy's colour rose. "But taking for granted that you—and Mr. Davoren would endeavour to bring about this new state of affairs without an appeal to arms—I ask, is it likely ever to have any definite shape except in people's thoughts? Would England ever grant it—this idea of Home Rule?"

"First of all," said Moy, beginning to warm to her subject, "what is history but 'ideas' worked out? And then look at the Hungarian 'idea!' Why should not our Irish members follow the noble and successful example set them by the Hungarians, and leave the House of Commons in a body unless Home Rule is granted?"

"Well, I don't know what I may become," said Mr. Gilmartin, cynically. "Rocks, whole ranges of mountains, change—why not man? But at present I am a

Liberal. However, if I become a Home Ruler, I will use my efforts to draw all political parties together in Ireland; in fact, take a lesson from Benjamin the First, and 'educate my party.'" ("That is what Maurice says," was on the tip of Moy's tongue, but she had too much tact to say it.) "Then we could demand anything without fear of a refusal from England," he continued; "and certainly the two countries are far more separate than Austria and Hungary."

"Yes," said Moy, "the English are continually reminding us that it is not only the sea which divides us. Look at the 'Child's Companion for 1870.' Among the pictures of individuals of foreign nations stands the Irishman! Read that article some one sent me the other day. I think it must have been Lady Ann Windsor."

"But," said Mr. Gilmartin, "with Sir Henry Maine, Matthew Arnold, and Lecky to speak the truth about the Celts, why should we mind the ignorance of some of these Englishmen who write, for all the world, like sulky school-boys beaten in a competitive examination by bright Irish lads?"

"We ought not to mind them, of course," said Moy; "but you told me the other day that mosquitoes can almost drive people mad."

"Quite true. You remember some things I say—why do you forget others?" He spoke in a low voice.

"I never forget," said Moy, passionate tears rising to the eyes that met his. "How cruel you men can be!"

"I cruel?"—but he looked happier.

"Yes." And at that moment Mr. Davoren entered the room. He looked very grave, and (when his eyes rested on Moy) intensely sad. Mr. O'Brien glanced up from his nap in the arm-chair, and after an inquiring "Well, Maurice?" asked Moy to sing for them.

Moy knew quite well that some new sorrow had come either to her grandfather and herself or to Maurice. Mr. Gilmartin saw her go up to the Home Ruler, and heard her say in a gentle, soothing voice:

"What shall I sing, Maurice?"

He also heard the answer: "One of my favourites, dear."

So Moy sang. Her voice was rich and clear, and not too loud, but, like the laugh of young Normahal, it rang from her soul, and this was what she sang:

"Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever I roam.

"To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my coolin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind."

Moy sung only two verses of this lovely song of Moore's, and found it difficult to get through the last.

As Mr. Gilmartin walked back to his inn that night he muttered to himself—"What a conceited fool I must have been! She was engaged to that fellow all the time!"

The next day all Ballyvorna knew that news had come of Moy's brother's death, far away in South America, and that old Mr. O'Brien was dangerously ill in consequence; the doctor, in fact, despaired of his life.

Mr. Gilmartin heard the sad news just as he was leaving for Dublin, but he made time to leave his card at the O'Brien's, and inquired for Moy and her grandfather. Kitty MacClancy opened the door, and for once, poor girl, there was "no smile in her eye." She looked as if she had cried all night. "The old gentleman was very ill," she said, "and Miss Moy better."

"Had Miss O'Brien been ill, too?" he inquired.

"Oh yes, sir; she fainted dead away last night, before she heard a word of the news!"

"Before she heard the news!"

"Yes, sir; it was the young master's wrath swept by, you see."

Mr. Gilmartin left the door, and walked away very thoughtfully down to the railway.

* * * * *

What Mr. Hackney had called for, the evening before,

was to ask Mr. Davoren to come to the rectory. When Maurice got there he found that the Protestant clergyman had got a letter from the English consul of a town in South America. The few lines simply asked him to hand the enclosure to Mr. Davoren, or his son; Maurice opened it, and found that the consul announced young O'Brien's death. The date of the event and some particulars were added, among them, that the young Irishman had asked him to enclose his note to Mr. Davoren, as he would break the news gently to his old grandfather and sister. How the outside letter came to be addressed to the rector did not transpire. In Mr. Davoren's was a pencil note, written by Moy's brother, only a few hours before his death; it was a solemn and beautiful farewell.

Young O'Brien had gone, while still a youth, into a splendid business conducted by an Irish and Spanish firm in South America; and now, after laying by a few thousand pounds, he had been carried off by that direful scourge, the yellow fever. He had always promised Moy that "when he had made his fortune" he would come back, like his grandfather and others before him, and spend the rest of his days in his native land; and now, like many another "Poor Exile of Erin," he had passed away, far from the country and the people he loved best in the world!

CHAPTER XVIII.

"But there are storms whose lightnings never glare;
Tempests whose thunders never cease to roll;
The storms of love, when maddened to despair—
The furious tempests of the jealous soul."

GLASON.

MR. GILMARTIN had hardly taken his place in a first-class carriage for Dublin, when Miss Syms appeared at the door.

"Now, dearest, here he is," said Mr. Finch, who had "his angel!" by the elbow. "You were wise to go in the same carriage; but if you had only let me know sooner

that you were going to-day— Mr. Gilmartin, I know you will take care of my—, Miss Syms, won't you?"

"Certainly, very happy; good-bye, Finch;" and the train moved off, leaving Miss Syms, in the most becoming costume imaginable, sitting opposite to Mr. Gilmartin.

"I very nearly missed my train," she said, calmly; "but I could not bear to leave, even for a day's shopping, without calling to see poor dear Moy."

Mr. Gilmartin bowed gravely.

"It was such a comfort to see Mr. Davoren so devotedly kind to her. Isn't it a dreadful blow for her to lose her only relative, for the old man may really be dead by this time."

"It is sad, indeed," said Mr. Gilmartin. "I called there; but of course, I did not see Miss O'Brien. I shall write to her."

"Poor child, she will be thankful for sympathy."

"But if Mr. Davoren is engaged to your friend, he will help her to bear this grief." Mr. Gilmartin looked out of the window as he said this. If he had not, he would have seen that this was news to his companion. However, she only said, in the same even tone of voice, "I think there is no one in the world I have felt so sorry for as Moy O'Brien—left without a mother or father, and her grandfather so injudicious. She has never been taught decision of character. After being half engaged once or twice, she is now going to throw herself away on what a few years ago would have been called an Irish rebel."

Mr. Gilmartin looked rather astonished. He had a great antipathy to Maurice Davoren; but, surely, this was hardly the way for a young lady to talk of her bosom friend's future husband.

Janet saw her mistake, but coolly continued—"Perhaps I am wrong to speak of him in that way, for though his opinions are so absurd, I do think he is a very good man in private life, and Moy's life will be happier now she is really engaged to him; but he puts me out of all patience sometimes, he is so jealous, and that makes the dear girl so unhappy."

"Makes Miss O'Brien unhappy?" he could not help inquiring.

"Oh yes; she is sometimes quite wretched. He insists upon seeing all her letters. I suppose now the very notes of condolence she receives will be studied by him first."

"First?" In his astonishment, Mr. Gilmartin could not refrain from repeating the words.

"Oh yes, you know," laughing softly, "he is a Home Ruler."

"I think that is the most ungentlemanlike and unjustifiable conduct, even between husband and wife. I disapprove of it," said Mr. Gilmartin, his blood boiling; he felt deadly hatred growing up in his breast for Mr. Davoren, and a something in his inmost soul told him (though he called himself a conceited ass for harbouring the thought) that, though Moy might be irrecoverably engaged to Davoren, he (Gilmartin) had a much larger share of her affections. The unattainable is ever sweet to man. This wild thought only nourished his passion. He gazed out of the window, and Miss Syms was silent for a long time, letting the leaven work. Her sharp eyes at the picnic had perceived "the little rift within the lute," not in Mr. Gilmartin's manner, but in Moy's. He was devoted enough, but Moy was unhappy. Miss Syms did not understand it, but she saw that all was not smooth between them. Here was encouragement. She would wait and watch.

When the wealthy Englishman, Mr. Frederick Hackney, to whom her father was agent, had devoted himself to Moy O'Brien, instead of to herself, Janet Syms did her best to separate them, and, of course, in that case her assistance was hardly required. Her jealous soul could not bear the thought of Moy becoming the wife of Mr. Syms's employer.

When Mr. Finch came, and babbled about his devotion to the young Irish lady he had met at the Windsors, Miss Syms coolly crushed his hopes, by announcing Moy's engagement to Mr. Hackney. Mr. Finch, in those early days, still loyal in his devotion to Moy, actually determined to prove the dreadful truth by congratulating Mr.

Hackney. That gentleman received his remarks with an indistinct grunt, and did not deny the fact. So the young poet, having relieved his soul by some gushing lines on first love (though, indeed, it was nearer being twenty-first love) turned like the sunflower to the goddess who had not set, and let himself be enchained and charmed by "his angel." For a time Janet triumphed and was at rest; but when Mr. Gilmartin, the long-looked-for lord of half the country round, not only appeared, but appeared as Moy O'Brien's cavalier, the iron entered Janet's soul, and she determined Moy should never marry Mr. Finch's master. This very shopping excursion to Dublin was an *impromptu* journey when she accidentally heard that Mr. Gilmartin was going that day.

Miss Syms did not return to the subject they had commenced with, but during the rest of the journey she made herself generally agreeable to Mr. Gilmartin, talking on such subjects as she knew would interest him, and making him feel altogether better pleased with himself. And one always has pleasant thoughts about the person who has succeeded in putting one into that satisfactory frame of mind.

Mr. Gilmartin had another long meditation just before they got to Dublin. The outcome of it was, that he turned round suddenly to Miss Syms and said:

"I want to write a rather particular note of sympathy to Miss O'Brien, and I have no idea of Mr. Davoren reading my letters. I wonder if you would do me the kindness, Miss Syms, of putting my note into Miss O'Brien's hands yourself."

Janet cast down her eyes lest they should betray her delight at the bird falling so easily into the net she had prepared. She said, "Certainly. I shall go as soon as I return to see dear Moy again, and will watch my opportunity when Mr. Davoren is not near."

"Thanks. When do you return?"

"I will be all day shopping to-morrow, and I shall leave by the first train the next morning," she said.

"I will meet you at the station with the note."

"Very well. I will take great care of it." She kept her promise to the letter!

Mr. Gilmartin wrote Moy the following epistle, which was duly "signed, sealed, and delivered" to Miss Symms as she took her seat in the train for Ballyvorna:

"MY DEAR MISS O'BRIEN,—I called this morning to offer you my most sincere sympathy in all the trouble which has come upon you since we met so short a time ago. I will not refer more to your severe trials—indeed, my only comfort in writing this letter is that it may distract your thoughts from your natural sorrow, and, by raising in your heart pity for another, lessen, perhaps, your own grief and sadness for the loss of the brother who was so dear to you. Before ten days are over I shall have left Ireland, not to return again for a very, very long time. I owe an apology for my conduct, and I think it also due to myself and to you to explain the reasons for this sudden change in my plans. I must begin at the beginning, and tell you that I believe from the first moment we met I loved you. How often I have laughed at the idea of 'love at first sight.' God knows I would not laugh at it now. I believe in it, because from the hour I saw you my whole view of life seemed altered. Chords in my brain and heart that had never vibrated before thrilled to your voice and smile. Sinner that I am, God and his saints seemed brought nearer to me through my love for you. And you—well, you did not repulse me. Frank, truthful unlike every one I had ever met, you seemed always glad at least to see me. I do not blame you. I—I am alone to blame, for as gently as woman could, I see now, in looking back, you tried to open my eyes to the truth. The first time we met, after my return to Ireland, you told me that my agent, Mr. Davoren, had, 'been almost a father to you. I might have understood the meaning of that. Then, when, in denying the news of your engagement to Mr. Hackney, you allowed by the tone of your voice that you were engaged to another, had I not been blinded by vanity I would then have seen the truth; and also whenever you mentioned Mr. Maurice Davoren's name!

I blush when I think what a stupid blockhead I must have appeared in your eyes, when with my heart full of the thought, 'All that's mine is thine,' I stood on that hill with you, and spoke so confidently of a life passed by your side! You were too gentle to crush me then, but you tried to *chill* the truth into my heart, and the next evening you bravely stood by my side and confessed that you were not free even to flirt with any man! I tell you, child, I did not understand you even then—not till later, when you sang for *him* his favourite song which even mentioned the stranger's haunting eyes. I have nearly finished my letter now. I promise you I will, if my life is spared, some time or other return to Ireland, not only because (as you taught me) it is my duty (it would have been my pleasure once), but because I believe that even in the midst of your own happiness with the husband of your choice, it would cloud that happiness to think that you had been the cause, however innocently, of driving me from my home. Yes, I will return some day when I can bear to do so! I promise you that, Moy—may I once write the name? I trust to your honour so entirely that I know you will burn this hurriedly written letter as soon as you have read it. I send it you through a mutual friend (who, however, knows nothing of its contents) because I have heard that your letters are seen by other eyes, and this is sacred. I know you will consider it such; and now one last request: When I return to Ballyvorna in a day or two, I will call only once more at your house; I want to see you to bid you farewell. You would grant that boon to the humblest friend you have, and when I tell you that I think it will help me to bear my fate, if I see for one moment in your sweet eyes a regret for my sorrow, I know you will not turn a deaf ear to this request. Now, dear, good-bye. Your faithful friend,

DENIS GILMARTIN.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Go from me ! Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Never more
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before.
Without the sense of that which I forbore—
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine,
With pulses that beat double."

E. B. BROWNING.

WHEN Miss Syms called at the O'Briens before leaving for Dublin, she had not seen Moy, though she had coolly spoken as if she had.

Mr. Davoren had come down with a message of thanks from his poor little friend, who was trying to forget something of her own sorrows, and bear up so as to nurse her grandfather.

During the two days that followed she only saw two people—the priest who had taken Father Fitzgerald's duty, and the Protestant clergyman to whom the sad letter had come.

Mr. Hackney inquired every day, but was not admitted.

When Miss Syms came again, Moy went down to see her. As she entered the room clad in her deep-mourning dress, she looked almost like a spirit from another world—so fragile, so pale, so pure. She was even thinner, short as the time had been. Janet felt almost awed by her presence. She did not advance to meet her, but when she reached her, she put both arms around the slim figure and kissed Moy softly, first on one cheek, then on the other, and said, in a very low and sympathetic voice, "My poor child !" That was all she said, but it unsealed the fountain of Moy's tears. She had not cried for days ; and from man, woman, or child she had received no kiss, since all this trouble came upon her. True, poor Kitty had imprisoned one of her young mistress's hands, and sobbed over and kissed it ; but

mother, sister—oh! how Moy missed those endearing relationships! And now, almost unnerved, it seemed to her that Janet had come to try and make up in some little way for the want of these sweet consolers.

Miss Syms knelt beside Moy, and pressed her head to her bosom, and smoothed the soft hair off the heated brows, and would not let the girl speak for some time. Poor Moy! She felt deeply grateful to Janet, and miserably ashamed of the many hard and unbelieving thoughts she had sometimes allowed herself to entertain with regard to her. How happy love had brought out the best side of her character, she thought. She made Janet take off her bonnet, and stay a little longer than she had intended, for Moy had been sent down stairs to rest by the doctor, and the cook (who was an excellent nurse) was sitting beside poor Mr. O'Brien. He had never been quite conscious, the doctor said, since the blow fell. But Moy doubted this, for she had heard him murmur twice—"The last of his line—the last of his line!" So when her grandfather was awake she could not be persuaded to leave his room.

Janet settled Moy on a sofa, and sat down in an arm-chair beside her, and said, "Now, Moy" (she had never hitherto called her "Moy" —they had not been intimate enough for that) "now, Moy dear, I won't have you cry any more. I will tell you about my shopping expedition. Won't you like to hear what I have been getting?"

Moy tried to smile and be interested in Janet's *trousseau*. The wedding was to take place very soon now.

"And who do you think travelled up to Dublin with me?"

"I don't know," said Moy.

"Why, Mr. Gilmartin!"

Moy was not pale now, as she said, "He was very kind. He called, as you did, just before he went away."

"He was very sorry for you," said Janet, quietly, and great tears welled up in Moy's sad eyes.

"Yes," she said, closing them, "I knew he would be sorry."

Miss Syms sat looking at Moy, for a minute or two, and then she said, "Moy, I wonder if it would be wise of me to tell you something?"

"Why not?" said Moy, opening her eyes, and blinking, with the tears in them.

"I did not quite promise, and besides I think I will tell you, just to show you, dear, that you are not the only one who has sorrow to bear."

Moy raised herself on her elbow, and looked at Miss Syms with a frightened expression in her large eyes. "Has anything happened to him?"

"No, oh no; he is well, but he is not happy."

"You mean Mr. Gilmartin, do you not?" said Moy.

"Yes, dear."

"Go on."

"Well, Moy, you know I have a way—I don't know how it is, but certainly I attract men. They either fall in love with me, or they confide in me. I am sure I can't account for it; but I must go on with my story. The long and the short of it is, that Mr. Gilmartin is engaged to a lady in England."

"I know," said Moy.

"And, my dear, he regrets now that he came to Ireland. He feels it so terribly that he is going away."

"Going away, and soon—for long?"

"Well, pretty soon. I don't know for how long."

"Why does he regret coming?" asked Moy, in a hard voice.

"Oh, my dear child, can't you guess? He dared not stay. He has found you, dearest, too fascinating for his peace of mind."

Moy could not answer. She felt it was true. It explained many looks and words of his.

"He says, dear," Miss Syms went on, "that even if he had the certainty of your ever returning his affection, he is bound in honour to another."

"Yes, I know." Moy closed her eyes again.

"And he said he felt he must call to say 'good-bye' to you. And yet he dreaded the effect that the sight of you in your sorrow would have upon him. I believe, Moy, it

would be almost cruel of you to see that man again. I could not help thinking, as I listened to the poor fellow, of those lines—"I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more.""

"Oh, Janet, stop!" cried Moy. "You mean to be kind, dear, I know; but it's all just now more than I can bear."

* * * * *

A few days after Miss Sym's visit, Moy came down stairs, leaving her grandfather asleep, and the nurse (for the cook had now settled permanently into that office) watching beside him. When she entered the dining-room, she found Maurice Davoren there busy writing letters.

"Moy," he said, looking up, "the news I have been half expecting has arrived—the member for the county—is dead, and you know I promised to stand whenever a vacancy occurred."

Moy knew what that meant—he must go. He had always been like a brother to her. Dermot's death had added sacredness to their true affection for one another, and since this new trouble came he had been the one to whom Moy looked for help in every doubt or difficulty. He had written for her, even to Lady Catherine; he had answered her letters; he had seen Mr. Hackney, and inquired minutely into the business Mr. O'Brien had been persuaded to invest money in; and now he was going to leave her, and she felt desolate indeed.

"But Father Fitzgerald will be home in four days, dear Moy," he said. "I shall feel quite happy about you then, and I think I have arranged matters with Mr. Hackney for some time to come. I believe that investment will be all right in time, though it is not a paying one now. You will have to see Hackney occasionally, of course, but it will only be on business. Keep him to that, and then bow him out."

Moy smiled sadly. What seems so easy to a man is not always so to a woman.

"There is just something else I'd like to say," continued Maurice, speaking somewhat sharply, for him:

"Tell me, Moy, do you really like that absentee fellow, Mr. Gilmartin?"

Poor Moy! The tell-tale blush rose and glowed in her cheeks that had been so pale a few moments before, but she tried to answer as unconcernedly as possible: "Yes, Maurice, every one likes him very much, I think."

Mr. Davoren frowned as he watched her, and got no real answer. And yet what reply could man expect to such a question?

"Because I was going to say, dear," he went on, deliberately, "that it is very evident he likes you."

"No, no, Maurice, you are mistaken; I mean—you must not say that, for—he is engaged to an English lady."

Mr. Davoren looked at her for a moment in silence. Moy was much agitated, and he saw it. "Then all I can say is," said he, "that if you take my advice you will say 'Not at home' when he calls again, for that fellow is a confounded flirt."

"Oh! no, no," said Moy, as she covered her face with her hands.

Maurice left the room very hurriedly, and as he went up-stairs he muttered to himself, "Womanlike, she would defend him to the last; but I hope I shall not meet him, for I feel very much inclined to punch his head."

Mr. Davoren had seen, the night they dined together, how intensely Mr. Gilmartin admired Moy, and though the two men had not pulled well together, Maurice had felt rather pleased at the idea of Moy returning to the home of her ancestors as the wife of its owner; and he had to confess to himself that anything he heard of Mr. Gilmartin was good, and, therefore, that if Moy loved him she had every chance of happiness. Mr. Davoren, finishing his letters in his own room, heard Moy come up stairs to hers. Not long afterwards a ring came at the hall-door. Maurice only heard doors opening and shutting. He did not know that Mr. Gilmartin called and sent up his card, with a particular request to Miss O'Brien that he might see her. He did not know that Moy, with trembling hands, wrote in pencil, "It is better for both of us not to meet again," and that, only waiting to twist

the paper up into one of those little square notes, she sent it down by Kitty to Mr. Gilmartin.

Poor Moy! She heard the hall-door shut softly—softly as one would close the eyes of the dead. He was dead to her now; yes, she felt that—as utterly lost to her in this world as the brother lying cold in his far-away grave in South America. She held her fingers to her ears, that she might not even hear the receding footsteps of the man she loved. She felt as if, should she hear them but ever so faintly, she must fly to the open window and call him back but once, once more to see his face, ere she bid him an eternal farewell—eternal! And yet he could never cease to belong to her inner life—they had sympathized too intensely for that to be possible.

“ Oh, happiness, how has it slipped away,
We who once lived and held it in our hand.”

CHAPTER XX.

“ Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.”

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE are few incidents worth recording in the life of one whose days and nights are passed in the house where, in a quiet up-stairs room, a loved relative lies hovering, as it were, between life and death.

Such was the sad tenor of Moy O'Brien's way through all the long weary months of autumn and winter. After the first few weeks of his illness Mr. O'Brien seemed to rally a little, even so far as to be carried from the bed to the sofa, and this improvement continued. He even regained perfect consciousness, but he seldom spoke, and never of his grandson's death, or of the anxiety about his business affairs, which had so troubled him before, and no doubt been the one great cause of his illness. He would lie for hours holding Moy's hand as she sat beside

him, but, except by a feeble pressure of her fingers, giving no sign that he was conscious of her presence.

The monotony of this life was broken for Moy by flying visits from Maurice Davoren—now an M.P.—by almost daily conversations or walks with Father Fitzgerald, and long afternoons (much oftener than of old) with Lady Catherine Arthur, who would come over in her pretty pony-carriage, have it put up at the inn, and stay for hours with Moy; or, when the weather was fine enough, insist upon taking her for a drive.

Mr. Hackney had been a good deal in England on business during the winter months, so that for his absence, at least, Moy felt she ought to be thankful.

Miss Syms had been married in September, but Moy did not see her very often now. Janet had played a bold and successful game, but she shrank from the sight of her victim, so that whether the young couple were happy or not Moy could not tell. Mr. Finch brought out another volume of poems about this time, but that was no proof that he was in a perfect state of felicity; for poets, we know, often "learn in suffering what they teach in song."

One fact which Janet had told Moy about Mr. Gilmartin had come true. He had left the country and had never returned. No architect had arrived from Dublin. Evidently no building was thought of. How the agent explained the landlord's change of plans to the tenantry Moy never heard. The people were terribly disappointed, but they were too loyal to complain of him and he had come to shower blessings upon them—blessings which they still enjoyed. They were happy, too, in the conviction that he would soon return, for they knew now that he liked them, and they were satisfied to trust him for the future.

If Moy's life was lacking in events of much interest during these weary months of watching, there were incidents that the recording angel must have noted down with an approving smile—deeds of love and kindness from Moy's poor neighbours in whose hearts she ever held the foremost place; flowers and fruit, even a bird that

she had once admired in a poor widow's cottage was brought for her acceptance. But sometimes the givers were unknown (as had been the case with the salmon). One morning some lovely flowers were found on the doorstep, so unlike anything in the gardens near that Kitty suggested the fairies as the givers. Moy smiled, but not at the thought of the fairies; in a way the earth was still full of them for her (though perhaps not quite as Kitty would have understood). In every mountain walk she heard the rustle of their immortal garments as they sheltered in the harebell to let her pass, or whispered to one another under the bending grass and brilliant poppies of the field. Moy was not a poetess, but still for her the earth and air were full of these mysterious beings.

The Finches had experienced one great trial since their married life began. They paid a visit during the honeymoon to the much talked-of invalid uncle, and Janet, instead of nursing him as she had proposed doing, managed to offend him mortally. The visit was concluded rather hurriedly, and the first news they heard when they returned home was that Mr. Finch's uncle had married the nurse. "Oh, then and there" was abuse of the long-suffering Irishwoman. "No English person would have done such a thing," said even good-natured Mr. Finch. "It was positively disgraceful." The nurse had indeed "got out of her groove" with a vengeance; but the sequel remains to be told (the Finches did not know it till two years afterwards, when their uncle died). As soon as ever the marriage service was over, "the nurse" got her husband to make and sign a will, leaving all his landed property to his nephew, Mr. Finch, and a modest one hundred and fifty pounds a year to herself. Perhaps few women of any nationality would have been so moderate in their appropriation of their lord's substance, for he would have left her everything, he was so grateful to her for all her love and care, and the most sincere affection existed between them, wide apart as their stations in life had been.

Mrs. Finch had a present for Moy when she returned from her wedding tour. She brought and put into her

hands, with a sad smile, but without a word, Mr. Gilmartin's book of his travels in the East.

Moy said to herself that the present was kindly meant ; but she regretted it, for it kept Mr. Gilmartin more than ever in her memory, and she felt that it would have been better that the thought of him should lie, like the violets under their leaves, or the snow-drops under the snow—not forgotten, only covered up. It was April now, and the returning season, bringing again all its beauties—all its enjoyments of balmy air and opening flower—seemed to make Moy more conscious than ever of the life and buoyancy that had passed out of her life. One afternoon she was returning to the upper garden gate, from a visit to old Mrs. O'Leary, in her cottage, when she heard a carriage dashing along at a furious pace on the road below. Near as it was, nothing was to be seen, for the trees (most of them evergreens) and shrubs on the bank hid even the wall that skirted the high-road. Suddenly there was a pause—a crash—a woman's scream—and then silence ! As quickly as she could, Moy ran into the garden, and down the walk to the gate into the road ; and there a pitiable sight met her gaze. Struggling horses, which a coachman and two other strong men were trying to hold down, as they lay entangled in their harness, an overturned and broken carriage, and some men and women lifting from the ruins the apparently lifeless form of Mrs. Finch. Everything Moy could do she did. She never for one moment lost her presence of mind. The doctor was sent for ; Mrs. Finch was carried into the O'Briens' dining-room ; Tim O'Leary was despatched to try and find the poor husband ; and in the meantime Moy did all she could think of to restore Janet.

At last she slowly opened her eyes. "Am I dead ?" she gasped. "Surely these are the pains of hell !" Then she relapsed into unconsciousness.

When Mr. Finch arrived he was nearly distracted. He could give no orders. He could not think of anything, but kept repeating, "I warned her about those horses, but she would drive them, bearing-rein and all !"

The doctor suggested carrying Mrs. Finch home, as it was only a few yards' farther on. Moy asked if she had not better remain where she was. Mr. Finch said "Yes" to both.

But the doctor, putting no more questions to him, had the poor lady carried off. "Two invalids in the house would be the death of Miss O'Brien," he said, "and they shan't kill her between them if I can help it!"

So Mrs. Finch, still insensible, was taken home to her own luxurious room, and Moy sat up with her all that night, and sent her father's kind nurse to her early in the morning, and let Kitty take her place beside him while she got a few hours' sleep herself. She was up and dressing again when a message came that Mrs. Finch had been very dangerously ill for some hours, and that she wished to speak to Miss O'Brien at once.

All through the night Moy had watched by her. Only once had she seen her open her eyes and look at her, and even then she had not spoken, but Moy found that the look haunted her. She went now as quickly as possible, and was admitted by servants looking frightened enough.

Moy believed that their mistress was dying.

Mrs. Finch was lying among her richly trimmed pillows, when Moy went up and asked her very softly what she could do for her.

"Nothing!" was said, in what seemed like the spectre of a voice, so faint, so hollow was its tone. "Don't you know I am dying? Didn't they tell you so? My ribs are broken in—I cannot breathe. Listen, I have something of yours. Don't look at it now, but take it. I could not bear to see you look. See, it is here," pointing feebly to the pillow. "Put your hand there. I made the nurse get it for me." Moy drew out a letter—a much-worn letter.

"Now go," said Mrs. Finch, sharply. "You would not reproach the dying! *That* was given to me once for you. I have given it you. Now go."

Moy left the room without a word. She saw the handwriting, and she walked home like one in a dream. Then

she went up to her own room and read the letter which Mr. Gilmartin had given Miss Syms to hand to her friend—how many long months ago!

CHAPTER XXI.

“Ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship
There needs none.”

SHAKSPEARE.

Moy rather astonished Kitty MacClancy by coming downstairs (about half an hour after her return from Mrs. Finch's bedside) all dressed to go out again.

“I must see Lady Catherine to-day,” she said, brightly. “I shall not be longer than I can help, Kitty. I don't want any one but Tim to go with me.”

O'Leary was sent flying by his lady-love for a car for their young lady. And very soon—Tim on one side, Moy on the other, the driver in the middle seat—she set off for Lord Arthur's lovely place. Moy had not been there for some time, but she could not have believed the way was so long. She felt that Lady Catherine would help her, and tell her how to act. She must write to Mr. Gilmartin at once. She knew that. But how and where to? Oh! to think of all these sad, sad weary months that he must have been thinking her so hard—so cruel not even to grant his prayer for one farewell look. But he would forget all that misery soon, when he knew how dear he had been—how dear he was to her.

At last she found herself walking into Lady Catherine's pretty little morning room. She felt like one in a dream, and she knew she must look different from usual, for her friend's greeting was, “Is anything the matter, dear child? You don't look unhappy; and yet——”

She took Moy's hat off, and they sat down side by side on a sofa, and Moy told her kind friend all, and held towards her, but did not offer to read her, the dear letter she had only just received.

"And you cared for him all the time," said Lady Catherine, looking a little bewildered, "and hardly ever mentioned his name to me. I fancied you had not often met. And does he tell you in that letter, Moy, that he loves you?"

"Yes," cried Moy, happy tears filling her eyes. "Oh, when I think of all he has suffered, and all the hard thoughts he must have had about me, I long to fly to him, bold though it may sound. Oh, Catherine, don't you pity us? Speak to me, Catherine."

For her friend was looking at her with almost an expression of terror in her face. At last she spoke.

"Oh, Moy, my dear child, it is too late. How can I tell you? I only heard it this morning. He has just engaged himself to Miss Wentworth, my own cousin."

Moy did not start nor change colour. She looked fixedly at Lady Catherine for one moment, and then she put her hand to her head as if she had had a blow.

There was a terrible silence for a few minutes, and then Moy said, in a low voice, "Catherine, you have always been my friend. You must make me a solemn promise that you will not try to explain matters to either one or the other."

Lady Catherine, whose slightly masculine spirit seldom indulged in such weakness, was shedding a few tears now.

"It's just the most extraordinary world that ever could have been created," she said, at last. "I'm sure as far as I am concerned, I'd like to try Mars, or some of the other planets—they could hardly be worse." She sat wiping her eyes as she spoke.

Moy said, almost sternly, "But, Catherine, you have not promised?"

"These men," continued her ladyship, "they don't know what constancy means. If I could find a widower of only three years' standing, why—I'd worship that man."

"Catherine, you have not promised," the unrelenting voice said again.

"Oh, Moy, child, do you expect me to see the whole happiness crushed out of your life (you who have so little left), and not say one word to bring about——"

"Catherine, if you want to kill me, or make me run away where he will never find me, you will talk in that way. As you say, men change, but so do women; and do you think that for one moment I blame him? If you had read his letter, you would see how good and noble he has been."

"I think," said Lady Catherine, "when that abominable Mrs. Finch has read that letter, I might."

Moy thought for a minute and then said—"No, that was not my doing. It would be wrong for me to show it, even to you, for he says that it is to be sacred between us; but you could not help thinking more highly of him if you read it."

"Oh, Moy," said Lady Catherine, not a bit vexed, "if you had only talked to me about him, I would have guessed the truth, and perhaps have prevented this engagement, but you always talked of Mr. Davoren. You led me away from the true state of the case like a partridge from her nest, not that I ever thought you were engaged to Mr. Davoren," and she blushed and looked away from Moy.

"Now, Catherine, I must go, and you have not yet given me your promise. Listen to me. You said just now that I had such a little left in my life. Why, I have a great deal more now than I had yesterday." Her sweet face beamed again, and she went on—"Do you think it is not a great deal to know that he did love me so dearly, and that he is the very soul of honour? Think, too, of your own cousin. Is her happiness nothing to you?"

"She has always cared for him, I know," said Lady Catherine, in a low voice. "But he never seemed to be aware of it. I see exactly how it has all come about. He went away for the whole winter, alone and utterably miserable. He has spent the time riding here and walking there, to the Oxus or Turkistan, or great Tibet, or some

of the many places where these blessed creatures go nowadays, while we poor women have to stay at home and be thankful we can read. Well, he has had to rough it (and every year they live men dislike that more and more). He has come back to England lonelier than ever, and gone down to stay with his friends, the Wentworths, at their beautiful, luxurious old place in the country, and there he has had a smoking-room off his dressing-room, and brandy and soda-water always at hand."

"But"—Moy stopped her, with a sad little smile—"Mr. Gilmartin is not one to take much brandy or anything else."

"Oh, I know, dear. I only mean he has all the etcæteras at hand that men like to see they can get if they want. Well, and then in the evening he has sat down to an exquisitely cooked and perfectly served dinner; and oh! my child, men, the very *best* men, like a good dinner, and why shouldn't they? And then, let me see. Oh, then, he has sauntered into the drawing-room, and my cousin has made room for him on the sofa beside her. There is no vulgar gas in that room, the fire-light is just flickering in a friendly way over everything; and oh! Moy, dearest, what does our own poet Moore say? Why, that men are sure to make love to the eyes that are near."

"Yes, Catherine, I can fancy it all very well. It is most natural. I do not blame him in the least, and I am not really unhappy about him, for he told me once that Miss Wentworth was a noble woman—at least, he said she had a noble face, and was the very best woman in the world. I think that was what he said." She added wearily, passing her hand across her eyes, "Don't keep me longer, dear. Promise what I asked you just now."

"Well, Moy," said Lady Catherine, "I don't like it," giving a deep sigh, "but I know you won't let me off. Administer the oath. What are the words?"

"That you will not attempt to explain matters either to Mr. Gilmartin or to Miss Wentworth, and that when I am dead you will give Mr. Gilmartin a letter which I will leave with you some day."

"Well," said Lady Catherine, tears in her eyes for the

second time. "I believe, on second thoughts, that we, noble people, are never asked to take an oath. It's part of the 'loaves and fishes business; we merely say 'upon our honour.' So, darling Moy, upon my honour, I will do as you wish, and say nothing at all."

It was her way to talk lightly on the subjects she felt the most. Moy understood her perfectly, and they sealed the solemn promise with a kiss.

But when Moy was gone Lady Catherine, like King Darius of old over his friend Daniel, laboured till the going down of the sun to deliver her poor Moy from this terrible sorrow and loss. Miss Wentworth was her cousin, but Moy was her countrywoman, and she loved her the best. The result of her meditations was a note despatched to Miss Wentworth asking her and her brother to come over for some spring fishing. "Now," she said to herself, rubbing her hands together, "I'll leave things to take their course. I won't say a word to bring him, but perhaps that blessed absentee (who always used to be the cloud in Moy's heaven of happiness) will come over with his *fiancee*." But he did not come. Miss Wentworth, who was glad of the opportunity of visiting near her future home, arrived with her brother before the week was out.

CHAPTER XXII.

"My heart was all
Given to the people, and my love was theirs."
WORDSWORTH.

MR. FINCH wrote several stanzas illustrative of his feelings when seeing "his angel" cold and motionless. He even began some lines called "The lonely Heart; or, the Widower's last Prayer;" but Mrs. Finch, though still in great danger, revived a little; her ribs were properly set, and there began to be some hope of her ultimate recovery.

As soon as it was safe to do so, Moy went over to see

her again. She dare not delay her visit lest Mrs. Finch, in the first flush of her penitence, should write herself to Mr. Gilmartin.

"Your confession has come too late for our happiness," she said; "Mr. Gilmartin is now engaged to be married, as, I dare say, you will soon hear from himself. While I live he must never be told about that letter not reaching me; but you must please write down for me, as soon as you can, what you did to separate us. All the reparation you can now make to me is simply to say nothing about it to any one—not even to your husband. I will enclose the letter you give me in one which I will arrange for Mr. Gilmartin to get after my death."

It was a terribly painful interview for Moy; but Mrs. Finch was so intensely relieved to find that the secret was to be kept between Moy and herself that she was wonderfully revived that evening. She felt she was getting better, and now she wished to live.

Moy reached her home feeling rather exhausted. She went up to see her grandfather, and to her great surprise found him sitting up in bed reading a letter. He looked, however, too much agitated for her to feel happy at the evident changes for the better in his health, for he had not taken book or letter in his hand or looked really interested in anything since his illness began.

"Oh, my child, my dear child, Moy," he began.

"What is it, dear grandpapa?" she said, soothingly, putting her arm round him.

"I have betrayed your interests, my dear. I have lost all that would have been yours. You will have nothing but this old house left. These English are always too many for us—whether in politics or in business. Their mean cunning and trickery is our perdition."

"What letter is that?" asked Moy, gently, trying to see it.

He showed it to her. It was a business letter which had come while he was so very ill, and which Maurice had answered.

"But this is all right, dear grandpapa. This came long ago, and has been answered. Where did you find it?"

"When Kitty left the room I got up to look in that drawer, and I looked over my letters." He had had one of these marvellous revivals of strength which sometimes occur even in very old people, but Moy feared he would soon feel exhausted. She tried to coax him not to think any more of the business.

"But the money is all gone," said he.

"No, no; the business is all right," persisted poor Moy. "The money is quite safe; Maurice says so; and some day you will have a great return for it. And we have plenty now—never fear."

Reassured by her look and manner, he grew calmer, and after a little he fell asleep, and Moy left him, feeling terribly in want of rest herself.

It was dark now—a starlight but moonless night. It had been unusually warm all day for the season of the year, and the dining-room window was still open. Moy went in there, turned the lamp a little down, and threw herself into an arm-chair. Kitty came to see if her mistress wanted anything, and Moy sent her away to make her a cup of tea. She felt such intense physical weariness, she found she could hardly even think of the events of the last few days. She closed her eyes, the cool air from the garden came in and refreshed her. She had hardly sat thus two minutes when she heard a car stop at the gate. She recognized Mr. Hackney's voice giving some orders. Then the hall bell rang loudly, and presently Mr. Hackney (who had only returned from England a day or two before) walked in. Moy shook hands with him, and then turned the lamp up to its full height. She was annoyed at his coming in at this hour, but she did her very best to speak civilly to him. When he asked for her grandfather, she told him of the wonderful improvement in him, but that talking had exhausted him, and he was now asleep.

"What was he talking about?" he asked, in his uncouth way.

Moy told him, and being wearied and worried now, she added, "I have always regretted, Mr. Hackney, that you persuaded my grandfather to sell out of the Funds, and invest his money as he did. It has been a constant anxiety to him ever since."

Mr. Hackney got up and walked round to the seat beside Moy. She longed to move farther from him, but politeness kept her still.

"Now, my dear Miss Moy," he began, bending forward and looking into her face, "have you never guessed why I got your grandfather to do that? Why, it's as clear as daylight."

Moy did not speak, and he continued.

"Why have I stayed here in this God-forsaken country at the risk of my life. Why have I done the thousand and one things I have but to get a chance of seeing you and speaking to you just alone like this in your own home? Do you know now, I say, Miss Moy?"

Here Kitty brought in the tea Moy had ordered. Her young mistress said, in a clear, haughty voice—"Another cup for Mr. Hackney, Kitty. He will be going soon."

Mr. Hackney looked thunderstruck and dangerous, but he did not make any remark till Kitty had left the room again. The girl looked at her young mistress inquiringly, and Moy gave her a reassuring smile as she said, "I will call you if I want you." Then she poured out the two cups of tea, and handed Mr. Hackney one. He drained it in a moment, and declined anything to eat. Moy sat sipping her tea. Mr. Hackney watched her. At last he said, in an insinuating voice, "Now we seem quite comfortable like, don't we? Now, why can't you and I sit drinking tea like this every evening till the crack of doom? I can give you all that money can buy. I can——"

But here Moy put down her cup, and turned toward him with great dignity, as she said, "You must please remember, Mr. Hackney, that long ago I asked you not to speak to me in this way. I promised to be your friend, and I have, I hope, kept my promise."

"And do you mean to say that after waiting as I have all these months, and never returning to the subject just to give you time, because a woman must be humoured—do you mean to tell me that this is the answer you always mean to give me?"

"Yes—always."

Mr. Hackney suddenly took her hand which lay on the arm of the chair nearest to him.

"Do you know, Moy—*there*, I've called you Moy to show you I won't give you up. Do you see? I mean what I say. I never yet in all my life failed to get what I set my heart on. D'ye hear, Moy? it's no use saying 'No' to *me*."

Of course Moy had disengaged her hand in one moment from his grasp. She also sprung to her feet, and stood at some distance from him.

"Easy, easy," said he, as he watched her. "Don't let us quarrel over it. Think of those tenants of mine. A man must have a return for his money laid out. We Englishmen of business expect it, and get it, but for your sake I've let those people have my land for a mere song. Do you think if I hadn't you to please I wouldn't raise the rents? and I nearly did it last autumn, when I almost despaired of you; but that's neither here nor there. I've heard some news in England that's made my mind easy on that score. Now, just think it all over calmly, and settle the business at once. Promise to marry me. I don't say this month or next month, but the old man can't live for ever."

"Mr. Hackney," said Moy, indignantly, "I must insist upon your silence. You have tried my patience too far, and I must tell you, that if you ever again speak as you have spoken now, I must request my servants not to admit you into the house."

She forgot the tenants, she forgot everything, in the disgust and fear of the moment. Yes, fear, though she did not show it to him.

"And, pray, what will become of your friends the tenants?" said he, turning very red and pressing his lips together.

"I would be sorry," she said, "to have to think you such an unjust man, that you would turn on your poor tenantry because I refuse to be your wife."

"You refuse, do you?" said he, approaching her. "Is that your final answer? Are you not afraid to tell a man like me that?"

"No," said Moy, a dauntless spirit shining in her eyes, though she stepped back farther and farther from him.

"If you are so unmanly as to persecute a woman who refuses to marry you, and threaten with cruelty your unoffending tenantry, you are not worthy even of the name of acquaintance, and I simply request you to leave the house."

Moy was not only looking but feeling a little braver now, for a moment ago she had heard Tim O'Leary's step in the hall.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"A heart unspotted is not easily daunted."

SHAKESPEARE.

Moy had hardly said the last word when Mr. Hackney with one stride was beside her, and had seized her by the wrist, while he looked savagely in her face.

"Tim! Tim O'Leary!" cried Moy, and the next instant Mr. Hackney had crossed the room and stepped out of the window on to the lawn, as Tim threw the door of the dining-room wide open and sprang in, the very personation of the old Irish Slogan—"Fag an Bealác." As with flashing eyes he swept the room, ready to "clear the way" of Mr. Hackney's hateful presence, Moy heard that individual speaking in a hurried voice to the driver of the car, the man having come back for orders.

Moy's one thought now was to stop Tim from following up the retreating enemy.

"Where is he gone?" cried Tim, gazing into space.

"Out of the window," said Moy. "That will do, Tim; thank you. You made him go. Pray, don't follow the man."

But Tim was off before she had finished speaking, not through the window, but out through the hall and the back-door.

"Where is he gone, miss?" cried Kitty, who had followed close upon her lover's steps as he entered the room. "Oh, miss," she added, in an agony of fear, "they'll kill each other!"

"Where, indeed, has he gone?" repeated Moy, for Tim, snatching a horsewhip, had disappeared out of the back-door.

Suddenly Moy remembered that O'Leary had a gun for shooting small birds in the garden, though he seldom used it, knowing how it distressed his young lady to miss any of her feathered favourites; but the weapon was kept in his mother's cottage, and he had evidently gone that way. The thought was enough for Moy. She almost commanded Kitty to stay in the house (the cook was already sitting in her master's room), and she flew just as she was, without hat or shawl, along the path that led to Tim's cottage. She found the door wide open, the fire was burning dimly on the hearth, but no sign of life appeared. Moy called Mrs. O'Leary by name, then "Tim," but getting no answer, she lit a bit of paper and held it flaring aloft. She knew where to look—the gun was gone! Out of the cottage Moy dashed as if she had wings to her feet, and down through the trees and brushwood; for a moment's thought told her *that* was where an assassin would hide. Oh, God! had it come to this? Were all her prayers and efforts to end thus? Was Kitty's lover, the widow's son, steady Tim, that they were all so proud of—was he to be a murderer? Was there to be another crimson stain on Irish earth, and two more broken hearts? Suddenly, "Tramp, tramp!" she heard a car coming quickly along the road below. Instinctively she knew whose car it was! Nearer, nearer it came. When, as she peered about in the darkness, and stumbled wildly on, a man's head was raised for one moment out of the brushwood in front of her—a gun levelled! A flash! a sharp report, and Moy fell on her knees, as she realized that she was "too late." When she raised her head again everything seemed to swim indistinctly before her eyes. She heard the wild plunging of a horse half maddened by fear, and Mr. Hackney's coarse voice trying to quiet the animal. Then she heard deep groans from the roadside, and, creeping on nearer to the low wall, stumbled over a gun on the ground beside her. Mr. Hackney, coward though he was, hesitated to leave the wounded man on the ground; besides his hands were

fully occupied with the horse. Suddenly, as he turned a frightened glance over the wall, he saw Moy's white face. In an instant, man, horse, all were forgotten; he let go his hold, and off went the terrified animal, dragging the car after him, at a furious pace. Mr. Hackney was beside Moy in an instant.

"What, you? Have you? No! You have not tried to murder me, but you have tried to prevent some one else doing it. Ah, isn't that true? Who was it?" Moy seemed struck dumb. She could only shake her head.

"Was it Tim O'Leary? What? You won't tell? Now, Moy" (he saw her shudder as he said her name), "let's do a little real business. You promise me now to be my wife (and if you promise I know you'll keep to it), and I promise not to say anything about finding you here. You shall run home as fast as you like. Come, be quick, now! Promise!"

Moy shook her head again. She seemed really to have lost the power of speech.

"You can't say 'no,'" said the man, in a hoarse whisper. "Your very life may depend on your promise. That poor wretch groaning on the road may die, and then what will be done to you, do you think? Do you understand me?"

"I think you mean," she began, slowly, "that unless I promise here, and now, that some day I will marry you, you will say in Ballyvorna that I stood behind a hedge and tried to murder you."

"Come, come; don't put it in that way. Only give me your promise, and all will be right." He attempted, for the second time that evening, to take her hand.

"Stand back," said Moy, in the same slow, hard voice that did not sound like her own. "Stand back, and listen to me. I have told you already I can never marry you; and now I add that if, as you imply, I can only be saved from death by marrying you, I again decline your offer."

In his rage and fury he struck her. As she shrank away the blow lighted on her shoulder, and down she went on the ground, but in a moment was on her feet again, just as a horseman came galloping up and drew rein suddenly beside the wounded man.

"Halloo! Who's there?" shouted Mr. Hackney. It was a sergeant of constabulary. He realized at a glance the situation on the road.

"And have you got the fellow there, Mr. Hackney?" he asked, peering over the wall into the darkness.

"It's a lady," stammered Mr. Hackney, "and here is the gun."

CHAPTER XXIV.

*"None are all evil—quickenings round his heart,
One softer feeling would not yet depart."*

The Corsair.

THE cave Moy had described to Mr. Gilmartin, and which she was so fond of going to, was really one of three which, side by side, opened into a little platform of grass-covered rocks beside the river, which just here went dashing and roaring by as if Mother Nature, with a kindly heed to her martyred children, had arranged loud music of her own to hide their agonized prayers from mocking ears in Ireland's darkest day.

The whole platform was shut in by projecting banks on either side, but close to it was the ruined abbey and the ancient graveyard, where Dermot lay sleeping. It was just possible for any one coming from the ruins to reach the cave by stepping down among the rocks on the river brink, and so rounding the projecting cliff. This was the path by which Moy generally came to her oratory—for such, indeed, that consecrated cave had become to her! But there was an easier way from the other side, only it was very long, and through lonely fields, and furzy, boggy ground, where a peasant or two might sometimes be seen. Along this dreary way a little boy came trotting with a small bundle in one hand the very morning after Mr. Hackney had been fired at and his driver wounded. The child stumbled and fell once, just as he arrived at the broken

ground above the caves, where the tangle of dockweed and nettles through which he had been steering gave place to bold masses of rock, half hidden by thorns and hazel bushes, which grew luxuriantly here, and hung over the edge, while creeping plants sent down their graceful festoons like a veil over the caves below. The child had called out when he fell, more with the light-heartedness of youth than because he really had hurt himself, though he struck his foot rather sharply, but he soon hurried on, and springing from rock to rock till he gained the level space by the river-side, he stood still for a moment and looked about him.

A gaunt and haggard man stepped from the mouth of one of the caves near by—not Moy's "oratory," but one which, though much lower at the entrance, went a far greater distance under ground. The boy, apparently not at all surprised, went forward to meet the man. "Well," said he, "d'ye want to bring the bloodhounds on me, or whatever they hunt for us with now? Don't ye think ye could make less noise when ye're coming?"

He spoke and looked rough enough.

"Sure I fell," said the boy, rubbing the foot he had hurt.

"Well, ye're a brave lad to howl at that," said the man, contemptuously; "howiver, I'm obliged to ye, Barney, all the same."

He opened the bundle; the boy's face flushed up; he took no notice of the conclusion of the sentence, but he said with some spirit:

"I am a brave lad—my mammy always says so when she gives me the bundle for you."

The man's face darkened.

"And what should ye be afeard of?" he asked.

"I ain't afeard of anything," said the boy, looking up boldly.

"Well, then, what's yer mammy afeard of?"

"She ain't afeard of nothing either," said the lad; "but mebby *some* are."

"And what are some afeard on?" persisted the man, as he began to eat something out of the bundle the boy had

brought. "It's lonely here, lad. I like to hear ye talk when ye spake softly. So go on."

He sat down as he spoke near the mouth of the cave he had left a few moments before, and went on eating cakes, one of which he offered the boy. But Barney declined it civilly, saying he had one in his pocket which his mother had given him. He sat down, however, and looked at his companion curiously. There was nothing in the least romantic about the man, no "wild and flashing eyes"—indeed quite the contrary—they were "lack-lustre eyes," for he looked like a man who had drunk deeply, and muddled away a good deal of the intellect God had given him.

"Well, Barney," he continued, more pleasantly than he had yet spoken, "why should some people be afeard of me?"

"They say ye're a bad man," said Barney, with perfect candour; "that there's nothing ye wouldn't do now, when ye sets yer mind to it; but they be mortal sorry for you all the same, and wouldn't let on about you whatever."

"I know that," said the man. "They won't let on."

He looked thoughtfully on the ground, poor wretch! apparently not in the least disturbed by the opinion entertained of him by the outer world.

The child began to eat his own cake.

"Barney," said the man, at last, "didn't ye bring me a dhrop of dhrink?"

"Yes; but surely ye don't want to dhrink till ye've eaten?" returned the lad, coolly.

"That's neither here nor there," said the man. "Come, give it me, lad."

Barney, however, waited till he had finished his own cake, and then got up, opened his little frieze coat, and took out a small bottle of whisky.

The man went to drink some.

"Stay!" said the child. "Didn't I bring ye a nate cup the other day? Mix the whisky with water, won't ye?"

The man drunk on without noticing the interruption, and when he had taken as much as he wanted, he said:

"Look you, boy, I'm obliged to ye for bringing me the bit and sup here, but I won't stand yer preaching. I have had nather preaching nor confessin' for many's the day, and I ain't going to begin now." He looked excited; the whisky was already in his brain. "I wor niver a good man," he went on; "but *he* turned me into a devil."

"Who?" inquired Barney.

"Ye ask that?" said the man, in a contemptuous tone at the boy's ignorance. "Sure there's few round these parts as doesn't know the answer."

He put the bottle down and looked at his hands, first at one and then at the other.

"I worked hard with these hands once," he said, slowly.

"Was it afore you saved me from drownin?" asked the lad, in a slightly awe-struck tone.

"Yes, it was afore that. It was whin I had a wife and two shmall childer, shsmaller nor you. It was afore *he* came into the country, and druv me mad. It was afore I took to the dhrink."

"Who was *he*?" asked the inquisitive Barney.

"Oh, ye must know, must ye? Well, why shouldn't I say the name? Here it is for ye—Mister Hackney!" But his voice sank, and his face became almost livid as he spoke.

Barney had the grace to wait a minute before he spoke again. "And it was Mister Hackney turned ye out of yer farm?"

"Yes."

"But *I* would not hev taken to the dhrink," said the boy. "I would a kep sober, if only to spite him."

The man laughed. It was a dreadful laugh, not loud, though. "Ye'd better talk that way to yer mammy. She would not say that was a good reason. She'd say, 'Keep from the dhrink to save yer sowl,' and she'd be about right there."

"I heard about Mister Hackney this morning," said Barney, as he rose to go.

"What did ye hear?" asked the man, turning his face away.

"Sure he was fired at last night, but the driver was sitting on the car side, and *he* was hit."

The man sprang to his feet.

"The dhriver was hit, d'ye say?"

"Yes; he's a'most dead by now, I 'spect."

"Was it Peter Brady, boy?"

"Yes; that's the name," said Barney.

The man's arms fell to his side as if all life had left them.

"Whin my poor girl was dying," he said, as if speaking to himself, "Peter Brady giv me a shillin' to buy some brandy for her; and whin little Dan died he put him in his coffin." He paused for a minute, as if he saw the scene before him now on the ground at his feet. Then he went on, "And it was Peter got the shot; and Peter's dying now!"

"And all the justices is up in Ballyvorna, in Mr. Syms's biggest room," continued the boy; "and no one but the constabulary let in, and the people nearly wild outside about the young lady."

"What young lady?" asked the man, looking up now in a dazed sort of way.

"Why, our Miss Moy, the darlint. Mr. Hackney says as she did it."

"As she did it?"

"Yes; she was just a-standin' forninst the gun when Mr. Hackney got over the wall to see who had fired."

"The coward; he never got over the wall!" cried the man.

"Yes, he did," replied the boy, coolly. "Howsomever, they're agoing on about it, and my mammy says as the Fenian rising was a nothing to what it'll be if our Miss Moy's tuk to prison."

The man trembled, and took up the whisky-bottle again, and drained it of every drop. The only time the boy had looked frightened was now.

"Ye'll kill yerself," said he, warningly.

"And better, too," returned the man, not in an angry voice this time. "Sure, lad, hevn't I seen her here, though she niver saw me, and hevn't I seen her kneeling on them cold rocks by the river-side and a-praying for Ireland? Ay, I've stood behind these bushes here, and know'd

that an angel and a devil were six yards apart; that's what I've know'd, boy—that's what I've know'd. Run home, Barney, and tell yer mammy that she's paid me a thousand and a thousand times over for saving yer little life that day ye fell in the water. And thank ye too, lad. I've thanked ye in my heart many a time, though I've spoken like a brute to ye often."

Barney was watching him with wide-open eyes.

"Ye ain't feeling bad like?" said he. "Ye ain't agoing to die?"

The man shivered, and looked away across the river, as if suddenly arrested by some terrible thought that rose like a picture before his eyes. Barney followed his gaze, but he saw nothing to account for the look. "Yes, boy," said the man at last, "I'll say good-bye to ye now, for I'm agoing to die, sure enough."

CHAPTER XXV.

"Strong in herself and in beatitude that hides her."

WORDSWORTH.

As Barney had said, Mr. Syms's "biggest room" was occupied with the justices of the county holding a private and informal inquiry into the events of the night before. No one was admitted but those immediately concerned. Outside, however, there was a clamorous crowd, half bewildered, but furious. One fact stared out plainly enough from the surrounding mystery, and that fact was, that Mr. Hackney had dared to accuse their own "Miss Moy" of trying to murder him!

It being an utter impossibility for them to entertain such an idea for a moment, and Tim O'Leary's gun having been found on the ground inside the wall, they naturally jumped to the conclusion that Tim was the assassin.

Poor Kitty McClancy refused to harbour such a suspicion against her beloved Tim. She stood close to Mr.

Syms's hall-door, sobbing bitterly; and the two men of the constabulary who were trying to keep order and restore quiet outside allowed Kitty only to remain in this position of vantage.

"I would not believe he did it," sobbed Kitty; "no, not if he told me himself; for he may tell a lie to save Miss Moy, who is as innocent of it all as Tim is. Sure, did she not run out in the dark night to try and prevent murder, and then is it likely she'd a' done it herself?"

"But, Kitty, child, you say she ran to prevent murder; and who did she run after, pray? Sure you know it was Tim."

This conclusive argument was again and again repeated by the by-standers. The thoughts of one or two, perhaps, turned to Dan Riley, but the very mention of his name was avoided.

"And what did Tim do?" cried Kitty. "Didn't he take the ould master's horsewhip, and run down to where the road turns, and wait there to give Mister Hackney a good trouncing? but the man niver came; but to murder him—No! no! Tim niver meant that."

"Then who brought Tim's gun there, and fired it off, and laid it forninst the wall?"

"P'raps Mister Hackney himself," said Kitty, checking her tears, and speaking with great dignity. "He's bad enough for anything, and he always hated my Tim."

"And Tim always hated him, and had good cause to."

So they argued away outside, while within the proceedings were very quiet.

Lord Arthur was one of the magistrates present, and sitting beside him was Mr. Syms, and then Mr. Hackney. There were two lawyers and a lawyer's clerk, the constable who had ridden up to the scene the night before, and Tim O'Leary. Then, sitting side by side, Lady Catherine and Moy O'Brien—the first looking flushed, indignant, haughty; the last pale, sad, and gentle. Poor Moy, she hardly analysed her own sensations, but she had a vague feeling that she had endured almost as much as she was able to bear, and that life for her in this world would soon be over.

Presently Lord Arthur suggested that after the extraordinary accusation which Mr. Hackney had made with regard to the events of the previous night, it was rather unseemly for him to be sitting there in his magisterial capacity.

Mr. Hackney at this moved into the background behind Mr. Symes, until called upon to speak.

Then the deposition of the wounded man was read aloud, in which he stated that, sitting on the side of the car nearest the wall from whence the shot was fired, he saw (a moment before the flash) a man's face, with a dark hat drawn down across the forehead.

Then the sergeant of constabulary repeated how, hearing a gun, he saddled his horse, and rode along in the direction the sound had come, as only a few minutes before Mr. Hackney had left Ballyvorna and driven that way; how very soon he had come upon the scene, and found the wounded man in the ditch, and Mr. Hackney standing beside Miss O'Brien, and protesting that she had fired the gun which lay on the ground beside the two.

After the cross-examination of this witness, Mr. Hackney was called upon to give his account of the affair. He came forward holding his head not quite at the acute angle usual to him. Neither had he put up his eye-glass; but he began with great effrontery to relate how, calling to inquire for his friend, old Mr. O'Brien, for whom, out of kindness, he was in the habit of doing business, he had found Miss O'Brien alone, and had taken that opportunity of asking her most respectfully to be his wife; that instead of giving him a civil answer, which every man was entitled to on such an occasion, she had flown into a violent passion and ordered him out of the house; that at first he refused to go, and tried to reason with her, but that she became so infuriated he thought he had better leave, as she really looked as if she could murder him then; that perhaps he ought to add that he had discovered one reason for Miss O'Brien's violent hatred of him, which was the fact that he had most unfortunately invested nearly all her grandfather's money in a concern which was not prospering very well just at present, and Miss O'Brien

was afraid they would be left penniless, and, of course, did not like the idea—indeed it seemed to madden her; and by this, and her long attendance on her sick grandfather, he would seek to account for and excuse the extraordinary circumstances that followed. He left the house (he went on), and found Peter Brady, the car-driver, at the gate, waiting for orders; that he returned with him to the inn, put the horse in at once, and set out homeward; that not long after they passed Mr. O'Brien's house he saw a flash, heard a report of a gun, and the next moment the driver fell off the car, and he, jumping down, had hard work to prevent the horse backing over the wounded man as he lay on the ground; that as soon as he had moved the man out of the way he got over the wall to see if he could find any trace of the cowardly assassin, and there he found Miss O'Brien, who, instead of expressing any sorrow for what had occurred, seemed rather to glory in her awful position; and, therefore, the kindest and the *only* supposition under the circumstances was that, at the time, poor Miss O'Brien was quite out of her senses; and knowing all the trouble she had gone through lately, this was not perhaps to be wondered at—her brother's death, her grandfather's illness, and the loss in money affairs."

In cross-examination Mr. Hackney admitted that he was driving the car himself, that he always did at night, on account of threatening letters he had received.

Then Tim O'Leary was called upon to give an account of his movements on the previous evening. "When I left home," said he, "I did not mean to be long, so I niver shut to the door. My mother had gone to see a friend, so there was no one in the house, not even a dog. The gun I left safe on the wall. It was not loaded, but the things for it were handy on a shelf below. I wint down to my master's house, and it was quite dark then. I wint into the kitchen, and I heard a man's voice talking in the dining-room next door. I axed who was there, and found it was that scoundrel, Mr. —." Here he scowled in a fearful manner at Mr. Hackney, and Lord Arthur interrupted the evidence by warning Tim that every word he said would be used, perhaps, against him at the trial.

"Thank ye, my lord. Then I'll only think it. Sure they can't hang a man for what he thinks. Well, the talking went on, and knowing who was there, I got that onaisy like I walked into the hall and back into the kitchen, my fingers just itching to lay hould on the —. Yes, my lord, I'll be careful this time. As I went backward and forward from the hall to the kitchen, once, as I had got as far as the aisy-chair by the kitchen fire, and was just spaking, *in a fury* like, about the man being allowed to talk the head off our young lady, I heard her voice calling me, clear—like a bell—'Tim, Tim O'Leary.' Lord! but there niver was man born that could bate the pace I wint at into the next room, and there stood Miss Moy alone. And, 'He's out of the windee,' says she; 'that will do, Tim—you made him go,' says she, quite aisy like. Now he was gone, but it did not do for me, you double-dyed —. Yes, my lord, I'll remember." Tim swallowed down the unspoken word "villain," but his eyes seemed to throw it at Mr. Hackney. "Well, I says to myself, I'll taich him to come here axing Miss Moy for the twentieth time to marry him, and tasing the life out of her that's worrited enough already; and with that I saizes the master's whip, and tore, like one possessed, down past our cottage and along the road to the turning. Now, says I, settling myself and getting my breath, come on, you (I won't mention the names I called him, my lord)—come on, and Tim O'Leary will break ivery bone in your body. In course I didn't mean to do as bad as that. I meant to do it all fair like, and to have the driver for a witness that it was fair and above-board. I'd hev followed him to the inn and done it there, only I knew the constables would stop me, and the varmint would not get his desserts. You see, my lord, it was an old score I had to settle; it wasn't only for Miss Moy's sake, but bekase that man turned me out of house and home, and murdered my poor ould father. Sure it was only by the greatest persuasion I had kept my hands off him all these long months."

Tim paused to take breath, and Mr. Symms, thinking he had finished his story, said:

"Well, young man, after what you have just confessed, I think my brother justices will agree with me that we need look no further for the man who attempted to murder Mr. Hackney."

As Mr. Symms sat and listened to his employer's account of the affair, he had made up his mind to throw up the agency at once. So he cared little what Mr. Hackney might think of his difference of opinion as to the sex of the would-be assassin.

Tim shook his head and smiled. "No, sir," he said, very respectfully, "I did not do it. God knows that if I had I'd say so now to save my dear young mistress any trouble. Sure she wasn't even wishing him to get a good licking, but ran after me thinking I meant murder, and she determined to prevent that. Miss Moy knows that all of us would die for her, and gladly; but I cannot tell a lie. I must go on now and finish. I waited long on the road for him to come, and at last the car, quite empty, dashed by me. Then I knew that something had happened. I walked back, and very soon met the constabulary and heard all."

CHAPTER XXVI.

"How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!"

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Tim O'Leary had finished his account of the night before, there was no one in the room who really believed him to be the guilty person in the affair; but if Tim was innocent, who was guilty? He was severely cross-examined, but never wavered in the least. The last question had just been asked and answered, and Lord Arthur was nerving himself to address Moy, and request her to "be so kind" as to give them her version of the whole affair, when there came such a noise of talking, struggling, and knocking at the door that all eyes were directed toward it. Suddenly it opened, and little Barney's

acquaintance, the gaunt-looking denizen of the caves, stood before the astonished justices.

In one instant Mr. Hackney was crouching behind the large arm-chair that contained the portly form of Lady Catherine's father. From behind this substantial shelter the terrified being called out to the constable to see that the man was unarmed, while Lord Arthur requested to know his name.

"My name's Dan Riley," said he, in a loud, defiant voice; "and I've come here to make a statement."

There he stood, wild-looking and dirty, trying to shake off the hands of the men who held him, his bloodshot eyes glaring savagely in the direction of the arm-chair.

"Has your statement anything to say as to what occurred last night?" inquired one of the gentlemen.

"It has, yer honor. I'm the best witness ye could have. I'll tell ye the whole story now." Then he began and drew a vivid picture of all the woe that Mr. Hackney's coming had brought upon him and his: how one unreasonable demand after another had proved to him what Mr. Hackney really wanted—namely, to turn him out of the farm that he and his father before him had been born and brought up on, and worked on, and loved; how all the worry and the trouble seemed to make him "take to the dhrink;" how he refused to pay the increased rent, and told Mr. Hackney (what proved to be the truth) that he only wanted to turn him and his out to make room for cattle; how at last the bitter day came when he found himself on the road with his wife and two little ones; how the youngest—a mere baby—died in his arms from cold and exposure, and three weeks after his wife herself breathed out her last sigh in a neighbour's cabin, where the people promised to take care of "Little Dan" while the father went away to get work; how in a few weeks he got word that fever had broken out, and that little Dan was dying, and hurried back only to find the child lying in his coffin! And then he had taken a dreadful oath "that he would be the death of Mr. Hackney."

He never had paused for a word, and no one interrupted him.

"I waited a little," he continued. "I wrote him a letter, and I followed him about, but I never got a chance, and was near locked up one night, and had to fly. I gave out I was going over the say, but I only went where I wasn't know'd. It wasn't much I got anyhow, and I mostly drank it. I was hunted here and hunted there, like the bad man I was become; but I says, 'There's a just God as knows all we went through, and knows how I was druv to the dhrink.' Well, last night I knew that man there came into town—I saw him. Peter was driving then, I think; I was going across the country to see a friend; I had no gun; I hid to let him pass; they stopped at a gate, and I heard him tell Peter he didn't think he'd be long, but to come back for orders whin he'd put the horse up. I went away up the bank then to the road above to sit down a bit and think if I'd time to go back, and there I saw a cabin-door open, and a gun on the wall. I took it down and loaded it, and while I was doing it I caught a button on my coat against a drawer, and it fell off. I dare not stay to find it, but if any one will look they can match it with these, and prove my words are true. I crept down the bank again, and waited for the man who has made me what I am now. At last he came driving along. I heard his cursed voice speaking to poor Peter, and I—I fired the shot, your honors. Dan Riley, and none but he, wor there! I fired the shot, and I thought I saw him fall over, and then I threw away the gun. I niver looked behind me, for I seemed to hear a rustle in the wood. To-day I know what I heard, and how it all was. I know that one (too good for the likes of me to name) was there to try and stop murder." His wild eyes turned for one moment to where Miss O'Brien sat beside her friend. "I know, too, it was poor Tim O'Leary's gun I took; but worse than all, I know I wounded Peter Brady! So here I am, yer honor."

He concluded with a little bow to Lord Arthur, whose eyes were fixed upon him with a most merciful expression.

The constables closed round the man, who went with them willingly from the room.

While Lady Catherine sat beside her friend Moy O'Brien, at the magistrates' private inquiry, Miss Wentworth, suddenly deserted by Lord Arthur and his daughter, and finding the older lady busy writing letters, devoted her lonely hours to inditing a long epistle to Mr. Gilmartin, in which she said: "I dare say you remember a nice young Irish lady you once met at our house in town, for you said that her name ought to be 'Maud,' not 'Moy,' because of her 'exquisite face.' Do you remember?—but, indeed, now I think of it, you may have met her when you came over here; only, perhaps, she was still in England then. However, you will, I know, be sorry to hear that she is now in terrible trouble through a wretch of a man who for a long time has persecuted her to marry him. (I am sorry to say he is an Englishman.) Last night when he came with the same old story she called her servants to show him out of the house; one of them, being rather a fiery creature, dashed after him with—it is feared—a gun. Miss O'Brien, very naturally, followed to try and prevent murder. I can't quite understand how it all happened; but the wretch (no doubt in revenge) says now that the young lady fired at him. Of course that is perfectly absurd, and no one here believes it; but there is a private inquiry going on to-day, and Catherine has hurried off to be with her friend, Miss O'Brien. Lady Arthur is writing; my brother is out fishing—so I am alone."

Ten minutes after Mr. Gilmartin had received this letter he started for Ireland.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"O Martyrs! the scorers may trample
 On broken hearts strewed in their path;
 But the young race, all flushed by example,
 Will awake to the duties it hath,
 And rekindle your own torch of truth
 With the passionate splendours of youth."

LADY WILDE.

AFTER the inquiry at Mr. Sym's house into the events of the night before, Mr. Hackney had to be attended home

by a strong force of constabulary--some of the men remaining in the house for the night. Those who knew the state of indignation into which the people had been driven feared some act of violence, but they were agreeably disappointed. The fine power of sympathy which the Irish possess in so high a degree here stood them in good stead; for though they had to confess that there was hardly any punishment, however severe, which they would not like to inflict on Mr. Hackney, their knowledge of Moy's character told them that any outrage on their part would be adding the bitterest drop to her cup of trial.

Perhaps, had Dan Riley not come forward, and it had still been possible for Mr. Hackney to persevere in his unjustifiable persecution, or had Moy O'Brien been struck down by one of those sudden attacks of brain-fever which sometimes in real life, but more often in fiction, prostrate the heroes and heroines who have suffered and made no sign, the people would have given rein to their fury, and, forgetting the precepts of their clergy and their love for Moy, have taken the punishment of Mr. Hackney into their own hands. But two facts powerfully assisted in calming them. The first was that their "own Miss Moy," when the inquiry was over, left Mr. Syms's house leaning on Lord Arthur's arm; that she smiled brightly and sweetly upon them, as they all greeted her with hearty blessings, and crowded round as she stepped into the Arthurs' carriage (closely followed by Lady Catherine and the earl), and drove off "just like a princess," amidst the cheers of every man and boy in the town. Her progress, in fact, was a sort of triumphal procession. She stood higher than ever in the love and respect of all classes. The other fact was an earnest appeal that they would keep the peace. It was written to them all from his sick-bed by Father Fitzgerald. The good priest had not been well for days, and the tragic news which had been carried to him had so increased his indisposition that he was unable to be present at Mr. Syms's. He was justly beloved by his people, and to grieve him now they would have looked upon almost as a crime.

Moy had the great comfort, when she returned home, of

finding her grandfather remarkably well—for him. Of course he knew nothing of what had happened, and wondered Moy had been so long away. When she told him that Lady Catherine was down-stairs, and going to spend the whole afternoon with her, he said he would like to have a visit also. So her lively ladyship came up, and seemed like living sunshine in the old man's room. After the strain of suspense she had endured, the relief was now so intense that her spirits rose in the most wonderful manner.

Moy could not help hoping that the pony-carriage which was to fetch her friend might be long in coming. She had never, since his illness began, seen her grandfather look and talk as he did now; and to herself, instead of being a weariness, Lady Catherine was like a mental tonic. Poor Moy could not speak much; indeed she was very quiet, but experienced a sense of enjoyment in merely watching Catherine. She was, as it were, borne up and along by her friend's brilliant talk like a quiet sea-bird on a sparkling wave.

"Good-bye, dear Mr. O'Brien," said Lady Catherine at last, kissing his wan cheek; "I'll come and see you soon again, now I know that you like to see me. Moy and I are going down to have high tea. I'm ravenously hungry."

And down-stairs they went, arm-in-arm, into the drawing-room, till Kitty should announce the tea.

"I've something to tell you," said Lady Catherine, sitting down by the little table where Moy and Mr. Gilmartin had had their last discussion on Home Rule.

"Yes," said Moy, not looking in the least expectant; "I'm afraid, Catherine, I am getting like the man who had ceased to wonder. I feel almost as if I could never be surprised at anything again."

"I think you will be at this; but I won't ask you to guess."

A faint colour rose to Moy's cheek as she said, "I suppose Mr. Gilmartin has arrived, and is staying at your house."

"No," said Lady Catherine; "that's too good news to

be true. It is something about him, though. My cousin was telling me, the other day, that when he proposed to her he told her that he could not offer her the best affection of his life; that he had once deeply loved, and could never forget that first devotion (all that style of thing, you know). She asked him about it, for she had a wish to know if the lady was married now; but he would say very little, merely that after he had told her of his love he found she was engaged; and though he had written to ask for one last interview, she had declined that, in deference, he believed, to the wish of her betrothed, who was a man of a very jealous disposition. I nearly broke down at that, Moy, for I knew Miss Wentworth was speaking of Mr. Davoren; and the idea of that blessed man being particularly jealous, and about you, was too good!"

Moy smiled sadly as she said, "It must have been part of Mrs. Finch's plan to make him think Maurice was jealous of him. How extraordinary it all was! But, dear Catherine, we won't talk about it any more. How I wish Maurice was here now! Father Fitzgerald telegraphed to his address in Dublin, but I expect he is in his place in the House of Commons. However, he is obliged sometimes to return on business; and oh, if he was in Dublin I know he would lose no time in coming to me. Fancy, Catherine, he might be here this evening!"

"Indeed!" said Lady Catherine, looking suddenly very much brighter and happier; "but here is Kitty!"

Tea being announced, the friends had just left the drawing-room when the hall-door opened and in walked Maurice Davoren.

"Oh, Maurice!" and Moy ran to meet him with a glad cry of welcome.

Mr. Davoren hardly saw Lady Catherine, he was thinking so much of Moy. He had never in his life kissed her; but now, as he looked at the fatherless, motherless girl, who had suffered so much, his heart seemed very full; and as she clasped his hand he bent down and pressed a brother's kiss on her cheek. Lady Catherine liked him all the better for it—she saw how much he was feeling

and how self-forgetful he was. She let Moy pass on before them into the dining-room to give some directions to Kitty; and she said, almost in a whisper, "Mr. Davoren, talk of anything but all that has happened the last few hours—she has had enough of that to-day!"

He bent his head in assent, as he said, "You are quite right; besides, I think I have heard everything. I met Mr. Syms just now. He is utterly disgusted with Mr. Hackney, and going to throw up the agency."

"Hurrah for Mr. Syms!" said Lady Catherine, still speaking in a low voice. "I always have had rather a respect for that man; but don't ask my opinion of his wife and daughter."

Mr. Davoren smiled, as he followed her into the dining-room.

"Isn't it a terrible thing, Moy," said her ladyship, "that the first effect of Mr. Davoren's presence is to make me uncharitable?"

"It's very sad, indeed," said Moy, trying to smile at them both as she looked up from her tea-tray. "Maurice, I think you take sugar? I know you do not," she added, as Lady Catherine sat down beside her.

"No, I do not take any; but Mr. Davoren sweetens his speeches in the House so much, that it's no wonder he requires more sugar." It was not a very original remark, but it answered her purpose, which was to launch them all on some subject far away from the events of the day.

"And do you actually read the speeches of Home Rulers?" inquired Mr. Davoren, looking very much pleased and interested.

Lady Catherine was not obliged to confess that she read his.

"I went once to the House of Commons when I was in London in March," she answered, "though I was only away from home a fortnight altogether; so I think I did my duty to my country."

"If I had only known you were there," said Mr. Davoren, "what a speech I would have made!"

"I dare say it was very good as it was," said Moy. "Wasn't it, Catherine?"

"Well, it wasn't a bad speech," with a laughing glance at Mr. Davoren, as she offered this faint praise. "I must say I was agreeably surprised at the amicable way he talked of the relations he wished established between England and Ireland. It was—

" ' Though seas divide,
Let love abide.' "

put into prose."

"I try to be conciliating," said Mr. Davoren, with a sigh, "but the majority are rather hard upon us just now; they throw out every Irish bill, and laugh to scorn the idea of our having any grievances. The serious and the comic papers in England are alike full of sneers for us. The only comfort in the whole business is that while the Government treats the question of Home Rule as a safety-valve for Irish discontent, there is growing up in England among all classes a conviction that it will one day be an accomplished fact—not next year, nor the year after; no, we must have patience, but we shall have it yet." Then he added, more lightly, as if trying to shake off thoughts too grave, "I confess I hardly expected you, Lady Catherine, to agree with the sentiments of a speech on Home Rule."

"After all, one's politics are very much a question of geography," she answered. "For instance, if I'd been born in China, I would have been an Imperialist groveling at the feet of the 'Brother of the Sun and Moon;' and if I'd been born in America, I would have been a Republican."

"And, having been born in Ireland, may I ask what you are?" said Mr. Davoren, bending his keen eyes upon her with an expression he tried not to make too anxious.

Lady Catherine shook her head. "If I express my real sentiments," she said, taking another bit of toast, "you will both think it is out of politeness to present company."

Mr. Davoren looked more than pleased. "I hope I may interpret that speech as meaning real sympathy with the Home Rule cause," he said, in a low voice. "But, notwithstanding our conversation at the Rectory, I must tell

you I am agreeably surprised. I thought you were only a Liberal."

"In their hearts," said Lady Catherine, "I believe all Irishmen are Home Rulers; it's only the weak faith of those poor, dear, misguided Orangemen that keeps so many people talking about the advantages of union with Great Britain. But, in time, even they will come to their senses, and remember the real truth about the past. Indeed, already I see the dawning of a brighter day."

Mr. Davoren, too, seemed to see it, and in her eyes, he was more and more interested.

"Yes," he said, at last; "to accomplish anything great, a people must work together; they must forget or sink minor differences. I believe the Home Rule movement has been one great cause of the improvement the last few years in Ireland. There is a new spirit abroad. Nothing raises and ennobles a people like working for their freedom in a pure and constitutional way."

"I know," said Lady Catherine, "there are still a great many worthy creatures haunted by the dreadful idea that religious persecution would begin as soon as ever we got Home Rule, but nothing could be a greater mistake. It is not the Catholics who have been the persecutors."

"No; Mr. Lecky points out," said Mr. Davoren, "that the history and character of the Irish people prove their deep respect for sincere religion in any form. It is only when they have been sorely tried that they have retaliated. But all parties have something to learn. We are a nation; and Protestants, as well as Catholics, will one day acknowledge that the successful defence of Limerick (I mean the first siege) is as much a fact for all Irishmen to be proud of as the defence of Derry. There was valour in both; though at Limerick they were fighting for their king (weak creature though he was), while at Derry they were fighting for a usurper."

"I often wish," said Moy, joining in the conversation for the first time, "that some clever man would write a little book, and call it 'The Two Commemorations,' and show which memory is worthiest of being preserved by Irishmen of all creeds."

"You mean St. Patrick and William?" said Lady Catherine. "Yes; I am certain that a fair and courteous statement of the case would do a great deal of good to both parties."

"I've often said to Orange friends of mine," said Lady Catherine, "that it seems so funny to me their glorification of William, a man who could say of George Walker of Derry, who really was a brave man—'The fool, what business had he here?' when he saw the poor man lying dead on the banks of the Boyne."

"To say nothing," added Mr. Davoren, "of William breaking the Treaty of Limerick, when the faith and honour of the English crown was pledged to its fulfilment."

"The only people who have a right to call William 'glorious,'" said Lady Catherine, "are the English aristocracy; and though they got a good share of the pudding, they are rather ashamed of him. It was a melancholy revolution for the other classes in England, Scotland, and Ireland; but let us talk of something pleasanter."

"Oh, Catherine, there is the pony-carriage," said Moy.

"It's rather unkind of you to think my going away a pleasanter subject of conversation," said her ladyship, laughing.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Where art thou, thou lost face,
Which yet a little while wert making mirth
At these new years which seemed too sad to be?
Where art thou fled which for a minute's space
Shut out the world, and wert my world to me?"

Proteus.

THE next day, till late in the afternoon, poor tired Moy had to hold a sort of levee.

From far and near, every one who was in the country came to pay their respects to her. The Protestant clergyman's wife was the first to call, with a lovely bouquet of

her choicest flowers. She said her husband had been away for some days, but she knew that Miss O'Brien would soon have a letter from him. These little kindnesses from those of a different faith from herself were always very grateful to Moy; she felt it must be pleasing to the All Father to see his poor creatures sympathising in each other's weal or woe, thus acknowledging that, notwithstanding outward differences, they were all members of the one human family.

Mr. Davoren was out the greater part of the day, so Moy had to entertain her visitors alone.

The next day she did not expect to see any one, believing that every friend she had in the country must have called; but she was mistaken. First of all came Father Fitzgerald, who, weak and exhausted from his late illness and anxiety, lay back in Mr. O'Brien's large arm-chair, looking like the picture of some anchorite of old, sublimed by long fasting and prayer. This was his third visit that day. The first had been to Peter Brady's bedside. The wounded man was doing wonderfully well, and would soon, the doctors thought, be out of danger. With this good news Father Fitzgerald had passed on to the room in which Dan Riley sat a prisoner.

The good priest had hardly left the O'Briens' door when Lady Catherine's pony-carriage drove up, Miss Wentworth holding the reins.

Moy was in the dining-room, and saw her visitor walking toward the door. She recognized her in a moment, and the colour mounted to her very brow. She had never seen Miss Wentworth since that eventful day when she had met Mr. Gilmartin for the first time; for when she had called after the party with Lady Ann and Miss Windsor the Wentworths were not at home. Now, the passing glimpse she had of that face *he* had called "noble," brought back, with a vividness which startled her, the whole scene in the drawing-room in Eaton Square, and the look, the very tone of voice of the man who was so utterly lost to her now, that it made her tremble to find how strong a hold the very thought of him still had upon her heart.

Miss Wentworth was shown into the drawing-room, so Moy had time to compose her thoughts and get herself well in hand before she obeyed Kitty's summons and crossed the hall.

Miss Wentworth tried to throw into her manner something of the kindness and sympathy she was feeling; and though this is generally a difficult matter to an English-woman, she succeeded admirably, and Moy understood her at once. She very soon confessed the object of her visit, which was to ask Miss O'Brien to take her to see the ruins of the abbey, that she might add a little sketch of it to her "picture-journal" of her visit to Ireland.

Moy knew quite well that the man-servant who attended Miss Wentworth could have shown her the way well enough, but she saw through the kind subterfuge for getting her out of the house for a refreshing drive and a friendly chat. She felt grateful to Miss Wentworth and to Lady Catherine also, for she knew her kind friend must have had something to say to the arrangements. She accepted the invitation at once, and Mr. Davoren being just then with her grandfather, she went and told them both where she was going. When she returned to Miss Wentworth, and they were passing through the hall together, her companion paused before one of the old oil-paintings, and said:

"Strange, but that reminds me of a friend of mine."

Moy knew perfectly who the friend was, for she had often noticed the likeness to Mr. Gilmartin, and knew that it was this resemblance which had arrested her attention when first she saw him standing in the centre of the Wentworths' drawing-room.

As they entered the carriage Miss Wentworth said, "Is that oil-painting, Miss O'Brien, a likeness of one of your ancestors?"

"Of one of the family," said Moy. "It was given to my grandfather by the present Mr. Gilmartin's father. It was one of the pictures saved when Gilmartin Castle was burned down in '98."

"Then are the families related?" asked Miss Wentworth, looking very much surprised.

"It is too distant to claim as relationship," said Moy. "The story is, that one of Cromwell's soldiers to whom the O'Brien's castle was apportioned sold it to an officer of the name of Gilmartin, and he married the sole survivor of the O'Brien family, at least the only one left in Ireland. Her father had been killed, and her brother (my ancestor) had to leave Ireland and go away for many years. The poor girl was found hiding in her father's castle, and I suppose it was really a love match between her and Captain Gilmartin, for tradition has it that they were a very happy couple. I don't think they were right to alter the name of the castle. The oil-painting you noticed is the likeness of their son."

"And was that the only time a Gilmartin married an O'Brien?"

"Yes; the only time."

"How marvellous it is," said Miss Wentworth, "the way a certain type of face descends through many generations. I have often remarked it in England when walking through a picture-gallery with the descendants of the people whose portraits we had come to see."

They drove along in silence for some time, and then Miss Wentworth asked Moy about the schools in the neighbourhood, and whether the people could speak Irish.

"The fathers and mothers all speak it," said Moy, "but the young people only know a few words. However, we are doing our best to get it taught in the schools again, and I think we shall succeed."

"Of course I am a Protestant," said Miss Wentworth; "but I would never dream of interfering with people's religion. So I hope I may be allowed to visit the schools. I would like to see to their musical studies, and set up art classes for these bright little Irish children. They ought to excel in art when they are the descendants of those who made the relic cases, the crosiers, the brooches, and the illuminated manuscripts, which we wonder over and strive to imitate." Presently she continued—"I should like very much to live here; but I am so afraid of not understanding the people and so doing more harm than good."

"I don't think that is likely," said Moy, at her wits' end for a suitable reply. "I have always heard you were able to do so much good among the people in London."

"Ah, that is different," said Miss Wentworth, quickly. "I am accused of having very republican ideas; but I assure you, if I were to speak (as I know I could not) with any pleasant familiarity to English people of the peasant class, they would not understand me. I really do not know what the consequences would be; I fear the people would presume upon it, and become quite insufferable; but here, why, though there is, one would think, a social gulf wide enough between the poor and the Arthurs, they speak to one another in the most familiar way, and (this is the most curious part of it), it does not seem odd to me; they all seem to be devoted to the Arthurs, and to have the deepest respect for them, while they joke and laugh with them as though they were equals.

"I have heard many English people make the same remark," said Moy. "I think the Irish have tact, which is a valuable gift."

"They certainly have most charming manners."

And just then, by Moy's directions, Miss Wentworth drew up the ponies in the high-road. She and Moy got out, and leaving the carriage in charge of the groom, they turned down an old road that led near the river, and soon found themselves passing along the wall which had been built of late years round the ancient graveyard and the ruins of the abbey; into this wall were built many well-preserved capitals, corbels, and mouldings which once adorned this beautiful Cistercian monastery. The very steps they mounted were formed of carved and fluted stones, and these steps led over into the graveyard, a neglected and solitary spot. Moy did not care, when with others, to look on Dermot's grave; so when she had settled Miss Wentworth for her sketch, she returned to the steps and sat down.

Mr. Gilmartin was a good part of the distance on his way to Ireland before he asked himself what he had come for. The only excuse he had was that he had seen, a night or two before he got Miss Wentworth's letter, Mr.

Davoren's name mentioned in the debates in the House, and, taking for granted that Moy's future husband being absent, and her grandfather dying, there was no one to stand up and fight her battles for her, he was justified in coming to her side as a neighbour, a friend of the family, indeed, with a flash of satisfaction as he remembered the circumstances, as one of the family. This would be explanation enough for Miss Wentworth, or for any one else.

When he arrived at Ballyvorna he left his luggage at the inn, and went straight to Mr. O'Brien's. He was shown in by Kitty, and found Mr. Davoren in the drawing-room. He, therefore, naturally enough said nothing about his reason for coming to Ireland, but expressed his intense regret at what he had heard, and received in return from Mr. Davoren a statement of all that had occurred from the moment when Mr. Hackney walked into Moy's dining-room on that eventful night till Moy left the house of Mr. Syms with Lord Arthur and his daughter.

At last Mr. Gilmartin, having taken his hat, and said "Good-bye," nobly owned to himself as he walked down the road that Mr. Davoren was a fine gentlemanlike fellow. He had heard that Moy was out driving and who she was with, but not where they had gone. He walked aimlessly along, and tried to make up his mind whereabouts the driver had been shot. Before he had satisfied himself on this point he was a long way down the road, and now every step he took recalled Moy as he had met her that July morning coming to meet him—beaming, joyous, and beautiful. He suddenly determined that he would take a solitary walk to the caves which she had told him about, but which he had never yet seen. He knew they were somewhere near the abbey, and a place haunted by her presence would be a comfort to him in his present frame of mind. As he walked on he wondered if he would meet the pony-carriage, and how he would be received by its occupants. Did Moy know of his engagement, and if so, did she care? or was she too much rapt up in the thought of that nice fellow he had just been talking to? Was she really happy?

Was she as light-hearted and witty as of old? And Miss Wentworth? Well, she would only think it natural that he should come into the neighbourhood of two such attractions as herself and Gilmartin Castle. "Castle," indeed! a heap of ruins! He had one of the best properties in the country, he was going to be married, and he had no house to call his own! But was he going to be married? "It seems like a dream to-day! Well, 'dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?'"

It was hard to realize here, and now, that he was engaged to any one but Moy O'Brien. Why had he been such a weak fool as not to know his own mind! He had far better have gone to Timbuctoo and stayed there, than engage himself even to one of the best women in the world, a woman deserving of a man's whole devotion. However, it was too late now. He had just mentally said this word "too-late," when he saw the pony-carriage in the road. The groom touched his hat, and Mr. Gilmartin asked where the ladies had gone, and was directed down the old road that led to the abbey.

He walked on with a stern expression of countenance. He was to meet them, then, side by side, the woman who loved him, and the woman whom he loved. It was a trying moment. He looked on and saw a lady sitting on the step that led over into the graveyard. He knew that lithesome figure could be none other than Moy O'Brien. She turned her head when she heard the step, and their eyes met.

Oh, how unlike was this to their first meeting in Ireland! Then all was frank gladness between them, and now ——!"

She did not hurry to him with a blush and a smile. No, she started and turned pale, and the sadness of her face settled into a look of quiet reserve. She did not even get down off the step, but perhaps he was beside her too soon for that. If Moy was calm, he was not. He could not speak for a minute; he dare not trust himself. They shook hands like ordinary acquaintances. Moy was the first to make any remark. "I did not know you were in the country," she said. "When did you come?"

"About an hour ago, and you know why I came. I heard the trouble you were in, and I could not stand the sea being between us. I thought you were alone—that Mr. Davoren was busy in London."

"How good of you!" said Moy, in a low voice. "How good of you—how like you!"

"Thanks," said he, in an icy voice. "I have just had a long talk with Mr. Davoren, and ——"

But Moy looked so intensely startled, almost alarmed, that he added quickly, "I liked him better than I ever did—indeed I ought to say I think him a noble fellow."

"He is," said Moy, gently. There was a silence between them for a moment; then he said, "So now my work here is done. I am thankful to hear all has ended so well."

"But you will not go so soon?" said Moy.

"Why should I stay? I can say I came over on business, which is the truth. It was my business to help you if you stood in need of my help; but I cannot remain now. While you are here I must stay away."

Moy felt fearfully agitated and anxious too lest Miss Wentworth should come walking up and hear what he was saying. She said, hurriedly—she did not choose her words well: "My grandfather is so much better that I believe he is to have change of air soon. Do not go; the people miss you so! I shall soon be out of your way."

"Great Heaven! out of my way!" he said; that was all. He leaned his head down on his arms that were already resting on a foliated capital built into the wall, and they neither of them spoke for some minutes; then Moy saw Miss Wentworth picking her steps through the uneven graves; she had heard voices and was coming. Moy, terrified lest she would see the despair of Mr. Gilmartin's attitude, and perhaps ask for an explanation of the scene—she was so downright—touched her companion lightly on the shoulder: "Miss Wentworth is coming," she said.

Then he raised his head, and by the time Miss Wentworth got up to the steps he was ready to help her over, for Moy had stepped down by this.

"Denis, what a surprise!" said Miss Wentworth, brightly; "why, you never gave me a hint that you were coming."

"Did I not?" said he.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"We must not stint
Our necessary actions in the fear
To cope malicious censures."

SHAKESPEARE.

IF Mr. Gilmartin liked roughing it in Cambodia and Tibet, he certainly did not in Ballyvorna. He had not been three days at the inn before a fine covered carriage arrived for his use, quickly followed by carriage and riding horses. One morning Moy was tying up some flowers in the garden when he passed the gate on horseback. She knew he had seen her, for he raised his hat, but he never attempted to stop.

Moy had not been outside the garden since her drive with Miss Wentworth. Her grandfather was now able to come downstairs for about two hours every day, and read his Dublin papers as of old.

Mr. Davoren went about a good deal, and brought home the news that the tenants on Mr. Hackney's estate, hearing that Mr. Syms was throwing up the agency, were in despair, for they jumped to the conclusion that he was leaving because he refused to sanction harsh measures toward themselves. They were waiting in sullen gloom for the outburst of Mr. Hackney's wrath, for the notices of increased rents would mean notice to quit. But while they thus waited they collected among themselves out of their hard earnings a sum of money to present the Scotch agent with some little token of gratitude for the many times he had made a stand in their interests and interposed between them and Mr. Hackney's unjust demands.

The rumour was that Mr. Hackney was going away to England to find a man after his own heart as the new agent, but that he would let Glenrowe and the grounds about it to any one who would keep it in repair. This had, indeed, been his first thought; but now the real truth was that he was leaving Ballyvorna and Ireland for good! "For good," in every sense of the word to those he left behind. He meant to sell the place to some Manchester man, and he had induced Mr. Symms to remain till the business was completed.

His real intention was to be kept a profound secret from the tenants, while his first idea was to be noised abroad.

He was determined that his poor tenants should not benefit by the change. All the malignity of his nature was just now in the ascendant. Wherever he went he met with freezing politeness from the gentry, and scowls of hatred and looks of scorn from the peasantry. His life was becoming unbearable. He seemed beneath the contempt of those around him. No threatening letter reached him, no man waylaid him. They merely seemed to shrink from meeting him, as one would turn out of the path to avoid some noisome beast.

Though Mr. Davoren ought to have been in London, he refused to leave Moy and her grandfather till he had some idea of what Mr. Hackney's movements were to be. He was always trying to find out; and one day he came in with the joyful news that the man was going to sell the property and leave the country for ever. But this fact had been communicated to Maurice under the most solemn promise that he would not divulge the truth to any of the tenants.

No, but there was no reason why the news should not go to America. Moy sat down and wrote at once to Mr. M'Donnell, the Irish-American, who it may be remembered, had been so kind and attentive to Moy and Mrs. Fitzgerald when they were crossing from Holyhead to Dublin. Mr. and Mrs. M'Donnell were then on their way to Cork to take passage for the United States, after their gay visit to Paris and London. Moy had touched the

right chord in the young wife's heart. It was she who had hitherto prevented Mr. M'Donnell from settling in Ireland, and spending some of his enormous wealth in the land of his birth; but before Mrs. Fitzgerald and Moy said good-bye, the wife had assured them that it would not be her fault if her husband did not pay a long visit the following summer to the Emerald Isle.

She also promised to bring her little girl, who had always hitherto been left at home, so that they could stay a long time, and perhaps decide upon purchasing some desirable property; and then they had given Moy their address, so that if she heard of anything very good in the meantime she could let them know. And now the letter was written, giving full and minute particulars of old Glenrowe, which was really a noble place, standing on a height, and commanding almost as fine a view as Mr. Gilmartin would have when he built his new house on the site he had made Moy select.

"I have not seen the house at Glenrowe for a long time," Moy wrote, "but I hear that Mr. Hackney has greatly added to and improved it." Then she had to describe the farms and the property, and even this (with Mr. Davoren's assistance) she did wonderfully well. Then she spoke of the people as, in general, quiet, well-conducted, and intelligent, but that a bad landlord had roused some of them to fury, and driven others away—that, had he been able, he would have made his tenants little better than serfs; but that she believed a kind and reasonable landlord might do anything with them. Moy also told Mr. M'Donnell that, if he had made up his mind to write about the property, he had better not mention that he had heard of the intended sale from her, and explained her reasons for this piece of advice. She further told him that Mr. Hackney, originally from Manchester, was trying, she believed, to sell to some friend there.

"Well, as the Americans would say, I think that ought to fetch him," said Mr. Davoren, laughing, as he handed the letter to Moy, after reading it over carefully. "And now," he added, "I have ordered that ancient covered car for this afternoon to take us over to the Arthurs. You ought

to return Miss Wentworth's visit, and the drive will do you good."

So they went, and found Lady Catherine in the act of writing to Moy.

"How curious!" she said, coming from her little writing-table to meet them. "I was just asking you both to come over and dine with us to-morrow, to talk over some private theatricals we are trying to get up."

Moy thanked her, but declined the theatricals.

"You know, dear," she said, "I have not been anywhere the whole winter."

"The very reason you ought to begin now. Don't you think so?" and she appealed to Mr. Davoren.

He agreed with her. He thought it would be good for Moy, and that she ought to do it.

"And now that Mr. O'Brien is so well she has no excuse," said Lady Catherine.

So Moy felt herself being drawn into gaiety against her will. She had many good reasons for not wishing to go out just now, but the strongest was to help Mr. Gilmartin. Had he not said, "While you are here I must stay away."

"We have already had such fun," continued Lady Catherine. "We were reading Shakespeare aloud, and one evening we actually set to work to act *Hamlet*. We did Mr. Wentworth up in black calico, which crackled frightfully as poor Hamlet walked about, and I lent the Ghost my water-proof, and although papa said it ought to have been called a 'screaming farce,' I think it was very good. However, this new idea is on a much grander scale; and it seems to me there are a great many more people at home now than there used to be. I find I can scrape together a really respectably-sized audience; and now, Mr. Davoren, will you act?"

"The Ghost in *Hamlet*?" he asked. "I will choose that if I may have *your* water-proof."

She blushed and laughed. "No, no. This time we are not going to attempt tragedy. We have almost decided on 'The Ladies' Battle.' It's very easy, they say. Do you know it?"

"Yes; but I have only seen it acted by amateurs," he said.

"Ah, so much the better for us; you won't be drawing comparisons between some celebrated professionals and our humble selves. But to proceed. Miss Wentworth is to be Leonie, her brother is to be the Brigadier, I am to be the Countess, and Mr. Gilmartin has at last consented to act Henri de Flavigneul. I think he will describe that scene beautifully where he pins his own cross on the old soldier's breast. But now, Mr. Davoren, what will you be?" and she looked very eager for his answer.

"I think," said Maurice, "the only character left for me to take is the one I would soonest have. But do you really want help?"

"Oh, most decidedly; I have been counting upon your help. I knew it was no use asking Moy. There is the Baron de Montrichard left and Gustave de Grignon."

At that moment Miss Wentworth entered the drawing-room, and as Moy hurried forward to meet her, Mr. Davoren said, in a low voice to Lady Catherine, "Let me be De Grignon when he says to the Countess, 'I will go through with it, like the bravest of them, if I may but hear *you* say at my last moment, 'I am by you!'"

Miss Wentworth thought, as Mr. Davoren was presented to her, that he had a very fine face, and was a remarkably happy-looking man, while the next moment she found herself remarking the unusually brilliant colour in her cousin's face.

Moy thought that Miss Wentworth looked anxious. She had not the calm, happy look of the other day, when they were driving together, but she took her knitting at once, and so occupied herself while she talked. Her knitting, as Lady Catherine pointed out, was worth remarking. It was only woollen socks for gentlemen, but with these she had put in a church window, and now supported a coffee palace in London. Her friends bought the stockings from her, and got her "large orders" from others.

At last Moy looked at Mr. Davoren, and rose to take leave, and then it was arranged that the two should dine with the Arthurs the following day, and talk the "play" over.

As they drove home, Maurice said, "I am glad, for my own sake, that Lady Catherine is to be the Countess; but she ought to have been Leonie, for she looks much younger than Miss Wentworth."

Moy longed to ask in what relation Henri de Flavigneul stood to Leoni, but she dared not.

The next morning Mr. Gilmartin's man-servant called at the door, with his master's compliments, to know if Miss O'Brien and Mr. Davoren would go in his carriage to Lord Arthur's, as Mr. Gilmartin was also going, to dinner.

Mr. Davoren looked at Moy. "We cannot refuse such a very considerate request," said he.

Moy bent her head, so an answer accepting the offer was returned, and all Maurice said was, "Now, you won't walk into Lady Arthur's drawing-room with some of the lining of the carriage sticking to your dress, as was the case yesterday."

Moy laughed. "Poor people!" she said; "till quite lately they have made so little at the inn they really may be excused for not having that car re-lined."

"It has been re-lined, patched with wood, and repaired all over so often," said Mr. Davoren, "that I think, like Sidney Smith's carriage, it ought to be called 'The Immortal!'" Men forget so anything but what immediately touches themselves; and sometimes even then. Now that Mr. Gilmartin and Miss Wentworth were engaged to be married, and Maurice saw no more of the admiration—to use no stronger term—which Mr. Gilmartin had once felt for Moy, the thoughts which had so much annoyed him faded entirely from his memory, and he even forgot that he had ever called Mr. Gilmartin "a confounded flirt."

CHAPTER XXX.

“ Their glances met ;
It seemed they could no more remain aloof
Than nearing waters hurrying into one.
Yet their steps slackened, and they paused apart,
Pressed backward by the force of memories
Which reigned supreme as death.”

The Spanish Gipsy.

MR. GILMARTIN'S carriage “stopped the way” at Mr. O'Brien's gate punctually at the hour named, and in walked its owner, looking very handsome, but very stern ; he paused for a moment on his way to the drawing-room before the picture—the likeness of his ancestor—which Miss Wentworth had been speaking to him about, and then he passed on, and Kitty ushered him into the drawing-room. There sat Mr. Davoren by the shaded lamp reading the *Freeman's Journal* ; there was the piano, the music, the picture that he (Mr. Gilmartin) had looked at while he quoted Mr. Morley's words about women being “the hardest of problems”—all brought back the evening that had concluded the few happiest weeks of this man's lonely life. There was hardly time for much thought about it at all, for Mr. Davoren began talking of the latest news, and the prospects of peace.

“Lord —— is said to have secured it for us,” said he ; “but I expect his pockets are so full of fireworks that there will be a grand blaze before very long. However, he will have floated himself into a niche in Westminster Abbey. That style of thing is all he cares for. There is not one word in his speech of generous sympathy for any oppressed nation.”

“The world must be still very uncivilized,” said Mr. Gilmartin, “when to be great is to be able to flourish guns and fists at your neighbours all round without being laughed at.”

And just as he finished speaking, Moy entered the room. She had never, even in the rich dress he had seen her in at the second musical party in London, looked so lovely as now in her exquisite soft white muslin, high to the throat. She was still in mourning, so she wore no colour, and her only ornament was a spray of fresh white lilac in her hair. She had her shawl on her arm, and Mr. Gilmartin, with one hurriedly withdrawn glance at her, went to put on her wrap, and then, as if he remembered something, drew back almost with a haughty gesture, and Maurice placed the shawl round her shoulders, but the owner of the carriage offered her his arm to lead her to it. So "stately and tall he crossed the hall" with Moy beside him, and Mr. Davoren following, they were watched by three pair of admiring eyes—the cook's, and Kitty's, and Tim O'Leary's. Poor Tim, he had been very subdued ever since the private inquiry at Mr. Syms's.

When the excitement was over his spirits sank, and he blamed himself for the whole affair, as far as "Miss Moy" was concerned. "I'd hev' done better to let that old rascallion go home to Glenrowe, and kill himself with his own brandy," said he, "than run after him as I did. Sure, I might hev' known Miss Moy was too much of a saint, bless her! to like any one even to get a bating."

Moy got into the carriage, and then Mr. Davoren followed, and sat down with his back to the horses. Mr. Gilmartin asked him once if he would not sit the other way, but did not press it, and immediately seated himself beside Moy; but he was most careful not to rouse Mr. Davoren's jealousy! He hardly addressed a remark to the lady, but devoted himself to the gentleman, and Moy enjoyed hearing them talk about the state of the country, politics, and trade.

When they arrived at the Arthurs they found only Lady Arthur and her daughter in the drawing-room, and a tiny King Charles, who received them all very graciously, and then returned to his basket in a corner near the fire.

Lady Arthur drew Moy to a seat on the sofa beside her, and, while they were having a little quiet chat together, Catherine and the two gentlemen stood on the huge rug

in front of the fire, for the evening was chilly. Moy heard her friend telling how Miss Wentworth had been trying to make her scientific by reading aloud a "very stiff" book on the Nebular Hypothesis! "and I was thinking all the time of 'The Ladies' Battle'" said Lady Catherine. "I really was in that state of mind that I did not care whether the world was formed out of a nebulous haze or green cheese, or whether thought was a property of matter, or no matter at all!"

"And did Miss Wentworth never guess the state of mind you were in?" asked Mr. Davoren, laughing.

"Yes; she gave me a *look* once, when my brain was just feeling like concentrated essence of chaos; and so, after an hour and a half of intense suffering, I confessed that I did not like it, or wasn't *quite* in the humour for it." Both of the gentlemen laughed this time, and she went on. "Actually, instead of being vexed, or annihilating me with one scornful glance for my stupidity, she paid me a high compliment—fancy, and she has never been to Blarney!"

"I am sure Catherine is talking about me," said Miss Wentworth's lady-like voice. She had entered the long drawing-room unperceived, and was now approaching the group round the fire. She had her knitting in her hand, but laid it down as she shook hands with the guests. She stood by the sofa for a minute speaking to Moy, and then she turned round to the three on the hearth-rug.

"Miss Wentworth," said Mr. Gilmartin (and Moy wondered if he never called her "Alice") "will you be so good as to tell us all the compliment you paid Lady Catherine to-day."

"I told her her intellect was brilliant enough to grapple with all the subjects we had been reading about, one after the other," replied Miss Wentworth; adding, as she smiled at her cousin, "So you have been telling of yourself, Catherine, and leaving out the praise—that is like you." Then she turned away to Mr. Gilmartin, and left Catherine and Mr. Davoren to have a chat together.

Though poor Moy sat and talked to Lady Arthur she could not help observing Mr. Gilmartin and Miss Went-

worth. She did not appear to see them, and yet, though she could only hear a word now and then of their conversation, she was keenly conscious that Miss Wentworth had an anxious manner to her betrothed. She seemed to wish so much to please him, and to be so fearful of not satisfying him, so aware, perhaps, of the truth that she never could satisfy him. All through the evening Moy observed this in Miss Wentworth's manner.

Miss Wentworth was richly dressed, but not in becoming or well-chosen colours, fond as she was of dabbling in art. Still, like the majority of her countrymen and women, she was deficient in that true art-instinct which makes a person decide immediately on what is harmonious and pleasing to the eye.

If we had nothing else to go by, this total want of the knowledge of a proper mixture of colours which is possessed in so high a degree by all Eastern nations, would prove that the ancestors of the English stayed too long in the cold and barren regions of the north of Germany, and lost in their sojourn there much of their early Aryan cultivation; while the Irish, coming from the East, either by sea down the Mediterranean, or along the southern shore of Africa, passed thence by sea to Erin, and there, far from the chilling influence of the Saxon, nourished and cherished their artistic and refined civilization, till it was almost swept away by those rude barbarians of the North, whom it has been so much the fashion of late years to extol—though, excepting perhaps in physical strength, it is difficult to find out anything in which they excelled. In Frankland and in Ireland they found a rich and learned civilization, and they crushed it out. They excelled as robbers and murderers. They overran and ravaged country after country, and portioned out the land among themselves, and we may congratulate ourselves when we remember that nowhere was their power at last so completely broken as in Ireland.

When dinner was announced, Lord Arthur gave his arm to Moy; Miss Wentworth followed with Mr. Davoren; then Lady Catherine and Mr. Wentworth, while Mr. Gilmartin and the countess brought up the rear.

Moy was distressed at being taken out before Miss Wentworth ; but, of course, as she was not staying in the house and the other lady was, it was perfectly correct, and it had one great advantage over any other arrangement, namely—that it put the whole length of the long dinner-table between Mr. Gilmartin and herself. She tried never to look at him, but sometimes their eyes would meet. His had an expression grave and cold, and she felt as if her own had no expression at all. The conversation was pretty general. Miss Wentworth talked well, not brilliantly, but very evenly. She never forced an opinion or drove an argument to extremes. She calmly suggested a likelihood of such and such a way out of a difficulty, and so gained ground at every step. Moy saw how much and how wisely the Englishwoman had read, and tried to feel glad that Mr. Gilmartin would have a companion so worthy to share his thoughts, but somehow or other she could not realize that they would ever be man and wife. Once, just as this idea flashed through her mind, she looked from Miss Wentworth to Mr. Gilmartin, and found his eyes fixed upon herself with an expression almost as if he had read her thoughts, and he actually smiled as their eyes met. Moy, blushing deeply, looked away.

"After dinner," said Lady Catherine, "there is to be an inspection in the library of our almost mediæval wardrobe. The period of the play is 1816 ; but people, you know, wore their clothes for a much longer time in those days than we do now, so we can't be far wrong in using the helmets and jackets, the trains and the dresses, of the beginning of the last century ; and I am sure I shall look well in what my great-great-great-grandmother wore."

"I am afraid, Catherine," said Lady Arthur, "that you did not go to day to Mrs. Gerald's."

"How could I, dear mother. It's perfectly frightful all the different directions I have wished to go in the last few days. Alice says that if it was not for the attraction of cohesion I would fly all to pieces from the action of thought."

"Of course I said nothing of the kind," Miss Went-

worth remarked, smiling at her gay cousin, at whom all the others were laughing heartily.

"What I was to go to the Gerald's about," said Lady Catherine, "was Mr. Gilmartin's and Mr. Davoren's livery. It does not sound well, does it? We thought ordinary livery would be too dreadful on our friends' devoted shoulders, and the Gerald's have some wonderful official suits, which were worn before the Emperor of Morocco, or the King of Siam, or some of those mysterious potentates, when some of the Gerald family were sent on a special mission, and had a train of their own servants as attendants."

* * * * *

When the young people were going to the library, Moy asked to be allowed to stay with Lord and Lady Arthur; and as she was not going to take any part in the play, no one thought her request strange but Mr. Gilmartin, and Lady Catherine knew that she was trying in every way to avoid speaking to him, or even meeting his eye. And he? The longing to speak to her was becoming stronger and stronger, as each moment he became more certain that she was not happy. The fact was that Moy's strength had been sorely tried, especially the last few weeks, and to-night the conflict between love and duty seemed cruelly hard to bear. She longed, like King David of old, for wings, that she might "fly away and be at rest."

At last she heard laughing voices as the party returned from the library, and then the carriage was announced, and Lord Arthur took her down to it himself. Again she sat beside Mr. Gilmartin, and listened to his voice as he spoke, though not often, to Maurice Davoren.

Moy looked out of the window and watched the clouds passing quickly over the starlit sky, throwing their dark shadows over trees and fields and farm-houses, and many and many a roofless cabin; and she thought of all the sad hearts that had turned from these humble homes and passed away to die or to still worse than death—to dingy, cheerless courts in great English cities, to see their children growing up in poverty, misery, and sin.

Ah! to-night life seemed all too sad, hopeless, mysterious. Poor Moy forgot that though the clouds were hiding the light, still the light was there. She was only tired and weary of the battle.

“Take me, my mother earth, to thy cold breast,
And fold me there in everlasting rest—
The long day is o’er.
I’m weary, I would sleep,
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more.”

CHAPTER XXXI.

“Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal,
Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.”

MOORE.

WHEN Moy opened her eyes the next morning she felt ashamed of her hopeless thoughts of the night before, and her happy, brave spirit seemed to return to her. She drew up her blind and window, determined to enjoy the many blessings which this earth has in store for waiting hearts. It was a lovely spring morning, the sort of day when one seems to see the trees growing, and the young leaves opening in the light and warmth so freely showered down upon them. The happy birds were whisking about the walks and flower-beds, and filling the air with music. O’Leary, out of sight, but not out of hearing, was singing at his work on the other side of the garden, and Kitty’s busy hands were washing down the front steps.

Moy went down to breakfast that morning with a thankful and a humble heart, and there was her dear old grandfather in his arm-chair by the breakfast-table, his good nurse, the cook, smiling behind him.

"He would come down, Miss Moy ; it's all along of the fine morning."

"It's such a time since I last breakfasted with you, darling," he said, as Moy threw her arms round him.

Then down came Mr. Davoren in high spirits, and delighted to see his old friend looking like himself again.

"I shall be quite happy about you now, Moy," said he.

"But you are not going, Maurice?"

"I ought to have gone long ago, but I could not," he said ; "and now these theatricals will keep me. By-the-by, Moy, I must go over this morning to the first rehearsal. You will come, of course ? Mr. Gilmartin is to call for us."

"No, I am not going," said Moy, firmly. "Not to-day, Maurice. But, grandpapa, who is that ?" She was looking eagerly out of the window, and continued, "It is ; yes, it is Sir Ralph."

"Who ?" cried her grandfather.

"Sir Ralph Windsor," said Moy, as she ran to the door and opened it herself. Yes, there he was, sure enough ; healthy, happy, smiling Sir Ralph. He kissed her cheek, and patted her shoulder as he said, "My dear child, we heard from Mr. Finch what a tragic affair you had come in for ; and I thought I would like to hear all about it for myself."

"How kind, how good of you ! but you must not say why you came before grandpapa, for he does not know about it at all. Come in and see him. Oh, how good you are !"

"Not at all, my dear child. Don't you remember you promised me some fishing ?" and he smiled archly.

"Ah, you shall have as much as ever you like ; but how good of you to come !"

She knew quite well what the motive had been : how, remembering her father's dying prayer that he would be kind to the orphans he was leaving, Sir Ralph had wished every one about to see that Moy O'Brien had staunch friends to take her part in England as well as in Ireland.

"You are welcome," said Mr. O'Brien. They found him standing up, happy and dignified, waiting to receive

his son's friend. 'The baronet did not see any great change in the old man, as the last time they had met poor Mr. O'Brien was so broken down with grief at the loss of his child that he perhaps had appeared older than he really was; so Sir Ralph could quite honestly say that he thought him looking very well, for now he was bright and cheerful, and asked eagerly where the baronet was staying, and if he would not come to them.

Sir Ralph turned from Mr. Davoren, whom Moy was just introducing—"A thousand thanks, my dear sir; I would not write and tell you I was coming; I knew you would wish to take me in here. But we are too large a party. Who do you think I have at the inn?" he asked, turning to Moy.

"Miss Windsor," Moy guessed. She knew Lady Ann would consider it as going too much "out of her groove" to come to Ireland.

"Yes; you are right," said Sir Ralph, brightly; "and a man and a woman servant, and carriage and horses (and coachman, of course). We are travelling quite in the old Continental style of my father's time; but it is the pleasantest, after all. Gertrude always promised she would take such a journey with me before her marriage (if ever she became engaged), and now she is. So we decided to come for our farewell trip to Ireland."

Moy's eyes thanked him again, and she asked about Gertrude's engagement.

"Well," with a half sigh, "I don't think I can grumble about it. It's to a man in our own county—a very nice fellow, with eight thousand a year. By-the-by," he went on, "I find we have an acquaintance in Ballyvorna—Mr. Gilmartin. He is actually in the same inn."

"Yes," said Mr. O'Brien; "he has a splendid property in this neighbourhood."

"Then why is he at the inn?"

"The house on his property is in ruins," said Mr. Davoren, for the baronet had looked at him as he spoke.

"Well, he ought to build it up."

"He is going to do so," said Moy, with rising colour.

She knew how extraordinary such a state of affairs must appear to an English country gentleman.

"Do you find the inn comfortable?" she inquired, to change the conversation.

"Very. We were agreeably surprised, after what my wife had prophesied. Of course the furniture is poor; but the place is clean and the cooking excellent, and plenty of rich cream. It is like living in a farm-house. We hear the ducks quacking and the hens announcing that they have laid some eggs for our breakfast. Really, I think we have nothing to complain of. Mr. Gilmartin has the best rooms, of course."

When the baronet left, Moy went back with him to see Gertrude and have a chat.

Mr. Gilmartin's carriage was at the inn door, and he himself just stepping into it. When he saw Moy and her companion he drew back and took his hat off. "I was just going to call for you and Mr. Davoren," he said to Moy.

"Thanks," she returned, as the baronet, having shaken hands with Mr. Gilmartin, passed on into the inn. "Thanks; but I am not going to-day." He looked so terribly disappointed that Moy felt both alarmed and sorry. "You know I am not wanted," she said, gently. "I take no part in the play."

His eyes said passionately, "You are wanted." But he merely raised his hat again, as she followed Sir Ralph into the inn.

Mr. Gilmartin called for Mr. Davoren, and they both went to the first rehearsal, which passed off pretty well to the satisfaction of the actors and actresses. But, after luncheon, when the two gentlemen had taken their departure, Lord Arthur, looking a little graver than usual, met his daughter in the hall, and asked her to come into his library for a minute or two, as he had something to say to her.

"My dear," he said, as soon as the door was shut, "it is about Mr. Davoren."

Catherine's eyes fell.

"I was present, you know, at the rehearsal, and after-

wards at luncheon, and I am convinced now of what I had before only a faint suspicion of—that he cares very much for you.”

Here Lady Catherine raised her eyes, with great tears in them, and looking frankly in her father’s face, said :

“ Well, papa, and does it grieve you that any one should care for me ? ”

“ No, my dear, not any one. But tell me, Catherine, has he spoken to you ? ”

“ No, papa, he has not. ”

“ But if he did ? ”

“ I would have to tell him that I, too, care very much for him. ”

Lord Arthur sighed deeply, and was silent for a minute or two ; then he said, “ You know me well enough, Catherine, to believe that I sigh, not because Mr. Davoren is a Catholic (though, of course, I would rather you married one of your own way of thinking on religious subjects) —some of my dearest friends have been Catholics. Nor do I sigh because he is not a large land-owner in the county, for he is a gentleman, a man of ancient family, and, though his property is small now, he has enough, added to his professional income, to provide handsomely for a wife. I know many people would say I ought to have expected my only daughter to make a better match in a worldly point of view, but I would care very little for that if the man you loved satisfied me in other respects, and I own to you frankly that I like Mr. Davoren. But, my dear, it never entered my brain till quite lately that you would think of him as a husband. ”

He paused, but Catherine made no reply ; so he went on :

“ You see, my dear, I am quite honest with you. I have no fault to find with his character, and he is getting on wonderfully in his profession, and may be at the top of it some day. But, my dear Catherine, it is his politics. ”

And here Lady Catherine looked up with rather a saucy smile.

“ Well, dearest father, what of that ? Did you think

what were my mother's politics when you asked her to be your wife?"

Lord Arthur smiled as he looked at his handsome daughter, but he shook his head. "My dear child, this is not a subject to joke about. Though I think that a great deal that the Home Rulers ask for is perfectly right and reasonable, I—I am a loyal man, my dear"

Here he put on as stern a look as he could possibly muster up, but the lines in his dear old face were all settled in exactly the opposite expression. So the look did not last very long.

"And so is Mr. Davoren loyal," said Lady Catherine, earnestly. "We—they, I mean—do not ask for Home Rule that they may belong to France or America. No, we are two "tight little islands" which, as friends, each developing its own special gifts and blessings, and owning allegiance to one sovereign, may some day defy the world."

Lord Arthur smiled at her thoughtfully. "Do you think, my dear, that you express the opinions of all our countrymen? I wish from my heart I could think so, and I would be a Home Ruler to-morrow."

"Not the opinion of all of them yet," replied Lady Catherine, gravely, "but those of our people who find it hard to forget how their brethren have suffered, who, from being so often deceived by England's promises, have ceased to believe in her, they would gradually be won over to the Home Rule cause; and when it is an accomplished fact you will see how old animosities will fade away—how native literature will flourish, and popular romances weld together the different elements of the nation. All (Catholics and Protestants) will look back to the past as a great storehouse for a nation's genius to work upon; while the present will be too full of its happy duties, its new life and teeming industries, to waste its energies on such daring, but 'insane and hopeless,' enterprises as 'Fenianism.'"

"You speak well, dear," said her father, patting her shoulder. "God grant it may be a prophecy of the happy future before old Ireland!"

Catherine went on: "I know Mr. Davoren thinks that, though there is so much to reform and Home Rule to be secured, there is nothing to make us rebels now. All can be got by constitutional means and patience. The times are long past which made even an English general exclaim, 'If I were an Irishman, I would be a rebel!'"

"I do believe," said the earl, thoughtfully, "that the Irish are naturally fond of a monarchical form of government. I wish the Queen would come over sometimes."

"Yes," said Lady Catherine, "as dear old Tommy Moore said of us, 'Contempt on the minion who calls us disloyal!' Don't you think Irishmen can be more loyal to a good woman (even though they may sometimes be tempted to ask if she has been as wise as a Queen as she has been good as a wife and mother) than they were to George IV., ready to forget all his errors because he 'loved the Green Isle?'"

"You have been an apt pupil to Moy and Mr. Davoren," said Lord Arthur, as he kissed her cheek. "I suppose, child, I must give my consent."

"Oh, papa, dear, he has not asked me."

CHAPTER XXXII.

"I lived with visions for my company,
Instead of men and women, years ago.

* * * *

Then *thou* didst come—to be
Beloved, what they seemed;

Their splendours

Met in thee, and from out thee overcame

My soul with satisfaction of all wants;

Because God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame."

E. B. BROWNING.

Moy lost no time in writing to tell Lady Catherine of the arrival of the Windsors. She not only wanted Lord Arthur to give her friends some fishing, but she felt sure that an invitation to the theatricals would quickly be sent

for them; and in a small place like Ballyvorna (which Gertrude had already found rather dull) an invitation, Moy knew, would be hailed with delight.

Before Lady Catherine received her note Mr. Davoren had mentioned the arrival of Sir Ralph and his daughter, and Lady Arthur had decided on leaving cards for them, and with the cards an invitation to the private theatricals.

The very next afternoon saw, standing at the inn of Ballyvorna, surrounded by admiring children and cheerful dogs, the Arthurs' imposing carriage, in which Moy had driven away, "like a princess," from the magisterial inquiry.

Sir Ralph and Gertrude, Moy and her grandfather, had all gone for a drive to the sea-shore. There they found such life-giving air that the very next day, just as Mr. Davoren was putting away his writing and getting ready to set off as usual for a rehearsal, Moy announced her intention of going for a walk to the sea.

"I felt that the air there did me so much good," she said; and her grandfather echoed the words, and approved of her intention.

"I should decidedly have objected to your going alone," said Maurice, "if I had not heard this morning that Mr. Hackney has really left the country, and there is no one else to fear."

Sir Ralph and Gertrude had gone to see the ruins of Gilmartin Castle. They had asked Moy to join them in their drive, but she had declined their invitation. She did not, however, want to be in the house when Mr. Gilmartin called for Maurice. She knew it was only right to avoid him now. Besides, she longed to walk again by the sea, and feel some of her sadness vanish before its majestic calm, for it was calm to-day. There had been a fresh breeze yesterday, a gale the day before, but now there was not a sigh in the air.

The only person she met as she went down toward the river was an old man who was busy sweeping up the dust in the road. He looked at Moy as she approached, and she saw that his face was most refined, a really beautiful old face; fine features, fair skin, and blue eyes, with such

a world of melancholy, and yet, as they met Moy's, such a sweet expression that was like a blessing in them. Moy's eyes filled with tears, and as he touched his cap she paused to speak to him.

"I do not remember your face," she said, kindly. "Do you live anywhere about here?"

"I'm in a poor lodging in Ballyvorna, my lady, but I've only been there since Dan Riley was locked up."

Moy felt surprised, for she knew that Dan's father was dead.

She asked if he was any relation to the prisoner.

"Yes, sure, my lady, his wife was my daughter; as pretty a young girl was my poor Mary as you'd see in a day's walk; and she and Dan were a happy couple, too, till the landlord came as upset a'most everything and every home on the property, and then things went wrong. Dan and his wife and two children were turned out, and my poor daughter and the children died, and Dan went to the bad entirely. But when I heard all as had happened, and how Dan had given himself up and was in prison, I just walked from the next county where I was in the poorhouse. Yes, my lady, it had come to that. I'd helped poor Dan, and I'd helped a son to go to Australia, and then a bad season came, and I had nothing left. My daughter was gone, and I thought I might as well go into the house and die; but sure, I did not die at all, at all, and I got out when I heard this news, and old neighbours helped me, and I came on here to see poor Dan, for I always says as how there must be some good left in the heart of a boy my Mary loved; and he's changed, my lady. He's a changed man. He's that mild and quiet-like, and he says Father Fitzgerald is real good to him."

Moy was very pleased to have had this chat; and giving the poor old man some money—enough to pay for his food and lodging for two or three days, and promising to come and see him—she passed on to enjoy her solitary walk. She went down to the mouth of the river, and it was most curious and interesting to see the effects on the sand of the late high wind, and the river looked so beautiful and calm after the storm. For miles there was not even the foot-

print of a bird to be seen on the exquisitely shaded sands; and far over on the other side there were hundreds of sea-gulls looking so spotless in the sunshine, and as many lovely curlews making soft grey patches along the brink of the river. To her right Moy could see dear old Ballyvorna; and to her left, outside the bar, the great waves of the Atlantic ever rolling in, and forming a contrast to the calm of the river. Moy walked on and on for miles along the shore, sometimes pausing for a moment to watch the peasant girls, in their neat dresses, bathing from the rocks below, swimming like fish, diving like dolphins—perfect pictures of youth and health and joyousness. At last Moy arrived at a beautiful bay, where a little river came down, and two headlands stood out on either side, like giant arms stretched over the sea. She determined to rest not very far from some rude stone monuments, which to behold would have quickened the pulse of an archæologist. High overhead, as Moy sat quietly there, went plover, ducks, curlews, oystercatchers, redshanks, cormorants, and herons. It was wonderful the variety and the number that came to this evidently favourite feeding-ground. They settled on the shore below, where inside a huge ridge of rocks there was a sort of lotus-eater's pool, still and clear, while behind the ridge the Atlantic roared, though there was not a breath of wind. The day was unusually warm. Moy even took her hat off as she sat there, soothed and rested by the calm and solitude of the place, and so still and quiet herself that the sea-birds, when sometimes they wheeled too near, did not give their usual wild scream of alarm.

Presently Moy saw, to her dismay, a tall figure, which she instantly recognized, coming sauntering along past the "giant's grave" (for so pre-historic remains are often named by the Irish peasantry). Moy could not be mistaken—it was, indeed, Mr. Gilmartin. Mr. Gilmartin, whom a moment before she had believed to be miles away, in Lady Arthur's drawing-room, representing Henri de Flavigneul, and now there was no escape for him or for her. He must pass that way—the only path round the rocks. But he had not seen her yet. He was smoking a

cigar, and Moy, taking a better look at him than she had ventured on for some time, was shocked to see how intensely sad was the expression of his fine face, what lines of thought and care were visible upon it now. She recalled it as she had first seen it, thoughtful, but slightly indifferent, and certainly not at all sad. Then, when he had come to speak to her, she remembered being surprised at all the different expressions that flitted over those features, lighting up the face in a wonderful manner. And, then, when they had met again in Ireland; oh! how joyous, how almost boyish he had often looked in his light-heartedness; and now!—Denis Gilmartin had travelled about the world, enjoying the pleasures of nature and art, and luxuriating in that “sweetness and light” culture of which we hear so much nowadays. But it was not till he met Moy O’Brien that he knew what it was to love. She first gave him a real interest in life, by unconsciously awakening him to a sense of his responsibilities and duties, to all he owed to his country and his people. Through her eyes he learned to see what a life of active usefulness might be his; and as “we needs must love the highest when we see it,” so he loved this life, and Moy with it. He loved Moy, not perhaps with the poetic frenzy of a very young man, but with that deep and passionate devotion of which a strong and mature character is capable when it loves for the first time—a love that is akin to worship; for when he is devoted to a pure and good woman, all that is best and holiest in a man’s nature is awakened.

Oh! women, who are striving to enter what has hitherto been the man’s world, what higher mission can be yours than to arouse some lover, friend, or brother to the earnest duties of life? For, as John Morley so beautifully says, “When we turn to modern literature from the pages in which Fénelon speaks of the higher education of girls, who does not feel that the world has lost a sacred accent—that some ineffable essence has passed out from our hearts? We may have gained something in knowledge, in depth of analysis, but maybe we do no ill in taking our gain with a sigh of far-off regret!”

Men, after all, are poor creatures alone. They must

love and be loved. They must be sympathized with, they must be petted and inspired, before they can show of what they are really capable. The power is in their natures, but it is potential only. Love, sympathy, appreciation come, and the power blossoms into intellectual life, and the world acknowledges its force and its worth, and then with the exercise of the intellect come satisfaction and a keener zest for life, while very often the woman who has awakened the sleeper, who has spurred him on to action, sees her place taken by another. But what of that? If she be a true and noble woman, she will not murmur, "for God sends a new duty to comfort each new pain."

Moy would have felt this, and been satisfied with all that still remained for her to do, had she seen that Mr. Gilmartin was happy; but now she seemed to realize for the first time all that his life had lost in losing her. He would be a good man always, she felt sure of that. He would not get hard and unjust to his tenants, or cold to his friends; but would he ever again be a really happy man? Would one word from her make him happy now? "No." Moy answered her own question in a moment. If he knew how dear he was to her, and that she had never been engaged to Mr. Davoren, would not this knowledge, now that he was bound in honour to another, only add one further drop to the cup that seemed bitter enough already. Yes, it was better for him to think that she was engaged to Maurice; better that he should never know the truth until, after many years of wedded life, he had learned to turn to "Alice" for the sympathy that all must seek somewhere.

These thoughts had been flashing through Moy's brain, and she had just come to the conclusion that nothing should tempt her to speak the word that would perhaps make Mr. Gilmartin happy for one moment, and more miserable than ever the next, when coming round a projection in the rocks, Mr. Gilmartin saw Moy standing before him, for she had risen to her feet.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

" 'Tis not enough to meet thee as by chance,
 In lighted rooms, and feign a cold repose,
 Whereas I tremble to thy slightest glance.
 'Tis not enough to meet thee in the glare
 Of day, when serried friends thy path enclose,
 Content the sunlight of thy smile to share."

Non Satis.

MR. GILMARTIN stood quite still, and then threw away his cigar and came up to her slowly.

"Do you dislike the smell of the cigar—shall I keep my distance?" He seemed trying to speak naturally, almost playfully. But Moy saw how trying the meeting was to him.

"No, I don't mind the cigar at all," she said, "at least in the open air; but I am so surprised to see you. I—thought you were at the rehearsal."

"I know my part well enough," said he, gloomily. "I have to *appear* to be in love with Leoni; Miss Wentworth is 'Leoni.'" He laid a slight stress upon the word "*appear*."

"The Windsors drove us here yesterday," said Moy; "and I enjoyed the air so much I thought I would walk down to-day."

"And avoid me when I called for Mr. Davoren," he said; then went on quickly, "I sent the carriage for him, and, curiously enough, decided upon the same walk as yourself."

"We were all so sorry to be out when the Arthurs and Miss Wentworth called yesterday," said Moy, determined not to notice the beginning of his speech. "After Lady Arthur had left her card for the Windsors she called at our house."

"Yes; and while the carriage was at your door," said

he, "Miss Wentworth inquired for Mrs. Finch. How frightfully that poor woman has suffered."

"Yes, she has," said Moy, feeling as if walking on thin ice. "I suppose," she added, "that Miss Wentworth and Mr. Finch are old friends."

"Yes; it was from her family that I heard of him when I wanted an agent. It's rather curious that such a poetical fellow should have a good head for business; but he has."

This style of conversation could not last for ever between them, and both felt this. He was the first to speak the truth.

"Are you and I, after a few commonplace remarks, to say 'Good-bye,' and walk in opposite directions?"

Poor Moy knew that this line of action would, perhaps, be best for both, but she did not dare to say so; and, besides, she felt that he was in that state when a good long conversation with her might be the best cure for him, the first step toward a real friendship between them, which would indeed throw a gleam of sunshine over the future that now looked so dark to her. While Moy hesitated how to reply, Mr. Gilmartin (who, with stern eyes, and lips set into their severest expression, stood looking down at her pale face and averted gaze) went on: "I feel I have acted a part long enough. We have met two or three times, and I don't think even you have guessed what I have endured when you looked as if it were a crime in me even to waylay a smile of yours. Now, will you drive me from you?"

"No," said Moy, with trembling lips; "why can we not be friends, and have a good talk now, as—as we had once on this very shore?"

"Yes," said he, "once we were here in a storm; now we are here in a calm!"

Nature was, indeed, in strange contrast to the state of these poor human hearts. Mr. Gilmartin felt the contrast as he spoke, and laughed aloud.

Moy burst into tears before the sound of that bitter laugh had died away.

Mr. Gilmartin, with a few rapid strides, placed yards between himself and his companion before he spoke again.

Then, as he came slowly back toward her, he said, "Don't think me a brute, and answer me one question. I know you wish me to be less miserable. Well, to make me so is in your power. Has any other feeling ever mingled with your pity for me—tell me, Moy? I should be happier to hear you say 'Yes,' even though we were to part the next moment."

She dashed away the last tear, as she said, bravely, "If I could answer 'Yes' to that question, would it be right to do so? No, Mr. Gilmartin, if you had thought for a minute, I know you would never have asked me."

He knew that she was right, and he said so, and asked her pardon.

"You know it is yours," said Moy, gently. "Why can we not be friends? There are so many things I want to talk to you about. One is, when are you going to begin building at Gilmartin? The tenants are longing to see the work begun."

"I will talk about that and anything else," he said, "if you will only sit down. I shall feel assured then that I am going to have the blessing of your presence for half an hour at least."

So Moy sat down where she had been before he appeared on the scene, and Mr. Gilmartin, looking a little happier, selected a grassy bank a few feet from his companion. They both sat for some minutes silent, looking over the wild-birds' feeding-place, and watching the curlews skimming along the edge of the waves beyond the ridge, whose shadow was reflected in the quiet pool below.

Presently Mr. Gilmartin said: "This does me good, though it makes me feel perhaps more sad, for a sense of the irrevocable has come over me the last ten minutes. Still this scene calms one, does it not?"

"Yes," said Moy, looking away over the sea. "But do light another cigar. I really like watching the pale smoke curling up into the still air."

She remembered hearing or reading somewhere that to a smoker a cigar was a great consolation and help in any difficulty or excitement, and an aid to quiet thought.

"You really do not object to it?" said Mr. Gilmartin.

"I do not, indeed."

So he took out his case, and Moy stole a look at his handsome profile as he lit his cigar. It was a very sad face still, but not quite so stern.

They were silent for some little time. At last he said, "When I was in Ireland last summer I had a good deal of anxiety even at the very first, but I never was so happy in all my life." Another pause, for Moy did not speak. "Looking back on my life now," he went on, "reminds me of a climb I once had to the top of Ben Lomond, where we had point after point rising up before us, which must be reached and passed before the summit was gained; and though often tired, these seemed to beckon us on, till at last the top was reached, and then there was nothing left but to look back at the different points we had passed so hurriedly while pressing onward, and feel how beautiful they were in the distance. But we are tired. There is still the blue sky and the clouds above us, but they are so pure and so far away, such a contrast to ourselves still upon the earth, though so far on that Heaven seems farther away from us than it did when we began the ascent, fresh and full of hope. There is nothing left to hope for here—it has all taken wings and passed into the unseen."

Moy's cheeks flushed with pleasure as she said, "I did not know you were a poet, but you are too young to speak as if life had no further joys. Think of all your people—how much you are to them. You know all I would say—you who can write, too, and so well—think what you might do for Ireland."

There was a flash almost of happiness in his face as he said, "How do you know I can write well?"

"I have read your last book. A lady gave it to me."

"Indeed. I often wished to send it to you," he went on, "but thought you had already reason enough to consider me a vain fool. Would you mind telling me who gave it to you?"

"Mrs. Finch. She brought it to me when she returned from her wedding tour."

"Ah, I always knew you were great friends."

"No, we were not," said Moy. "We were never great friends."

Something in the tone of her voice surprised Mr. Gilmartin, but before he could say anything more Moy went on—

"And do you mean to say you will not enter Parliament?"

"Would you wish me to?" he asked.

Moy felt terribly tempted to say, "This is not a question for me but for Miss Wentworth to answer;" but she knew it would do more harm than good to say it now, so she replied, "Yes, I would like to see you in Parliament, advocating Home Rule."

He smiled pleasantly as he said, "I think you will convert me yet! I certainly prefer it to republicanism."

"But who advocates that for Ireland?" asked Moy.

Mr. Gilmartin had picked up some pebbles, and now, as he threw them down the bank, he said, "Miss Wentworth. She would, I suppose, include Ireland in all the benefits to be derived from the new system. Though belonging to the aristocracy herself, she raves against the order; and I agree in the truth of a great deal she says against them. But I don't quite see my way to annihilating them."

They both laughed at this, but Moy felt it was almost ungenerous, behind Miss Wentworth's back, to get any fun out of her opinions; so she said:

"I suppose she is shocked to see how few of the nobility devote their leisure to anything really worth doing; and, oh! how we admire those among them that in politics, science, literature, or art work with a right good will! They are a blessing not only to their country, but to the whole world."

"I am not republican in my ideas," said Mr. Gilmartin. "I think there is nothing so good as our own social system, which reduces the grandson of a duke to the position of a simple gentleman."

"And Home Rule would not interfere with all that," said Moy.

"No, I suppose not," he said, very thoughtfully. Then he added, "Of course, until quite lately I have not studied the subject thoroughly; but it seems to me that the great mistake in Irish politics is that every national party expect to get not only ALL they ask, but just exactly as they ask it. Now, Sidney Smith never said a truer thing than that 'all great alterations in human affairs are produced by compromise.' I do not mean by the sacrifice of any principle, but just of minor questions which can be settled afterward when public opinion has been educated up to them."

Man-like, he was now thoroughly interested in this subject; so true is it that love, however deep, does not take up the whole of man's existence, as it too often does of woman's; but Moy was so happy and thankful to see him looking bright and like himself again, that it gave new zest to the subject even for her; and minute after minute hurried by as they discussed the Home Rule question. At last Moy rose to her feet. "I ought to go now," she said; "they will wonder I have been so long." Without asking her—as if it were a matter of course—Mr. Gilmartin also rose and walked beside her. Moy told him about the good old man she had met, and Mr. Gilmartin confided to her that he himself had been to see Dan Riley in prison, and had promised to help him to start again in life, when, his trial and term of imprisonment over, he should walk out again as a free man. "He is sure to have a very light sentence," said he. "The poor creature made all the reparation he could for his evil deed, and fortunately the man he wounded is getting well as fast as he can."

When they were getting near home, Mr. Gilmartin said, in a low voice, "Men have often called women 'angels' when they have deserved a very different epithet; but I know there must be the *real* angel nature in you, or you could never have brought a man round to his right mind as you have brought me. You don't know the state of mind I was in."

"You wrong yourself," said Moy, gently. "You always think what is right when——"

"When you are beside me." He finished off the sentence his own way.

"Good-bye," she said, and smiled rather a tremulous little smile; but she entered her home feeling far happier than when she left it, for she knew that Mr. Gilmartin walked away with a lighter heart.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"The day is lowering—stilly black
 Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,
 Dispers'd and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
 Hangs like a shatter'd canopy!
 There's not a cloud in that blue plain,
 But tells of storms to come or past."
 MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh*.

WHEN Mr. Gilmartin called the next morning for Mr. Davoren to go to a very particular rehearsal (in fact, the last), for which, as Lady Catherine said, she had "sent out an urgent whip," he found Father Fitzgerald talking to Mr. O'Brien, and Moy sewing a button on Mr. Davoren's kid-glove. This latter sight almost undid all the good effected by the sea-side chat of the day before; and when the two gentlemen went off, one of them had a thunder-cloud on his brow; and yet, as he leaned back in his well-cushioned carriage, Denis Gilmartin tried to reason with himself: No facts were altered since yesterday; Moy was engaged then to Mr. Davoren—was it strange that she should sew buttons on his gloves? and with regard to himself and Miss Wentworth, nothing seemed likely to alter the relation in which they stood toward each other. Then, through it all, how much he liked Mr. Davoren! They had become great friends; there was hardly a subject under the sun

that they had not discussed amicably together ; but their positions were slightly changed. Mr. Gilmartin often caught himself exclaiming mentally, as he watched Maurice and Lady Catherine, "What a confounded flirt that fellow is !" And as to the lady herself, some rather hard thoughts about her passed occasionally through his brain ; for it seemed a little unfriendly, to say the least of it, for Lady Catherine to be amusing herself coquetting with the man whom Moy O'Brien had promised to marry.

Soon after Mr. Gilmartin and Maurice had gone, and Moy had no idea she would see the former again that day, Sir Ralph Windsor came, by appointment, to fetch Moy. She was to go with him and his daughter on a fishing expedition to a little lough belonging to Lord Arthur, where they expected to catch some fine trout of the sort named "gillaroo."

Father Fitzgerald, with whom the baronet enjoyed some pleasant chat, warned the fishing party that the day was changing, so Moy took her umbrella with her ; but when she and Sir Ralph returned to the inn Gertrude was not quite ready, and gave Moy a book to look at—some photographic views of different places in Ireland. Sir Ralph took his young friend's umbrella from her and put it away in a corner. The consequence was, that when Gertrude suddenly said she was ready, Moy went away without her umbrella.

"I don't see much change in this place since I was here last," said Sir Ralph, as the three walked through the main street of Ballyvorna.

"No, I suppose not," said Moy ; "except," she added, with some return of her old archness, "that the town pump has a new handle."

Sir Ralph looked at Moy with one of his bright smiles that always made his face look so good and handsome. He was pleased to see again in her face the old cheerfulness he had missed so much.

"But who can blame the people for want of enterprise?" said Moy, gravely. "The shopkeepers just make enough by their business to keep a roof over their heads. The large landowners draw their rents and spend them

out of the country. The few that are at home do their best—the Arthurs particularly; but Ballyvorna is not their nearest town.”

“The gentry here were very patriotic in the last century,” said Sir Ralph, “when the trade laws pressed so heavily on poor Ireland.”

“Yes,” said Moy, “and so they would be again, if Ireland was a nation once more, and not a province of the empire. When a man knows that a plot of ground is his own, he will take more pride in it, and improve it more earnestly than if, without a lease and at the mercy of another, all his work may be upset, and he himself turned off any day. The men who protested nobly against the so-called ‘Union’ are dead; but all they warned us of has come to pass.”

“You are a sad Radical,” said Sir Ralph, smiling, and shaking his head at her; “but I think, Moy, that the people look happier than when I was here a few years ago. There is certainly a change for the better in that respect.”

“You see them under rather favorable circumstances,” said Moy. “The inn is quite full, and you have all been very kind in spending money in the town.”

“I was terribly frightened at first,” said Gertrude, when papa and I turned out the evening we arrived for a stroll outside the town. We were greeted with an earnest ‘the Lord protect ye’ from an old woman standing at the door of a poor cottage. I felt rather alarmed, and wondered what danger threatened us.”

“I told her, Moy,” said Sir Ralph, laughing, “that it could not be adders, thanks to Saint Patrick.”

“I said it must either be Fenians,” said Gertrude, “or a dangerous dog.”

“But I knew all the time what it was,” said Sir Ralph, “and told Gertrude how much I would give to hear such words in such a kindly tone from the poor people about us in England, but they are either too dull or too cold to say anything at all,” and the good baronet sighed.

“Or they do not care enough about us to wish that the Lord may protect us,” said Gertrude, cynically.

“I fear you are right,” said Sir Ralph, looking grave.

"From all I see and hear in the two countries, I think there is a much happier prospect in store for Ireland than for England. You sometimes fight over here, but you are warm-hearted. You are generous, you forgive one another. Now, with the exception of Mr. Hackney, I don't believe there is a landlord in the neighbourhood whom the people would not be sorry for if he were in trouble, or help, if he needed help in their power to give."

"I am quite sure of that," said Moy, gently.

"I feel, too, I must unlearn my notions about the treatment of agents in Ireland," said Gertrude. "I had an idea that a Scotch or English agent was hated in the most unreasonable manner by your countrymen, and here I find that the tenantry on that Mr. Hackney's estate are presenting his Scotch agent with a testimonial."

"Because he has tried to be just," said Moy; "and the Irish are ever ready to recognize that quality. They will quietly acquiesce in what they consider a just decision, even when it goes against their own interest."

"Yes," said Sir Ralph, "I have heard a very great lawyer remark on that natural love of justice inherent in the Irish character."

They were in sight of the lough now, and found Sir Ralph's man-servant there, with the fishing-tackle all ready for them.

Moy did not take part in the sport, which was decidedly good, and as she walked about she saw that, as Father Fitzgerald had prophesied, the sky was now all clouding over; but such clouds! mighty masses, rose-tinted, meaning thunder and lightning. Moy feared a downpour of heavy rain. She felt a little nervous as she thought of and longed for her umbrella reclining gracefully in the corner of the inn sitting-room. However, she chatted away cheerfully to Sir Ralph as he sat, looking perfectly happy, exchanging merry remarks with some of the poor but intelligent and most attentive spectators, who had come up to speak to him in the most friendly manner (much to the astonishment of the baronet's English servant). One man had a bookful of flies he had made himself, some of which he begged "his honour" to accept.

Moy said to herself, "Oh, if all the nice good Englishmen like Sir Ralph—and there may be many like him—would only come over to Ireland sometimes, surely the two countries would soon understand each other better, and there would not be so many bitter words exchanged between them."

There were some tall and beautiful trees a little way from the shore of the lough where the baronet was fishing, and behind these trees the ground was very undulating. Presently Moy heard voices, and recognized Lady Catherine's laugh, and in a minute or two, through the trees, she appeared with Miss Wentworth and Mr. Gilmartin.

Lady Catherine had already made the Windsors' acquaintance; so when she had duly admired a fine trout which Sir Ralph had just landed, she sat down to rest and have a chat with Moy.

Mr. Gilmartin was helping Miss Wentworth, to whom the baronet had resigned his rod, and Gertrude, perfectly fascinated by her employment, could hardly take her eyes for one moment off the lough.

Lady Catherine was looking at Moy with rather an anxious expression, when her friend suddenly asked for Mr. Davoren.

"He had some very particular letters to write for this day's post, so Mr. Gilmartin sent him back in his carriage, and asked to be allowed to join us in our walk when he heard we were going to see what luck you all had with the fishing."

Moy sighed as she said, looking up, "How beautiful cloud-land is to-day!"

"Yes," returned Lady Catherine, "we had a glorious view from our lawn just as we started; and our scientific Alice was trying to imagine with what feelings a physical philosopher would look at the sea and sky—such a sea and sky as we saw to-day."

"I often wonder," said Moy, "if our enjoyment of all the wonders of nature would be higher if we went deeper into scientific studies."

"On such subjects I am a perfect heathen, my dear," said Lady Catherine, with animation. "I confess to you

that I would rather not know to a fraction the number of unseen currents of different temperatures which mix and melt and moisten in the heavens before me, or the sections and layers of clouds which by their thinness and thickness decide the very colours themselves. No; it's a sort of red-tapeism in cloud-land that I protest against."

"What is that?" asked Mr. Gilmartin, smiling at her eagerness. He left the lough-side and Miss Wentworth to join in the conversation.

Lady Catherine repeated something of what she had said. "I would rather believe," she added, "in your shadowy cloud myths, your sun and moon and dawn stories (though I don't much like them). There is beauty and mystery in all that. There is none in the rule-and-line view of the subject."

"But those old myths," said Moy, "may not many of them have been founded on fact? Isn't the life of the world something like the individual life? When we are young we take life as a matter of course. It's only as we grow older that we look back on its poetry and wonder." She was looking at Mr. Gilmartin as she spoke, and he understood her thought so exactly that he took it up where she left off.

"You mean that when those grand old Easterns wrote the Vedas, ages had passed since the Dawn, since the revelation had been given to man, and as they looked back on the poetry of the facts, they wondered and idealized; and we—farther on still—look back and see only the poetry, and try to stop wondering. Isn't that it?"

"Yes," said Moy, as their eyes met. "Thanks, you have said it exactly;" but she rose and went over to help Gertrude, who seemed to be in difficulties with her rod. Lady Catherine and Mr. Gilmartin followed, and stood talking to Sir Ralph.

"It's beginning to rain, your honour," said one of the admiring spectators; and sure enough it was, in great heavy drops.

Gertrude quickly put up her umbrella, and thought of no one but herself. Sir Ralph, who was nearest to Lady Catherine, held his over her, and Mr. Gilmartin, acting on

the impulse of the moment, turned to Moy with his; but she gave him a warning look, and directed his attention to the fact that, like herself, Miss Wentworth had none. The next moment Mr. Gilmartin was opening his umbrella over his *fiancée*; but she was not selfish, and hastened to share the welcome shelter with Moy.

"It is large enough for both," she said. Mr. Gilmartin, with a hurried "I can get under cover there," resigned his property to the two ladies, and walked away from the shore under one of the tall trees on the sloping ground.

"He ought not to go there," said Moy; "I am sure I heard a roll of thunder."

"It's hardly safe," said Miss Wentworth, "only, if there is a storm it must be a good way off." Just then they heard what there was no mistaking this time—a loud clap of thunder. "It's getting nearer," said Miss Wentworth, calmly. "I think I will beckon to him."

Mr. Gilmartin, with folded arms, was standing with his head slightly turned away from the two ladies: he was looking through the trees up the hill.

"I wish he would look this way," said Moy, her colour coming and going with the anxiety she felt about him.

Miss Wentworth made no reply this time. The rain became heavier and heavier, coming straight down with great force, and leaping up again from the earth, making a little mist two or three inches high.

"I don't think this can last," said Miss Wentworth, while her companion felt that her own terrible dread could not last much longer without some result.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash of lightning. The same instant Moy flew from under the umbrella to Mr. Gilmartin.

"You must come away from that tree," she said. "You might have been killed then."

Through the loud roll of the thunder she heard his words.

"And do you not think that death would have been welcome with you flying toward me?"

"Oh, hush," cried Moy; "you will break my heart!"

She turned quickly away, he following, and ran back

under the umbrella which Miss Wentworth, looking very much surprised, was still holding up.

"It's so dreadfully dangerous during a thunder-storm to stand under trees," said Moy, apologetically.

"It is, indeed," said Miss Wentworth, calmly. She was thinking to herself, "the Irish are certainly impulsive;" and she added, aloud, "but I always think that if people will risk their lives, the only thing is to let them do it."

"And learn by bitter experience," said Mr. Gilmartin, who was near enough to overhear the last remark. "That is Herbert Spencer's doctrine," he continued. "He says that, when a mother sees her child playing with fire, she ought not to interfere, but let the child set fire to itself, and then the incident will not occur again. So, Miss O'Brien, I am afraid I will have to take shelter under a tree some other time, for you interposed before I was burned."

He was looking remarkably bright and happy, and Miss Wentworth said, laughing, "I think you are very ungrateful. Here is poor Miss O'Brien with wet shoulders."

He looked deeply concerned, and taking Miss Wentworth's offered handkerchief, insisted upon rubbing off the huge drops of rain which had fallen on Moy's jacket.

The rain did not last. It was almost over before Mr. Gilmartin had finished his task; but Gertrude had got her feet a little wet, and her fishing ardour slightly cooled, so they began to say "good-bye."

"Till to-morrow," said Lady Catherine—"to-morrow, the eventful night."

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go't yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee."
Antony and Cleopatra.

MR. DAVOREN was obliged to leave Ballyvorna early the morning after the theatricals, so he devoted his last day to a drive with Mr. O'Brien, Moy, and Sir Ralph, in the latter's carriage. Miss Windsor pleaded "letters to write." She and her father were to dine with the O'Briens before going to the theatricals, for they were also leaving Ballyvorna the next day. When Gertrude came in the evening, looking very thorough-bred, pretty, and well-dressed, she swept round Moy, and, for a wonder, gave her an approving glance.

"You look very well, dear," she said, "only your train is too short."

"Is it?" said Moy, not much concerned.

"Yes. You see you have not been out of Ireland for some time, or you would know that the trains of the dresses are half into next week. Do you think we shall have much fun to-night?" she continued. "Will the performance be worth the candle?" Miss Gertrude was rather given to using slang expressions.

Moy laughed. "I think it ought to be good," she said. "Both Miss Wentworth and Mr. Davoren have acted in the play before; but I hardly know anything about it."

"Oh, I know it well enough," said Gertrude. "It's rather a favourite piece for private theatricals. I've been 'Leonie' twice myself."

"Indeed!" said Moy. "Then you will enjoy it far more than I shall."

"But will the audience be nice? there seem so few people in the country," persisted Gertrude. "I should

think Lady Arthur would have to fill her rooms from the highways and hedges. In that case we are sure of plenty of amusement, for, as mamma would say, they will be rather 'out of their groove.'"

"There are certainly more people living in the county this year," said Moy. "Besides, in Ireland we go a long way for anything of this kind; we so seldom have such a chance, at least about here. You know this is not a hunting county."

"Well, I wonder they don't live at home," said Gertrude. "It's a case of 'Every prospect pleases' (as the old hymn says)—I won't finish the quotation;" and she laughed. "You need not think that I shall abuse the Irish now," she went on, quickly. "My future lord and master won't hear a word against them. He had an Irish mother. You will find it is often the case in England."

Sir Ralph had been listening to the last few words. "Yes," he said; "even when Englishmen were heavily fined for marrying in Ireland, they gladly paid the fine, and adored their Irish wives. There were an immense number of such marriages; so is it any wonder, Moy, that we find so many charming people in England now?"

They all laughed, and just then Father Fitzgerald was announced, and they went in to dinner.

"There will be a perfect exodus to-morrow morning," said Sir Ralph. "Lady Catherine was telling me that Mr. Wentworth leaves them, but his sister remains a little longer. How charming the Arthurs are!" he added, warmly.

"Yes; they are worth knowing for themselves," said Gertrude, "and one cannot always say that for people who have had ancestors."

"They set a good example," said Father Fitzgerald. "They are always ready to help in any good work for the people, and they spend their rents in the country."

Mr. Davoren was strangely silent; indeed, this evening between the thoughts of saying good-bye to Lady Catherine, the theatricals, and answering some very urgent letters, he had enough to think of.

"We shall soon be on the move, too," said old Mr. O'Brien.

"Indeed!" said Sir Ralph. "May I ask where you are going?"

"Well, first of all, we are going to Dublin to see some friends, and then for a few weeks to Kingstown," replied the old gentleman, smiling as he looked over at his granddaughter.

"Then we shall see you on our way home from Killybegs," said the baronet. "I suppose every one is setting their faces Londonward now. Mr. Davoren has promised to spare some evening from the House of Commons and dine with us."

Maurice smiled, and bowed as he said, "I fear it will be rather a wasted session as far as our party is concerned. We are not united enough."

"If you were," said Sir Ralph, "I believe you could gain anything. I am not very old, but I have seen measures passed through Parliament which, when I was a boy, I heard clever statesmen talk of as impossibilities; so, though I am not Irish, or a Home Ruler, I shall never be surprised to see you carry the day."

"Well," said old Mr. O'Brien, "I wish we had Home Rule, if it were only to remedy the disgraceful neglect that our National school-teachers are suffering from."

"Yes," said Father Fitzgerald, "such a state of things would not be endured for a day if we had a Home Legislature."

Mr. Gilmartin was dining at Lord Arthur's—a quiet family dinner—a little earlier than usual on account of the theatricals, when Sir Ralph and his daughter, Moy and Mr. Davoren, arrived, they found a crowd of humble admirers waiting to see them alight.

They were the first guests, for they were asked to come early, as they were bringing one of the actors with them.

Mr. Davoren went at once to the extemporized "green-room." The baronet and his daughter were taken to a pretty little *boudoir* where Lord and Lady Arthur were having a cup of coffee; but Moy was asked to follow Lady Catherine's maid to her young mistress's room, and there she found her friend looking really bewitching as the "Countess d'Autreval."

"My dearest Moy," she began, kissing Moy first on one cheek, then on the other, "I feel as if the cloud was lifting a little. I have so wanted to speak to you the last few days."

"What is it?" Moy asked, a great dread coming over her. She had never till this moment had even a passing fear that Lady Catherine would break her promise to her; but now——?

"Why, it is this: my cousin Alice has been speaking to me more than she ever did before. She says she does not feel quite satisfied about her engagement. She sometimes fears she is not suited to Mr. Gilmartin. He seems at times anything but happy."

"Have her own feelings changed toward him?" asked Moy.

Lady Catherine shook her head. She was truthful, and she had to say, "I think not; at least she did not speak as if they had."

"Then nothing is changed," said Moy. "Dear Catherine, let us talk about something else."

"But Moy, now, when she is hesitating, it seems just the time to—let her guess how matters stood before."

"No," said Moy, calmly. "Nothing has altered. I need not remind you of your promise."

"I shall not tell her anything," said Lady Catherine, "unless she asks me; and, my dear child, I sometimes think she must be blind not to see."

"May I come in?" said Miss Wentworth at the door, and the next moment she entered, looking very well, and much younger as "Leonie" than she appeared in her ordinary dress. She greeted Moy O'Brien very cordially.

"I heard you were here," she said, "and I came on purpose to ask if you will take me to-morrow to see some of your poor friends: I have a great fancy to go with you."

Moy agreed to this at once, and it was arranged that Miss Wentworth should drive to Ballyvorna in the afternoon, have the pony-carriage put up, and that, after their walk and visits to two or three cottages, they would return to the O'Briens for five-o'clock tea.

"Now we ought to go," said Lady Catherine; "there's been a sound of revelry down-stairs for the last half-hour."

But still they lingered, Moy's dainty fingers putting a finishing touch here and there to the dresses of "the Countess" and "Leonie."

Presently a servant came with a message from Lord Arthur that the room was filling fast, and he was keeping a place for Miss O'Brien beside Lady Arthur.

Moy turned to Lady Catherine: "Oh! no, please," she said, "I would rather sit far back."

"You shall do nothing of the kind; but I quite agree with you about the front row. Poor mamma, Lady Gerald, and her daughter will have more honour and less comfort than those seated a little farther back. Mamma did not want to sit there either, but I insisted on it, for she is so short-sighted she would have seen nothing at all anywhere else."

When Moy was on the grand staircase she saw Lord Arthur waiting at the foot. She came beaming down to him.

"How kind of you!" she said; and then, as he drew her hand through his arm, she saw, a little farther off, Mr. Gilmartin and a young sprig of nobility from a neighbouring county. She recognized the former, and had a grave and dignified bow in return.

"You know, my dear, I could not let you enter a theatre alone," said Lord Arthur, brightly, as he led her on toward the music-room.

"Who is that lovely girl?" asked Mr. Gilmartin's companion, as Moy passed them.

Mr. Gilmartin answered the question rather shortly.

"Is she really a granddaughter of old Mr. O'Brien? Why, where has she been hiding? I've ridden past his house scores of times, but never saw that lovely creature."

"She would hardly be standing at the gate," said Mr. Gilmartin. "I think I must go now and dress." He was in ordinary evening costume.

"But what a heroine she is!" persisted his companion. "Didn't she prevent murder? Oh, I remember now

hearing all about it. She was wonderfully plucky. My mother drove over and called upon her afterward ; but she never told me what a beauty she found. You must introduce me after the theatricals."

But Mr. Gilmartin to whom the remark was addressed, was almost out of sight.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Be not too tame neither ; let your own discretion be your tutor.
Suit the action to the word, the word to the action."

Hamlet.

MEANWHILE Lord Arthur and Moy made their way into the music-room, which was really a magnificent apartment, the largest in the castle. A low platform had been erected across one end, and a very good curtain—which had been made out of flags of all nations—now hid the stage, the background of which was composed of a fine piece of old tapestry, behind which the actors and actresses could go in and out of the green-room. The hall was very nearly full when Moy and her kind friend entered, but there was still a place beside Lady Arthur, which the earl assured Moy had been kept for her ; but she begged so earnestly that she might go a little farther back, that for a moment they paused ("the observed of all observers") one or two rows from the front. Up came a stout old Presbyterian minister with his good-natured-looking wife on his arm. Lord Arthur greeted them kindly. They belonged to the town nearest to the castle. Moy did not know them even by sight. But they knew her, and the old lady smiled very kindly at her. This decided Moy where to sit. There were just three seats still unoccupied a little way behind the countess.

"Do let me sit here with this lady and gentleman," she said to Lord Arthur ; and as she spoke she slipped her hand from his arm and moved up the row, followed by the two strangers.

The earl went round to his wife, and took, for awhile, the seat that had been kept for Moy, and the next moment Lady Arthur looked round and smiled, and shook her head with gentle reproof at her young friend.

Moy returned the kind smile, and then glanced round the beautiful room.

It was brilliantly lighted, and well filled not only with the guests in the body of the hall, but the small gallery at the end farthest from the stage had been reserved for the household servants, and as many of the tenantry as there was room for; among them, to Moy's great astonishment, she recognized Tim O'Leary, looking the picture of health and happiness. Tim had friends everywhere.

A few seats behind Moy sat Mr. Finch, without his wife of course, and very busy jotting down in his note-book some lines suggested by the entertainment; and certainly there was much to inspire him in the whole scene.

Toward the end of the last century the ceiling of the room had been richly decorated with an exquisite design of nymphs holding every kind of musical instrument, the whole connected by wreaths of flowers; this, however, and the massive chimney-piece (composed of Irish marble) was all that denoted for what the spacious hall was designed. Across the centre of the fire-place was an open music-book (in white marble), with a few bars of a song composed by Carolan in honour of some member of the Arthur family; but there was no organ, no piano, no harp, even, in the room. The walls were heavily panelled, and the corners adorned with grotesque faces. In each panel hung the portrait of some hero of the house, and in niches at intervals stood suits of armour, while spears and swords crossed here and there along the walls, and over the gallery hung Ashantee and Inta cloths, plumes, and eagles' feathers, and bands of cowries, with gold and silver ornaments, embroidered cases, and scraps of Moorish writing, all strung together by Lady Catherine, and hanging in glittering festoons, with leopards' tails, like barbaric tassels, here and there.

All these things had been brought by the young Arthur, who only came home to die. In the very centre hung the

last acquisition presented to the countess by Mr. Gilmartin, the skin of a magnificent tiger he had shot during his last visit to India.

Suddenly Moy's attention was directed to the lady at her side. She was speaking to her in a very awe-struck voice. She, too, had been examining the splendid room. Never before had she seen anything like it. The largest building she had ever been in was their own neat, unpretending, whitewashed church. Now her eyes were fixed upon the flags of all nations suspended before her. "My dear," she said to Moy, "do you know what this scene reminds me of?"

"No," said Moy, politely; "what is it?"

"Well, it just reminds me of Belshazzar's Feast!" She shook her head solemnly from side to side, and her voice sank to a mysterious whisper. As Moy had not been struck by the resemblance, she could not agree with her neighbour, so remained silent after the one word, "Indeed!"

"I almost feel we were wrong to come," continued the old lady. "But my husband has not been at all well lately, and when Lady Arthur was so very kind as to ask us, I persuaded him to let me accept the invitation, for the doctor says a little recreation would be good for my husband."

"Yes, it is good for all of us now and then to have a little," said Moy, sympathetically.

Just then the curtain drew up, and revealed "Henri de Flavigneul," hardly to be recognised as Mr. Gilmartin in the grand embroidered livery of the Geraldts. As if by instinct his glance fell on Moy where she sat smiling, though she had by this time almost conquered her inclination to laugh. But all through the play again and again her simple-hearted neighbour made remarks in the same style, which completely upset Moy's gravity for the moment.

Henri—supposed to be "Charles," a domestic in the service of the Countess d'Autreval—is really a young nobleman and a condemned conspirator.

The countess, for the sake of her friend his mother, is concealing him under this disguise, and in the first scene

he, forgetting his supposed position, begins to talk to "Leonie," the niece of the Countess d'Autreval, as if he were her equal. "Leonie" is indignant with him for his presumption, while all the time, almost unconsciously to herself, she is in love with him, as he is with her.

In this first scene Miss Wentworth acted very well. Mr. Gilmartin was hardly so natural; but when Leonie had left him alone with the countess, who is also in love with him, and he describes how, though a Royalist, he could not stand seeing his general, a Bonapartist, degraded, his acting was really splendid. You saw the whole scene—the old man, his breast covered with orders, "won by many wounds" received in the service of his country; Henri, springing forward, thinking they had brought the general there to shoot him, but finding that it was to degrade him, to tear the cross from his breast, "I dashed in," he tells the countess, "and I placed on the old soldier's breast my cross; 'twas his hand had given it to me and all the Royalists on earth seemed brutes to me at this moment, and I cried 'God save the Emperor!'" For this he had been put in prison, and condemned to death.

The tone and manner in which Lady Catherine, as he finished his story with the words, "That was my crime!" exclaimed, "Your glory, Henri," was inimitable.

Then "Leonie" enters again, and at last Mr. Davoren, as "De Grignon"—and he was the favourite of the evening—his part was to adore the countess; and he adored her so naturally that some of the audience, not knowing Maurice by sight, said he must be a professional, or he would never act so well.

Mr. Gilmartin during these scenes became so absorbed in watching their effect on Moy that he almost forgot his own part. Moy, with the old lady beside her making comical remarks the whole time, looked so bright, almost merry, that at last Mr. Gilmartin said to himself, with stern and triumphant decision, "She does not care for Davoren."

As to Lady Catherine, her acting was simply perfection. The scene in which the countess shows the Baron de Montrichard how she has outwitted him and saved "Henri,"

was rapturously received, in the balcony particularly, where the applause of the people, led by Tim O'Leary, almost threatened to literally "bring down the house."

It was not only the audience who were lost in admiration of Lady Catherine. Those who acted with her, though accustomed to see her in the rehearsals, were astonished at her brilliancy and grace. As for Mr. Davoren, if he had met her now for the first time, he would have been captivated by her; but he had long been devoted to her, and to-night he had determined that, however mad such a course might be, he must tell her how much he loved her. Lady Catherine had such a way of mixing up fun and sentiment, the sublime and the ridiculous, that for the life of him Maurice could not be certain whether or no she cared at all for him, or whether she cared enough to make any sacrifice for his sake; and he felt sure that a marriage with him was not what her family would altogether approve, and that therefore there would be some, perhaps much, opposition to it. Still, he must speak to her now, for to-morrow evening he would be hundreds of miles away from her.

At last, while "Leonie" and the others were on the stage, the "Countess" and "De Grignon" found themselves alone in the green-room. Lady Catherine, with laughing eyes raised to her companion's face, said alluding to the play, "It is nearly time for that heart-rending scene between you and me."

"It is time now," said Maurice, "though God send it may not be a heart-rending scene, in one sense of the word, for either of us;" and looking very earnest and much agitated, he went on: "I don't know what you think of me, but there is no one in this world I love and admire as I love and admire you!"

Lady Catherine did not answer or raise her eyes as he spoke, nor did she draw away the hand that he had taken.

"I am going away to-morrow," he went on, "and——"

But here the stage-manager, a Mr. Gerald, summoned Lady Catherine, and when next the lovers met, the countess, oddly enough, had to say, "I have been waiting for

you, dear De Grignon." She had then to ask him to risk his life for her sake, and, of course, this he gladly undertakes. Indeed they acted this scene so well that Sir Ralph said to the lady next to him, "What a fortune they would make if they took to the stage!"

When the curtain had fallen for the last time, when the actors and actresses had made their last bow and the play was over, Lord Arthur led the way to the supper-room, with Lady Gerald on his arm.

The rows of chairs were moved about, and the whole company began to circulate through the room, still watched by the admiring crowd in the gallery. Moy had just given the last smile to her nice little new acquaintance, the minister's wife, when up came Lady Arthur, closely followed by the gentleman whom Moy had seen talking to Mr. Gilmartin in the hall.

"My dear. Mr. FitzNewry wishes to be introduced to you. He will take you to supper;" and then, having introduced them, she left them.

"Awfully jolly, 'The Ladies' Battle,' is it not?" said the Honourable John FitzNewry, as he offered Moy his arm.

"I have enjoyed it very much," she answered. "It was quite new to me."

"Really!" and he regarded her for a moment as if he was considering to what new species she belonged. "I've seen it pretty often," he went on. "I remember the first time it was at Gibraltar. One of the regiments there got it up."

The two were now standing in the dining-room near the supper-table. Moy had just tasted some salad which her companion had helped her to, and she was trying to give "the whole of her mind" to what he was talking about, when Mr. Gilmartin came slowly through the crowd with a very searching look directed toward Moy. As he came nearer she tried to smile, and said, "We ought to congratulate you, you acted so well."

He bent his head slightly in acknowledgment of the praise, as he answered, "I am very glad to have done with it. I shall never act again."

"That is exactly what I said at Gibraltar," cried the Hon. John, "and I have three times since taken part in private theatricals."

Mr. Gilmartin looked at him as he answered calmly, "Perhaps, then, my will may prove as weak as yours. We are but mortal after all. I once had a friend who used to say he could stand anything but temptation, so I had better keep out of the way of private theatricals." As he spoke he helped himself to some champagne. Mr. FitzNewry laughed at the speech, but Moy did not. It always made her most unhappy to see Mr. Gilmartin in this frame of mind. She kept her eyes on her plate, and the two gentlemen chatted a little about the performance one had just taken part in, and then Mr. FitzNewry and Moy left the supper-room together. Just outside the door they encountered the noble mother of the Honourable John. Sherecognised her son, but had to put up her glass to ascertain about his companion; then she held out her hand, saying at the same time:

"I am sorry we did not meet before. I am just going; the carriage is waiting."

"But I cannot leave Miss O'Brien in the hall in this unceremonious way," said Mr. FitzNewry, looking rather annoyed.

"Oh, pray do not think of me," said Moy, withdrawing her hand from his arm. "I can find my way to the drawing-room very well."

"Perhaps Miss O'Brien will accept my escort," said Mr. Gilmartin. He had left the supper-room a minute or two after Moy and her cavalier, and had now overtaken them, as he came slowly through the hall. Of course, there was nothing for it but to thank him and take his arm. Instead, however, of going to the drawing-room, he turned towards the library.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Strong souls within the present live ;
The future veiled—the past forgot :
Grasping what is with hands of steel
They bend what shall be to their will ;
And, blind alike to doubt and dread,
The end for which they are fulfil."

Songs of Two Worlds.

THE door of the library—that "soul of the house"—stood wide open. There was a fire in the grate, and a lamp on the centre table, where Lord Arthur had been reading the morning papers for a few minutes before the company began to arrive.

"There is no one here," said Moy.

"So it appears," said Mr. Gilmartin. But he walked on till they were standing in front of the fire. Then Moy dropped his arm, and held her hands out to warm them over the grate. Mr. Gilmartin leaned on the chimney-piece, and watched her for a moment. Then he said :

"I want to tell you one fact I learned to-night. You do not care for Mr. Davoren. You cannot look me steadily in the face and say that you do."

Moy's heart gave a great throb, but she said quickly, without meeting his eyes, "What made you think that to-night?"

"Your indifference when he was acting the lover to Lady Catherine. You have not looked so merry since I came home the last time as you did several times to-night."

"I defy any one not to feel merry beside that nice, funny old lady. I don't even know her name, but I shall never forget her."

"You are only trying to turn the conversation," he said, gloomily.

"I am only speaking the truth," returned Moy. "I am sure I have little reason to feel merry, and yet I suppose

people would say it is my Irish nature. I found it impossible to keep grave to-night."

"You have not denied what I said," he went on.

"And suppose," said Moy, with the boldness of despair, "that I were to tell you now that I am about to marry some man I do not care for, what difference would it make to either you or me."

"A very great difference," he replied, sternly. "I would warn you to beware of such a step. A marriage without affection is bad enough for a man, Heaven knows; but it is worse for a woman, and for one like you it would be——"

Here Moy interrupted him. She suddenly turned round, and laid her hand on his arm—"Then you would advise me as a friend? Now I appeal to you as a friend. Go away from me now; leave me alone here for a few minutes to think—if you care for me, oh, ever so little, or so much!" There was a look in her eyes that was unanswerable—unalterable. He walked away without a word, with bent head, and sternly lowered eyes. As he passed from the room and down the hall, Miss Wentworth saw him. She was on her way to look for Moy. Sir Ralph and his daughter were ready to go, and no one had been able to find Moy O'Brien.

Miss Wentworth paused for one moment, and with a surprised look watched Mr. Gilmartin. Then she hurried on to the library. Some instinct told her she would find there the object of her search. She was right. Moy was standing where Mr. Gilmartin had left her, on the hearth-rug before the fire. Her clasped hands were pressed across her eyes, and Miss Wentworth heard her exclaim, in a low, shuddering tone, "I can't stand this! I can't stand this! I shall either tell him or die!"

Miss Wentworth stepped back softly into the hall. Moy never saw her, and a few minutes after a servant came to the library with Miss Windsor's compliments, and if Miss O'Brien was quite ready she would order the carriage.

When Moy, wrapping her shawl round her, joined the Windsors, Gertrude looked at her sharply, and said, coldly, to Sir Ralph, "Is there a conservatory here, papa?"

"I think so," said the baronet, innocently; "but really I cannot be certain, there is so much to see in this interesting house."

"I think there must be one," said Gertrude, as if speaking to herself; but Moy understood. "I missed Lady Catherine and Mr. Davoren and two other people immediately after the theatricals."

There was another scene in the library that very evening, when nearly all the guests had taken themselves off. Lady Catherine and Maurice Davoren stood in front of the fire. They had resumed the very interesting conversation which they had just commenced when the stage-manager called Lady Catherine away. When the play was over, Mr. Davoren had asked her to come where they could have a little conversation alone; and the way she agreed to this and took his offered arm had made his heart beat high with hope.

Now Maurice was saying, "However willingly a man may give up everything himself, he must hesitate before he can even think of sacrificing another, and that other"—here his voice sank to a lower, sweeter tone—"the dearest and brightest of women. Would to God I could say to you, 'Lady Catherine, come to me; and as far as human efforts can reach, no sorrow shall cross your path!' But I dare not speak such words, for I know that the man who would serve his country truly, honourably, with the highest patriotism, must be prepared to give up every thought of self: he must not be surprised if he is misunderstood, maligned, loaded with every epithet that can wound, ay, even perhaps branded as a traitor, and imprisoned with thieves and murderers. And yet, knowing all this, I long ago decided to devote what intellect God had given me to the service of my country—to the Home Rule cause; not to make a half-hearted sacrifice, but to let every personal feeling go down before what is best for Ireland. I have to tell you all this—I know it is only right to do so; but now I have nearly done. Ever since I have loved you I have felt what a helpmate you would be for a man with aims like mine; but it seemed a too presumptuous dream, and one that I must sternly put

away from my thoughts. When I began, between hope and fear, to ask myself was it possible that you could love me, still I hesitated to speak what was in my heart, because I knew that the woman who consented to be my wife would not only have many sacrifices to make for my sake, but must be prepared for some hardships, for the opposition of friends as well as of foes—must be even prepared to see her husband imprisoned, not for his acts but for his opinions.”

Lady Catherine raised her bright eyes to his face, and there was a proud smile in them as she laid her shapely hand upon his arm. Mr. Davoren took it and pressed his lips to it. Then he said :

“Catherine, do you love me enough to help me in this ambition of my life?”

She answered, in a low but clear voice, “Long before we ever met, such a life as you have sketched out was my dream. I would never have been satisfied with a commonplace lot. To live a life of ease, and let the toilers go on unaided, seems terrible to me. And, now that I have learned so much from you, it would be impossible.”

She drew a deep breath and paused, with eyes downcast again.

“But, Catherine, more, something ‘more, dearest,” Maurice whispered. “You have not answered my question. Do you love me?”

She looked at him archly, but tears were glistening on her eyelashes as she said :

“My whole future life shall be the answer to that question.”

“What is now impossible,” whispered Mr. Davoren, as he pressed her to his heart, “with Ireland and you to work for?”

A few minutes after this, Lord Arthur, coming in to have another look at the newspaper beside his lamp, was met by Lady Catherine. There was “a smile on her lip, but a tear in her eye,” as she said, “Papa dear, De Grignon has proposed to me in reality;” and as she uttered the words, the kind-hearted earl held out his hand to Mr. Davoren.

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That night Mr. Gilmartin took Maurice home to Ballyvorna in his carriage. Both men were rather silent until they were within sight of the O'Briens' house. Then Maurice turned to his companion. "Mr. Gilmartin," he said, "you have been so friendly, so cordial to me, that I think I must tell you of a great happiness and honour that has come to me to-night. Lady Catherine Arthur has promised to be my wife."

No doubt it actually takes a measurable portion of time (if one could only be present at the performance) for the convolutions of the brain, which have all been working in a particular direction for many months, to stop and give the order to "Right about face." However that may be, for some seconds Mr. Gilmartin was perfectly silent, and then, a little awkwardly for him, he congratulated Mr. Davoren very sincerely.

"And you go away to-morrow?" he added.

"Yes," said Maurice; "I ought to have been off before, but I shall not be away very long. I must be here for Dan Riley's trial." There was a joyous ring in his voice at the bare idea of getting back again. "Here we are," he said, as the carriage drew up at the O'Briens' door.

The two gentlemen wished each other a hearty "Good-night."

Mr. Gilmartin looked up and saw the light in Moy's window. "Yes, she is free," he said to himself; and then came the thought, "but I am not."

About the same time Miss Wentworth, arrayed in a white dressing-gown, was tapping at Lady Catherine's door. "May I come in," she said, gravely, when her cousin opened it. "There is something I must know, and I think you can tell me."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

“ And press'd her hand—that lingering press
Of hands that for the last time sever ;
Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
When that hold breaks, is dead forever.”

MOORE.

SIR RALPH and Gertrude in their own carriage, Maurice Davoren by train, went away early in the morning after the theatricals, and old Mr. O'Brien, who looked upon Maurice almost as a son, felt the parting with him so much that he did not come down very early.

Thankful as Moy felt to hear the news of Lady Catherine's engagement, she was both sad and anxious. She longed for and yet dreaded her next interview with Mr. Gilmartin. She could not settle to work or reading indoors. She felt as if the fresh morning air would do her good. So she borrowed one of Kitty's snow-white aprons, and, putting it round her, went out and gathered a basket of flowers to adorn the rooms in honour of Miss Wentworth's visit in the afternoon. She still had her apron on, and was standing beside the dining-room table, on which was a large tray of flowers, and vases to put them in, when Kitty announced Mr. Gilmartin. She actually showed him into the dining-room, for she was giving an extra cleaning to the rest of the house in preparation for the afternoon.

Moy, standing there engaged in some household work, with her white apron pinned on to her shoulders, reminded Mr. Gilmartin of Charlotte in the “ Sorrows of Werther,” and he himself felt not unlike the hopeless hero of that well-known romance.

Poor Moy ! There she stood—so taken by surprise that she did not even lay down the violets she was holding until Mr. Gilmartin was standing beside her. Then she emptied her hands and said, “ The violets are so wet.”

She rubbed her hands in her apron, and then gave him one. He held it as he said, "You can guess what I heard last night. Mr. Davoren told me. And now I have come to ask you one question. That time when I called—I believe now you cared for me a little—why did you drive me away with the words, 'It is better for both of us not to meet again?'"

Moy hardly knew what to tell him, or where to begin. "Why did I drive you away?" she repeated in a low voice.

"God knows," he answered, "if you were not engaged to Davoren."

"I—I believed *you* were then engaged," said Moy—"engaged to Miss Wentworth."

"That was not until *long* afterward," he said; "not till just before she came to Ireland. But Moy, you had my letter—that explained all—before I called that last day."

Moy trembled now, for she must tell the truth. "No, I never got your letter; not then, at least," she said.

He let her hand fall from his as he almost repeated her first words. "You never got my letter? The letter Miss Syms promised to put in your hand herself?"

"No, she never gave it me till—till lately, when she met with an accident. Then I did not know where you were, so I went over at once to Lady Catherine to ask her, and she told me she had a letter from Miss Wentworth that very morning telling of her engagement to you."

Moy said this all very calmly. She even unpinned Kitty's apron while she was speaking, and folded it up neatly.

Mr. Gilmartin seemed stunned for a moment or two. At last he said, "And that woman—what did she keep my letter for?"

Moy hesitated; then said, in a low voice, "I think she did not want me to be the wife of her husband's employer."

Mr. Gilmartin passed his hand over his eyes, like a man waking up from a dream, before he said, "Moy, if you had not heard what you did from Lady Catherine, would you have written to me?"

"What is the use of talking about that now?" said Moy, and her voice sounded almost hard.

"And do I not deserve some grain of pity, of sympathy, from you, after all I have suffered?" he said, almost with a groan.

"If it will make you happier now," she said, gently, "I will tell you gladly—yes, I would have written to you."

Then, the remembrance of all that letter might have contained was too much for her already overtried heart, and she turned away her head from him, for great tears were chasing each other down her cheeks. In a moment his arm was round her waist and her head was resting against his shoulder, but it was only for a moment. She pressed his hand, and smiled up in his face through her tears, but she went away from him and sat down in her grandfather's chair.

"I have a letter directed to you," she said, as he came and stood near her and buried his face on his arms, which he rested on the chimney-piece. "It contains your letter. I could not obey you and burn it after all that had happened. I thought it best just to seal it up and direct it to you. The envelope contains besides the whole account of the time and way in which I at last got the letter, and a few words in Mrs. Finch's handwriting. When I am dead, Catherine will give you the packet."

"When you are dead! Moy, do you want to break my heart? But I ought to have learned by this time how much a heart can hold *without* breaking."

"Yes," said Moy, with a deep sigh, "that is true; but I do not mean that I may die soon. There may be something for me to do; but I have gone through a great deal this winter. Perhaps it has oppressed me more because I have had no one in the house to whom I could speak. I have a tired feeling, that is all." She leaned back in the arm-chair, pressing her hand to her left side, and thought of some lines that lately were very often on her lips:

"So now I am ready to go, for I know He will do what is best;
Though He calls me away when the sun is on high, like a child sent
early to rest."

Mr. Gilmartin would have felt more miserable than he did had he known the words that were passing through Moy's brain, but there was perfect silence between them for a few minutes.

Mr. Gilmartin still had his head bowed. Presently he said, "Moy, I feel so overwhelmed by what I have heard from Mr. Davoren, and now from you, I begin to wonder if I ought to trust to my own judgment, or ask the advice of some one whom we both respect. What would Father Fitzgerald say?"

"He would just say what your own conscience says," replied Moy, without a moment's hesitation. "Keep your promise. What has Shakespeare written of a good man? His words are bonds."

"I am not a good man. I have felt like a fiend or a devil lately."

"You are a good man," said Moy, with the calmness of perfect conviction.

"I was a selfish brute till I met you," he returned. "What is the inference? I shall become one again if we part! Moy, look at me;" and he raised his head. "Surely all the torture I have gone through lately has left some impression on my face? Would you have it lined deeper still? I tell you I cannot give you up."

"If you were to act in that spirit," said Moy, "we would neither of us ever be really happy again. You would have ceased to respect yourself, and I"—she hesitated at the words—"and I should have ceased to respect you;" and before she could finish the sentence he interrupted her quickly:

"I cannot tell how it may happen," he said, "for you are right, as usual. It must not be by any word of mine; but I think there is happiness in store for us yet."

"Yes," said Moy, softly, "I am sure of that. No one ever did their duty humbly in this world without being happy."

Mr. Gilmartin rather impatiently withdrew his arms from the chimney-piece, and walked up and down the room as he said, "Moy, you know what I mean—that we are not bidding each other an eternal farewell!"

"You must go now," she said. "I know I shall hear of you often, and always what is good. You will think of Ireland, and work for Ireland."

"Yes," he answered, in a low voice; "but are we to part thus—as strangers part, or the merest acquaintances? Am I not even to kiss the brow of a woman I love as I love you?"

"You must not speak so," said Moy, trembling. "When next we meet as friends let us not have anything to look back to with regret."

"With regret!" he cried, with scorn. "Moy, I have been deceived—you never loved me!"

She did not contradict him. "Good-bye," she said; but it seemed as if their hands would never unclasp. At last she drew hers away. She could endure no more. She felt that if he stayed another moment she would throw her arms round his neck and make him unsay his last words. For, whatever might be his thoughts on the subject, to her it was an eternal farewell. She supported herself by the chimney-piece till Mr. Gilmartin had left the house, and then she sank down again in the arm-chair, and for the second time in her life fainted away.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure;
Or is there blessedness like theirs?"

TENNYSON'S *In Memoriam*.

Moy was still quite alone when she recovered consciousness. She sat quiet for a moment or two, and then she went and poured some water from one of the flower-glasses over her hands, and this revived her. Presently she rang for Kitty to finish putting the flowers in for her, and then she went up to her own room and shed many, many tears.

"The poor darlint!" said Kitty to herself, as she crammed the flowers into the vases somewhat more hastily than usual. "Sure, Mr. Gilmartin adores the very ground she treads on, and what thin can make them two so sad? She as pale as these snowdrops, and he laving the house with that throubled look on his face—for all the world like what Tim was the other day whin I was tasing him, and saying mebbe I'd change my mind. Perhaps Miss Moy has been after saying, 'No,' and now is sorry; but, plaze God, it'll all come right for them both some day, for she'll not find a better husband, nor he a sweeter wife in all Ireland."

When Moy and her grandfather were in the drawing-room together after luncheon, she asked him to fix a day soon for their journey to Dublin.

"But, my dear," said he, "you have not returned half the kind visits you owe."

"I think, then, they must wait, dear grandpapa, for I long to go away."

"It's strange to hear you longing to leave Ballyvorna," said the old man, with a kind smile. "However, darling, we will go to-morrow or the next day, if you can get ready. You can write to Mrs. Fitzgerald to-day, if you like."

Moy was touched by his kind readiness to please her, and she sat down to her desk and wrote the letter at once.

About the same time Miss Wentworth was coming into Ballyvorna. She drew up the ponies at the inn door, while the groom left a note addressed to "Denis Gilmartin, Esq."

That gentleman was stretched upon a sofa upstairs, his handkerchief thrown lightly across his eyes, but he was not asleep—he was thinking. On the table near him lay English and Irish papers and magazines untouched. He had spent the greater part of the morning lying there with closed eyes, reviewing the past. He found he could not think about the future. A future without Moy O'Brien seemed too terrible a blank. Bitterly he was reproaching himself. He called himself thoughtless, selfish, weak.

He thought of Miss Wentworth, of her noble devotion to whatever she considered her duty, of her unselfishness, of her tried and true friendship for himself in the old days--long before he had seen Moy O'Brien; and then he almost blushed to think that to such a woman, so worthy of a life-long devotion, he had dared to offer but half a heart. These reflections were interrupted by the entrance of the son of one of his tenants—a tall youth whom he was training for a household servant.

James M'Garvey brought his master the note Miss Wentworth had just left at the inn.

Mr. Gilmartin was not surprised. He heard from Miss Wentworth now and then, though only a few miles of country separated them; but he was startled when he opened the envelope and read—

“DEAR DENIS—(not ‘my dear’ as of old)—When I leave this note I shall be on my way to Miss O'Brien's. We are going together to see some humble friends of hers, and we hope to return about half-past four or five. Will you please meet me at Mr. O'Brien's? Believe me your sincere friend,
ALICE WENTWORTH.”

“She has found out about the letter,” said Mr. Gilmartin, under his breath. “Moy, my darling, I said we should not be separated.” This was his first thought.

When Miss Wentworth was announced at the O'Briens' she saw that Moy had been crying, and that sad and anxious face, with the eyelids slightly swollen, nerved her for her task more than anything else could have done. As for Moy, she hardly dared glance at her companion. She felt as if Miss Wentworth would surely read everything, if their eyes met. So she hurried away and put on her hat, and soon the two ladies were walking down the road where, on that sunny morning, long, long ago, there had been that glad meeting between Moy and Mr. Gilmartin. It was not sunny now. The sky was cloudy and the air heavy. The weather, indeed, seemed in unison with poor Moy's sad heart. Miss Wentworth seemed inclined to do most of the talking herself, rather an unusual thing for

her; and, for a reserved Englishwoman, she was to-day wonderfully frank about her own life and pursuits at home, both in London and in the country. She told Moy of her many interests and duties. She spoke of the lectures she attended on literature, science, and art; of the immense acquaintance she had in London, and all the work she did among the poor. "This is an extra holiday I have been taking," she added. "I generally only leave town after August has begun, and return to it in January or February. I must make up for this holiday, and spend some of the autumn with my poor people—that is the dullest time for them, I think. They are longing so to get away from the dusty streets to the green fields, but no holiday comes for them. Then, when I go down to the country, I have all my poor people to look after; and oh, our home is such a lovely, dear old place!"

Moy had never seen her look so tender, so womanly, as she described her grand old home, kept in such perfect repair—the magnificent trees, the rookery, the two lodges and the old people that kept them; then, beyond the park walls, the hawthorn hedges, the village green, the row of almshouses with their tidy gardens, the inn where Tennyson had once put up, the river that Wordsworth had written a poem about! Moy was carried away from her own sad thoughts, and thoroughly interested in the scenes which Miss Wentworth described so well that they rose like pictures before her.

"What a happy life you must lead," she said at last, but without the least ghost of an envious thought.

"Yes," said Miss Wentworth, with a sigh; "and it is a life full of work. Of course we have plenty of amusements, too, for we constantly have the house full—but what with Dorcas meetings, and mothers' meetings, and the schools on Sundays and week-days, I have not much time to worry myself over sad thoughts."

Moy wondered to herself had Miss Wentworth any sad thoughts? Could she, who seemed so richly blessed in every way, have room for despondency in her life?

For the first time their eyes met, and Miss Wentworth seemed to read the expression in Moy's.

"Yes," she said, "I am often sad about the evils of English life. You think the different classes are separated here, but it is nothing to what it is in England. I speak from my own experience. Here there is no one I have met, however poor and ragged, who has not had such natural courtesy of manner that I could speak to them without disgust; but the coarseness and brutality of the same class with us is simply revolting; and I blame the higher classes for a great deal of this. Now, I will give you an idea of what I mean. We are a small family, only my brother and myself. He has never married; so my mother and I still have our old homes, and there is a dower-house for us when we like to go to it. We are well enough off to do what is right on the property (what ought to be done on every property) without making any sacrifices, so no thanks to us; but there are neighbours of ours, members of the nobility, who have large families—the sons all live like noblemen, belong to expensive clubs, are never denied anything; the daughters the same; each girl has her own saddle-horse, and they have a pony-carriage between every two of them. Well, the labourers on such estates live like pigs, in houses too small to hold them, and with unmended roofs and wretched surroundings. They are coarse and brutal, and who can wonder at it? Now, if the nobleman I have mentioned—and there are many like him—were to put down his four-horse drag only for a few years, he could rebuild every cottage on the estate, and I say there should be a law to make them do it. If we have a law which compels the poor children to come to school, though by staying away they can earn an honest living, there ought to be a law to make the rich house their people like human beings. Of course, there are other things I want to see altered in England," she continued, with a sigh; "but I have told you enough to show what a busy life I lead, and I should only tire you if I were to go on."

"Oh! no, no," said Moy, earnestly. "You don't know how much you have interested me; but here we are at the little farm I was telling you about."

It was one of Mr. Hackney's tenants who lived there, a

poor woman whose husband was dead ; but one of her sons now managed the land for her, and another in America was constantly sending her a portion of his earnings. She had one little daughter, a great artist in lace, whom Moy had helped with many old patterns and useful hints of different kinds.

"Come in, ladies," said the mother, courtesying low, as Moy said she had brought a friend of hers—a kind English lady—to see her. Moy spoke even more distinctly than usual, for she knew the woman would have too much tact to say anything unpleasant to her visitor ; but she might have applied some rather strong adjective to the "Saxon" in connection with Mr. Hackney had she been ignorant of the country to which Miss Wentworth belonged. She courtesied again as Moy spoke, with, perhaps, a trifle more of dignity in her manner, as she said, "It's proud I am to welcome any friend of Miss O'Brien's under my roof, for it's she that's been kind to the widdy and the orphan."

Just then Miss Wentworth saw a likeness of Emmett pinned up against the wall ; and glad to find immediately some pleasant subject of conversation, she said, half to Moy, "How beautifully Washington Irving wrote about poor Emmett. I was reading it only the other day. 'So young,' he says, 'so intelligent, so generous, so brave, so everything that we are apt to like in a young man.'"

"I have it all here, my lady," said Mrs. Farren, brightly ; "my son in Amerikey sent me the book." She took it down from a shelf and dusted it, and it opened at what was evidently a favourite passage. She handed the book to Miss Wentworth ; "Sure I'd like to hear you read it, if it's plazing to you, my lady."

So Miss Wentworth, with her distinct intonation, read the remainder of the sentence :

"His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country, the eloquent vindication of his name, and his pathetic appeal to posterity in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into

every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.' ”

Miss Wentworth began the next sentence—

“ ‘But there was one heart whose anguish it would be impossible to describe.’ ”

Her voice faltered, and she closed the book, saying, as she did so, “Your very history is poetry, down even to the other day.”

Mrs. Farren suddenly raised Miss Wentworth’s hand to her lips and kissed it.

“Thank you, my lady,” she said. “I’ll always think better of the English for your sake; though I’ve had a son in prison for the part he took in the Fenian rising. But, thanks be to God, he’s doing right well in Amerikey now.”

Moy having taken up the book and gone on reading from where Miss Wentworth left off, was almost unconscious of this little scene being enacted before her. But blinding tears were in her eyes. She would hardly have seen her companions, for this was what she read—

“In happier days and fairer fortunes he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman’s first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image? Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.”

Miss Wentworth, as she looked over little Mary Farren’s lace, some of which she bought, glanced now and

then rather anxiously at Moy, and the moment she saw the book laid down, she rose to take leave. Both to Moy and to herself those words about Emmett had been all too trying.

From Mrs. Farren's the two ladies went on to the house where the poor girl lived whom Moy went so often to read to. They found her up and sitting in the deep window-seat, with some rather hard bundles of clothes supporting her back. She suffered from spinal complaint, and Moy had herself made two soft cushions for the invalid ; so she was distressed to miss them now ; and the girl's mother eagerly explained that a very near neighbour had been taken ill, and could not rest for a bad headache, so the pillows had been lent to her by the invalid herself.

Miss Wentworth was distressed to see the look of suffering on the girl's thin face, and she asked if different things had been done for her, and at last if the doctor attending was considered clever.

"Oh yes, my lady," said the mother, "he's a moighty clever man. Sure, it's hisself that drew my husband's back tooth that had tazed ivery boy in the village wid trying to pull it, and not wan inch would it come till Dr. Flinn walked up, and 'Mick,' sez he, 'just let me put this in yer mouth,' sez he. 'The saints presarve us,' sez I, 'if his head doesn't kim off.' For, my lady, I sees the instruments of torture. But wid that out kim Mick's tooth, just nate like, and Mick that quiet that he niver said so much as '*musha*' at all, at all."

Miss Wentworth, turning away to hide a smile, noticed suspended from a string some curious rings of stone.

"May I look at these curious things nearer?" she asked, and Moy took them down and handed them to her ; while the sick girl said, "Oh, father calls those fairy rings. We have found them now and again in a mountain stream near here."

Miss Wentworth looked exceedingly interested. "Why," she said to Moy, "they are like the whorls which Dr. Schliemann found in the ruins of Troy. Look, Miss O'Brien, at these devices upon them."

"Yes," said Moy, "I have often noticed them, and

wondered if ancient people wore them as charms, but I have not read Dr. Schliemann's book."

"Some one who knows more about these things than I do must look into this," said Miss Wentworth, thoughtfully, as she hung them up again; "but I know they are most interesting, so take care of them." Then she sat down beside the sick girl, and talked to her so kindly, so gently, that she quite won her heart. Never had Miss Wentworth been so tender, so sympathetic. She was surprised at herself; and Moy thought, "Oh, I ought to rejoice more than I do that the people will have her here."

In the next house they went to they found a busy scene. The mother was spinning, and nothing could exceed Miss Wentworth's quiet surprise and delight at the sight. She had never before seen an old-fashioned spinning-wheel at work. The eldest daughter was mixing a huge bowl of Indian-meal cakes. This supplied a text for Miss Wentworth. She warned them not to use the Indian-meal too constantly, as in some parts of Italy, where the poor have been living exclusively upon it, a dreadful disease has broken out.

"Well, my lady," said the poor woman, "I can belave that same, for I don't think the Irish are as healthy iver since they took less potatoes and more ov this yellow male; for ye see it isn't much mate we get. It's different in Amerikey, where they get the mate and the male both."

Miss Wentworth agreed with her that this fact made all the difference. Then she asked if they all spoke Irish, and was much disappointed to hear that only the father and mother could.

"I can't understand it," she said. "All the great men in England, France, and Germany are taking it up, and proving what a grand and wonderful old language yours is, and here I find the Irish themselves neglecting it."

As Moy and her companion walked back to Ballyvorna to pay their last visit, which was to the old man whom Moy had found sweeping the road, Miss Wentworth said, "I don't know why it is, but I have been thinking so much this afternoon of one whom I have to thank that I

ever took an interest—a real, practical interest—in the poor.”

“Yes?” said Moy, inquiringly.

“He has gone from this troublesome world,” said Miss Wentworth, looking up to the sky, where, just over their heads, a patch of blue was showing through the broken clouds. “He was the younger son of a nobleman, a neighbour of ours (not the one I have already mentioned), and he entered the Church. He was many years older than I was, but we sympathised with one another, and I learned to love whatever he loved. He got a living in London, and he worked among the very poor there until it killed him. We had just been engaged to one another for three months when he died.”

Moy laid her hand on Miss Wentworth’s and pressed it gently, but she did not speak. Miss Wentworth looked at her and smiled.

“Yes,” she said, “it was a blow, wasn’t it? And though I was very young then, I often think that no trouble that has come to me since has ever seemed so overwhelming as it would have done had I not experienced that first great grief.”

“It’s very kind of you to talk to me as you have to-day,” said Moy. “You don’t know the good you have done me.”

She turned her head away, and she could not trust her voice to say more, or she would have told Miss Wentworth about “Dermot,” and what a bond of sympathy they must now always have between them.

CHAPTER XL.

"You have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love."

SHAKSPEARE.

"Heaven bless thee !
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on."

SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN the two ladies returned to Mr. O'Brien's after making Dan Riley's father-in-law very happy by their presence and their substantial gifts, Moy found the door open. The truth was, Kitty had been looking out, wondering when they would come, for her old master was having his usual afternoon nap up-stairs, and Mr. Gilmartin had been sitting reading in the drawing-room for the last ten or twelve minutes. Kitty had just retired to the kitchen to get tea ready, when Moy and Miss Wentworth entered the house and walked into the drawing-room.

Moy never in all her life had been guilty of a scream ; but, had she, now would have been the supreme moment for one. There, calmly reading one of her favourite books, sat the man to whom in the morning she had bade an eternal farewell ! He rose as the two ladies entered the room, and laid down his book.

Miss Wentworth closed the door after her. Then, before either of the other two could speak, she said to Moy, "I took the liberty of asking Mr Gilmartin to meet me here ; I have heard something, and I wished to speak to you both." Her lips trembled a little but her voice was quite steady. "Miss O'Brien," she said, turning to Moy, and directing the rest of what she said to her alone, "when Mr. Gilmartin asked me to marry him, he told me frankly how much he had loved another, and that he had only respect and affection to offer me. Last night I found out that you were the one he had told me about. I want to clear Catherine from all blame. She begged I would tell you that she did not tell me anything, till I had proved

that I knew much already, and I dragged from her the entire truth about the letter, and how you had been separated, and now it only remains for me to reunite you. Come, dear," she said, for Moy was almost holding back. Miss Wentworth placed her hand in Mr. Gilmartin's; but, though he clasped Moy's little fingers tightly enough, he knelt for one moment beside "Alice." He did not dare to touch her hand, but he took her dress and kissed it. "Oh, true, noble heart!" he whispered.

"Thank you, Denis," she said, gently. "We three will always be firm friends, I know that. Now go and order the pony-carriage for me, please."

When he left the room Miss Wentworth turned to Moy, and, putting her arm round her, said:

"So there will be a marriage again between a Gilmartin and an O'Brien. Oh, when I think," she went on, "of the way I must often have tortured you, I reproach myself for being so dull and blind. It is all so clear to me now. I know from a thousand-and-one circumstances that Mr. Gilmartin cared for you only, from the first moment he saw you."

Moy bent her head on her companion's shoulder as she whispered: "I feel so unworthy; it seems dreadful for him to lose such a wife as you would have been."

"Hush, dear," said Miss Wentworth, "I have often told myself that he and I were not suited to one another. Now, had I not found out till after our marriage what I discovered last night, life would have been one long torture to me. Indeed, I feel it almost wrong not to be very angry with you for not telling me the truth long ago."

"Oh, when I think of the way you talked to me this afternoon!" said Moy, and suddenly the "hot tears rushed to her heart and gathered in her eyes." After a moment she whispered, "I can never, never be hard on the English again."

"Nor I upon the Irish," said Miss Wentworth. "Why I have learned to love you all, and I will look after your poor people in London more than ever after this; and, dear, I shall come and stay with the Arthurs again some day, when you and Catherine are both married."

"Or when I'm dead, and be Mr. Gilmartin's second wife," Moy *thought*, but she did not say it.

And when the pony-carriage was announced, Moy for one moment clung sobbing to Miss Wentworth with that demonstrativeness which reserved people like to be the recipients of, though they are so calm, cool, and collected themselves.

* * * * *

For the third time on that eventful day Mr. Gilmartin came to Mr. O'Brien's door. He was admitted by Kitty, who said, in a stage whisper,

"Sure the old gentleman's asleep, sir; but Miss Moy's just sitting forninst him, reading."

"Thanks Kitty, I'll go in very softly, and not disturb your master;" and Mr. Gilmartin passed on to the drawing-room.

Moy had heard the bell and his step in the hall, and now, as she laid down her book beside the lamp, she rose, trembling and blushing to meet her lover. Yes, she dared to think that now!

Mr. O'Brien awoke, and sat up in his armchair. "Mr. Gilmartin, is it? How friendly of him to come in at this hour! Delighted to see you, sir. Disturbed me? Oh dear, no. I haven't been asleep." There are more fibs told on this subject than on any other.

"Have you heard the news that has made us so very happy to-day?" he went on. "Maurice Davoren and Lady Catherine are engaged to be married."

"Yes; Mr. Davoren most kindly told me the news himself last night," said Mr. Gilmartin, with a slowly withdrawn glance at Moy. "I think there could hardly be two people with a greater chance of happiness than they have. He has such a noble object in life, and she is just the woman to stand beside him in sunshine or shadow, with sympathy or help."

There was a moment's silence as he finished speaking, and old Mr. O'Brien's head nodded again, and gradually sank back into its comfortable resting-place on the cushions of his chair. Mr. Gilmartin watched him with interest,

and when he saw that he was really sound asleep again, he turned to Moy. She was sitting by the table not very far from him, idly turning over the leaves of the book she had been reading when he came in. Since he entered the room she had only once raised her eyes. Mr. Gilmartin said at last, in a low voice, "Moy, you were handed over to me to-day. But, as far as I could judge, you did not take a very willing part in the transaction."

Still Moy did not raise her eyes, but her sweet lips parted with a smile she could not repress.

She rose softly, saying, in as low a tone as he had used, "I must get grandpapa's tea."

Mr. Gilmartin followed to the table, and stood beside her. "Moy, was I not right this morning, when I said that something would happen?"

"Yes," said Moy, gently. "Oh!" she went on, with deep feeling, "if you had only heard how Miss Wentworth talked to me to day—how she tried to prepare me for what she was going to say. It was all so noble, so unselfish. Her whole conduct—it makes me feel so unworthy."

"She is noble," said Mr. Gilmartin; "but Moy, darling, I am selfish and impatient. I want to hear you speak three little words. I want to ask you one all-important question, Beloved, dost thou love me? I feel as if even I must talk poetry to-night."

Moy smiled as she thought that every word he said would be poetry to her now, but she did not answer him yet. She only stood and listened to him, though the tea was going cold.

"I have hardly seen your eyes to-night," he went on. "Won't you raise them once, Moy? Do you think I am not longing to see them, 'sweetest eyes were ever seen?' I know now, dear, that through all that time of misery I was conscious that everything would yet be right between us. I think that if ever I had really acknowledged to myself that you loved any one else half as much as I loved you, I would have done something desperate to myself or to that other."

"No, you would not," said Moy, shaking her head gently,

and looking up now, as, quoting Shakspeare, she answered her lover at last.

“‘Give me that man that is not passion's slave, and I will wear him in my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts, as I do thee.’”

She held out one little hand to Mr. Gilmartin; but she could hardly have expected him to be satisfied with that. She must have anticipated the result which came about ere the sweet faint “thee” had well left her lips.

CHAPTER XLI.

“Those friends thou hast,
And their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul
With hooks of steel.”

SHAKSPEARE.

THREE months have passed since old Mr. O'Brien awoke and saw Mr. Gilmartin and Moy standing before him, one with a cup of tea, and the other with some thin toast, and both beaming upon him as though they had brought the food of the gods, and had just been feasting themselves on some divine elixir.

Three months have passed, and much has happened. “Glenrowe” has changed hands, and Mr. Syms, with the good wishes of all his Irish friends, and a handsome piece of plate from some of them, has returned to Scotland.

Though Mr. Gilmartin and Moy satisfactorily accounted to Mr. O'Brien for his tea being cold, and received his blessing on their engagement, the arrangement, made only that afternoon, for their visit to Mrs. Fitzgerald was adhered to, and the old gentleman and his granddaughter left Ballyvorna the next day, but not before Moy had paid a visit to Dermot's grave, as was her custom always before setting out on a journey. “Oh, my darling,” she thought, as she knelt there, “you would not be angry with me because I have promised to marry. You loved Ireland,

and he will work for the people, as you would have done had God spared your life."

"The love where death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal."

* * * * *

After a week spent in Dublin, Moy and Mr. O'Brien went on to Kingstown, where soon afterward Sir Ralph and Miss Windsor followed, and spent a couple of days before leaving for England.

Gertrude began to tease Moy rather unmercifully when she heard of her engagement, and made some of her most sarcastic remarks about Mr. Gilmartin and Miss Wentworth, whom Moy, as she said, had "cut out." But with more spirit than Gertrude had ever seen her exhibit, Moy told enough to exonerate all three from blame, and especially to show Miss Wentworth's noble character in its true light.

Moy enjoyed a good long talk with her dear Sir Ralph. He was delighted to hear of her engagement. "I always fancied Mr. Gilmartin," he said; "and, Moy, I should like, if it is possible, to come to your wedding. When will it be?"

Not till next year, Moy had to tell him, though Mr. Gilmartin had a rather romantic wish to be married on the anniversary of the day when he had met Moy, after his long absence from Ireland, but she felt that on Miss Wentworth's account this must not be. "Alice" (for so they always spoke of her to one another) was now watching beside what might be her mother's death-bed.

There were, besides, other good reasons for delay. There was no house at Gilmartin, and if they were married now, they would go abroad for many months, and to this Moy would not consent.

So Mr. Gilmartin was now in Dublin, surrounded by plans and estimates, and very soon the architect and the builder would be at work on the ruins of the castle, to make enough of it habitable for Mr. and Mrs. Gilmartin to live in while their new house was building.

This plan was a great delight to Moy. It had been her

dream that the old place should be rebuilt, and often, as she wandered through the ruins, she had pictured the absentee owner returning with his bride, and the long avenues ringing with the cheers of the now happy tenantry. This dream would be fulfilled, and she would be the bride welcoming the dear people to the home of her ancestors.

After Sir Ralph and his daughter left, Mr. Gilmartin came to Kingstown, and while he was there Moy got the long wished-for letter from the Irish-American gentleman, Mr. M'Donnell. It was a sad letter, for he had to tell that the pretty wife Moy had seen with him was dead, but that when dying she had expressed the hope that what he had so long wished for would now come about—that he would visit Ireland and try and buy some place there, and that if ever he met Miss O'Brien again he would tell her that this had been a dying wish of his wife's. "When I received your kind letter," he added, "I was just about making arrangements to come to Ireland with my little girl Carinna (I had her christened that because I was told it was an old Celtic name). We—Carinna and I—have lost all that made our home in America so dear to us, though many warm hearts are still near us. I feel there is no tie strong enough to keep me now from doing what, ever since I made a fortune, I have wished to do."

Then he went on to tell Moy that immediately upon receipt of her letter he had telegraphed to business friends of his in Manchester to buy "Glenrowe" for him, should it come into the market and the title prove good.

"I think," he added, "it will be mine. I calculate no one will outbid the offer I have made, for from what you said I am determined to have it. It's a very curious fact, that as you described the neighbourhood, you did it so well, I felt certain I saw it all."

Mr. M'Donnell was right in his conjecture. He got the property. When Mr. Hackney heard the name of the intending purchaser, he, being ignorant of Irish history, put him down as a Scotchman at once.

"He'll do. He'll turn the tenants off, and put cattle on the land," said he, with a malignant chuckle; "or he'll grind the people down till there's no spirit left in them."

When even good men, who by hard work or saving have become masters, are often harsh and inconsiderate toward those they employ, it is no wonder that coarse and tyrannical natures like Mr. Hackney's becomes brutal and fiendish when they find wealth and power in their hands.

Mr. O'Brien and Moy spent a month at Kingstown, and while they were there Mr. Gilmartin paid a flying visit to London on business, and also spent a few days with the Gerald's at their lovely place, near Lord Arthur's; but the most of his time was passed at Gilmartin, hurrying on the work, and saving certain portions of the picturesque ruins from the profanation of a modern tool.

Tim O'Leary and Kitty only waited till Dan Riley's trial was over to be married, and then they were installed in a comfortable and very pretty cottage at Gilmartin, built for their reception, and here some of the workmen who had come from a distance, boarded.

Mrs. O'Leary gave up her cottage, now that her son was married, and came as an assistant to the O'Brien's cook; and Moy took a nice young girl to train as a successor to Kitty MacClancy.

Peter Brady, the wounded man, got quite well, and went to see his old friend in prison.

Dan Riley got a short sentence. The jury, though they found him guilty, took into consideration all the circumstances of the case, and recommended him to mercy. And as the learned judge most heartily agreed with this view of the case, everyone felt that a brighter day would dawn for Dan Riley when, in due course of time and in his right mind, he stepped from his prison. In the meantime Mr. Gilmartin and the O'Briens provided well for the only being in the world still left to Dan—his old father-in-law, who was installed in Mrs. O'Leary's deserted cottage.

It was a lovely evening early in July when Mr. McDonnell and Carinna were expected to arrive. For many weeks huge packages had been coming pretty often, and vans of furniture which amazed the simple inhabitants of Ballyvorna as they watched them passing on to "Glenrowe."

Moy had received many letters from the new owner of

the place, for she had begged he would ask her to do anything that was in her power, and he had gladly accepted her offer, and by his directions Moy had sent some of the best workers among her poor people to scrub the house, clean the windows, and light the fires, for that was all Mr. M'Donnell wanted to have done till he himself arrived.

Moy had many an anxious moment about the new owner of "Glenrowe." She asked herself, What did she know of his character? Could she be certain that he would be the good landlord she wished for her poor friends the tenants? Her only comfort was in the thought that he would surely be better than anyone Mr. Hackney could have selected.

On one subject, after consulting Mr. Gilmartin, she made up her mind, and that was to get her grandfather to allow her to invite the M'Donnells to spend the first few days with them, small though the house was; for Moy knew that, even should the new landlord begin at once to make any objectionable alterations, they would have a greater chance of being well received if made by a friend of hers. So the invitation was sent, and joyfully accepted. Mr. M'Donnell himself seeing of what advantage it would be to him, and not only to himself but to his child, he spoke very nicely of his "little Carinna," whom he commended to Moy's care. "She has," he wrote, "no woman's love now but that of her good old nurse, though when I tell you that she is Irish, you will think, perhaps, that she has enough."

In Mr. Gilmartin's carriage Father Fitzgerald and Moy went to the station to meet the M'Donnells. They had not been there many minutes when the whistle announced the approach of the train, and, when it drew up, the first thing Moy saw at a window was a sweet childish face, with large blue eyes, full of an innocent wonder.

This, then, was "Carinna," for Mr. M'Donnell was holding her up to the window. Moy recognized him in a moment, though the face wore a graver expression, and the rich curly auburn hair was now well streaked with gray.

Mr. M'Donnell was a tall man, with the look, some way or other, of a civil engineer. His keen blue eyes were sheltered by rather bushy brows. He had a long straight

nose, and a thick mustache and whiskers, but his chin, which was remarkably well-shaped, was clean shaven.

Though it was the height of summer, he had provided against the evening being chilly, for, as he lifted Carinna on to the platform, a rich Russian robe fell out at his feet; but he let it lie as he grasped Moy's hand, and his whole face beamed with delight as she kissed his little girl, and kept her arm lovingly round her. Then Moy, as she introduced Father Fitzgerald, saw, stepping out of the carriage, not only a rather weather-beaten but happy-faced old woman, but behind her a sight more startling—a keen, dark-faced, and very tall American—for at once Moy decided upon his nationality.

Mr. M'Donnell followed her gaze. "Oh, I forgot," he said. "I must introduce my brother-in-law, Mr. Cormac. He is a very good brother to me," he went on, eagerly. "He's left his saw mills to come home and see us settled. I don't know what Carinna and I shall do when he leaves us."

Moy shook hands with the gentleman thus warmly introduced; but she was rather in despair, for her grandfather's house would not possibly hold another visitor. Her own servants were obliged to sleep at a neighbour's.

As these somewhat depressing thoughts floated through her brain, Mr. M'Donnell went on: "My brother is going to the inn with the greater part of our luggage. He made me promise before we left America that I would allow him to look after everything, so we will just leave all to his care; and if you are ready, Miss O'Brien, we can go."

CHAPTER XLII.

“ Rich prairies, deck'd with flowers of gold,
 Like sunlit oceans, roll afar ;
 Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
 Reflecting clear each trembling star.
 Great God ! we thank thee for this home,
 This bounteous birthland of the free,
 Where wanderers from afar may come,
 And breathe the air of liberty ! ”

WILLIAM JEWETT PARBODIE.

Moy only waited to introduce Father Fitzgerald to Carinna's uncle, who so far had not opened his lips. The good priest agreed to accompany him to the inn, and see that everything was comfortable for him there.

The removal of the luggage was soon arranged, and then the two set out to walk to Ballyvorna.

“ I ain't a Catholic,” said Mr. Cormac, in a rich deep voice, with a peculiar accent, “ but I've a darned deal of respect for you all.”

Father Fitzgerald smiled as he acknowledged the compliment. “ You have an Irish name,” he added.

“ Irish ? Oh, of course I'm Irish. There ain't no manner of mistake about that. I was a boy of nine or ten when my father and mother were flung on the beach at Gross Isle to die. I don't know whether they had the fever or no, but I guess many of the Irish died of broken hearts in 1847, torn or driven from their homes over here ; subjected to every indignity, as I said, flung on the beach to die—dying there in the mud, or carried into a shed with hundreds of others, and breathing out their last breath in that plague-smitten atmosphere. Many a one who took no fever, like my own uncle and aunt, pressed up the country, but only to die farther on, worn out and broken-hearted.”

“ It's a terrible story,” said Father Fitzgerald, as Mr.

Cormac paused; "I don't think that history can produce a greater tragedy."

"Ay, that's true," said his companion, with deep feeling. "Well, as I was saying," he went on, "my uncle and aunt took us on to Toronto; that was, me and little Carinna's mother, who was only a few weeks old then (a brother and sister younger than me had died during the voyage). Well, we hadn't been long in Toronto when we were left quite alone. I remember sitting on some steps leading up to the hospital where uncle and aunt had just died. Me, with my baby sister crying in my arms, and some medical students saying we ought not to be there; the next thing I remember was sleeping in a long room like a barrack, where a lot of other children were sleeping, too, in iron beds. Snug enough we were then! Some kind ladies used to come and see us every day. I remember one in particular, a sweet-faced lady, when the children were sobbing and crying and calling for their fathers and mothers she would hold them in her arms and cry with them, and it seemed to do them good. She brought us toys, too, and talked to us about her own little girls that sent the toys; and then one day she told us her son had the fever, and she must not come among us any more, and I don't think we saw her again; but others came, and at last a farmer's wagon, and I and my baby sister went away with the farmer and his wife a long way off into the backwoods, but we were as jolly as sand-boys very soon."

"You have, indeed, had an eventful life," said the priest. "I suppose your parents had been Catholics," he added.

"Oh yes," said Mr. Cormac, "and I remember the good Catholic Bishop of Toronto blessing me. Since I was grown up I heard that he died of the fever. He used to be at the hospital all hours of the day and night. He, and many of his priests, and many Protestant clergymen, worked and died like heroes then."

"They have their reward," said Father Fitzgerald, looking up with a peaceful and happy smile.

"Well, I was brought up in the backwoods," said Mr. Cormac, "and, of course, you can't be particular in those

regions. We all went together to the nearest meeting-house. Preachers came around nearly every Sunday. We often did not know their names—it just depended on who they stayed with. My adopted father's name was Morpeth, and he was a Baptist. So when the Baptist minister came round he was called Morpeth's preacher. And then came M'Leod's preacher, and MacGarry's, and so on. There was the same congregation each Sunday; and on evenings every man brought his own candle, and two of the congregation were told off to snuff them with their fingers. Well, we children grew up to think that it didn't much matter what conventicle we went to. So, when Cis married, she quite naturally went to Mass with her husband; but I go on at the same old meeting-house still, and my bringing up taught me this much—never to fight about religion; for, as a rule, all *mean* well, though many's the sound sleep I've had in that old conventicle."

Father Fitzgerald asked if Mr. M'Donnell had lived in the backwoods near Mr. Cormac's home."

"Oh, bless you, no, sir. He was brought up in the States, where his father and mother died just after they landed. He was a little chap then, and he was taken by some kind sisters to a convent, till some priests could take charge of him. He got a right good education, he did; not like me. Why, he can speak three languages like a native, and play the pianthrum besides; and he'll look at a picture for thirty minutes at a stretch. I'm all round a gallery and out again before he's done seven.

"Ah, he is fond of art," said Father Fitzgerald, smiling.

"That's about it," continued Mr. Cormac. "Well, as I was saying, he got a thorough good education, and then, being a real sharp fellow, he went to California, and then to the silver mines of Nevada, or some diggings round there, and before long he'd made a heap of money. In the meantime I'd got my father and mother, as we called them, to send Cis to a good school in the States. I was often over there on business. Cis made lots of friends, and once when she was spending her holidays with a school-fellow, she met Mr. M'Donnell. They never forgot one

another, and next Fall (as we call the autumn), if he did not drive up to our door one day, and ask for her like a thousand of bricks. Of course there was a grand wedding, and no end of a spread; pumpkin-pies by the million, and all that; lor' how you folks over here would stare at a wedding in the backwoods; but I'll be tiring you, sir." And he paused at last.

"You have interested me very much," said Father Fitzgerald, courteously; Mr. Cormac seemed to him a bit of the New World brought over bodily. "But here we are at the inn; I must come with you," he continued, "and see if they have room to put you up well. They do a much better business now than they did formerly."

* * * * *

Meanwhile Moy and Mr. M'Donnell, Carinna and her nurse, Mrs. Duggan, were driving to Mr. O'Brien's, and as they passed through the old town Mr. M'Donnell looked thoughtfully out of the window. At last he said, "Miss O'Brien, you did describe this place well; it all comes back to me like a picture I have seen before."

"I am very glad," said Moy, smiling. "I had no idea I was so clever. I seldom write letters. Look, Carinna," she went on, "do you see that little girl courtesying to you? I have been telling her about you, and some day, perhaps, your papa will let you go with me to see her. She makes lace, and pays her mother's rent with the money she gets."

"That's a brave child!" said Mr. M'Donnell, "and Carinna must buy some of her. I'm very fond of lace." And here he sighed; for his little wife had often looked lovely enough, adorned in the old laces that had caught her husband's fancy in Paris or Madrid.

"Here we are," said Moy. The carriage stopped, and there was old Mr. O'Brien at the open hall-door, while the three servants were standing ready to carry in the luggage.

"My house is small," said Mr. O'Brien, as he grasped the stranger's hand, "but there's a hearty welcome to make up for that."

"Thanks, sir," said Mr. M'Donnell, as he introduced

his little daughter. "When the heart is large it matters little the size of the roof that covers it."

CHAPTER XLIII.

"The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising when others are set ;
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin ! oh, Erin ! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade !"
MOORE.

MR. GILMARTIN came to meet Mr. M'Donnell at dinner that evening, and an invitation had also been sent to Mr. Cormac.

The answer had not come when Moy entered the drawing-room dressed for the evening. She had just put the finishing touch to some vases of flowers when Mr. Gilmartin was announced.

"Oh, Denis," said Moy, laughing, as she half crossed the room to meet him, "even you, who have studied men and manners all over the world, will have a new subject to-night;" and then she told him about Mr. Cormac. "Father Fitzgerald has just been here, and he says he is sure that Mr. Cormac is a good fellow, but unlike any one we have ever met."

"I have met him," said Mr. Gilmartin, looking very merry. "Mr. Finch was with me on business, when the door was opened and in walked a long-legged, black-haired American, as I thought, but he is from the backwoods of Canada. He stared at us for a moment, and then said, 'I calculate I've made a mistake; I thought this was my room; I'm Mr. M'Donnell's brother.' So I got up and begged him to come in, saying I hoped to make Mr. M'Donnell's acquaintance to-night. 'Oh, then,' he said, 'I guess you and I'll dine together, for I'm bound for the O'Briens, too. I've just got a *Billydux*, as they say,' and

there, my dear child, was your dainty note in his monstrous paw."

They both laughed heartily, and Moy said, "I don't care; I'm sure he is a good man, for Carinna adores him. Did he stay?"

"Oh yes—we had a long talk; and I quite agree with you, he is a nice fellow, though a rough diamond. He amused me much. Finch asked very innocently if Mr. M'Donnell was a Scotchman, and Mr. Cormac answered, 'Not if I knows it. No more Scotch than I am, or than his own namesake, Count Charles M'Donnell, of Vienna, was. No. The Scotch have robbed us of a good many of our saints and a good many of our songs, but I'll be hanged if they get a live man.'"

Kitty's successor, "Mary," came in holding a little salver on which lay a note for her young mistress. When the servant left the room, Mr. Gilmartin read aloud the following epistle:

"Miss—Much obliged for your kind invite to dinner. Shall be there sharp.

"Yours cordially, JAMES CORMAC."

"Moy, I think you had better announce your engagement," said Mr. Gilmartin, archly. "These two poor lonely fellows, one or other, or both, will be falling in love with you and giving me no end of trouble."

Moy blushed and smiled. "The servants will tell the old nurse, and Mr. M'Donnell will hear of it from Carinna," she said, in a low voice.

And just then Mrs. Duggan opened the drawing-room door, and with a parting kiss ushered her young charge into the room. Carinna, rather over-dressed for so young a child, looked very sweet and lovely. She wore white silk embroidered in gray—the last trace of mourning for her dear mother—and her little white satin shoes had gray rosettes, while her sunny brown hair was tied back with black velvet as a contrast to its fairness. She ran to Moy's side, and, with her arm clasped round her kind friend's waist, looked shyly at Mr. Gilmartin.

"Carinna, this gentleman is a great friend of ours," said Moy. "Won't you go, and shake hands with him?"

The child went at once, and Mr. Gilmartin bent down and kissed her.

Carinna returned to Moy. "Hold your face down quite close to me," she said, in a whisper. Moy obeyed. "Is that the gentleman you are going to marry?" she asked.

"Yes, dear," said Moy, quite gravely.

Low as was the tone in which the question was asked, Mr. Gilmartin heard it; and after a minute or two he said to Moy, as their eyes met, "You were right."

Yes; Carinna was certainly more "knowing" than an English child of the same age.

"I was almost afraid," Moy said, "it would be too late to keep Carinna up, but her papa says she is accustomed to dining late with him."

"Very bad for little girls," said Mr. Gilmartin, teasing her.

"No," said Carinna; but she went nearer to him, and at last showed him her locket and her mother's likeness in it.

Mrs. M'Donnell had been a remarkably pretty woman, but in the miniature she looked exquisitely lovely. Mr. Gilmartin admired it very much.

"And papa gave Uncle Jimmy one, too," said Carinna.

"Is Mr. Cormac 'Uncle Jimmy?'"

"Yes, he was ever so much older than mamma, you know. He is older even than papa."

Mr. M'Donnell entered the room, and the two gentlemen were introduced to one another. While they were chatting, and Moy and Carinna were having a little quiet play on the sofa, the door was thrown open, and "Mr. Cormac" was announced. He looked much better in evening dress, and, with his little niece clinging to his arm, positively handsome. His face was beaming with love and good-will.

"We'll all get accustomed to each other presently," said he. "I hope I am to see Mr. Fitzgerald again?"

"Not to-night, I am sorry to say," said Moy, as her

grandfather entered the room. "He had some duties to attend to, and could not join our party."

Mr. Cormac's liveliness was a little subdued by Mr. O'Brien's courtier-like greeting. The old gentleman had the lofty air of a Spanish grandee, and this, softened by his warm heart, made a very charming and polished manner.

But they had not been long seated at the dinner-table when, during a slight pause, Mr. Cormac began—"My stars! it's like a fairy tale for me and Charley to be back again in Old Ireland. I little thought this time last year that I'd ever be in Ballyvorna, hats, boots, and all. I see, miss," turning to Moy, "you are the great authority all around these diggings. I've heard of nothing but 'Miss Moy this' and 'Miss Moy that,' from those old fossils at the inn."

Every one laughed. It was impossible not to. Even poor Mary disappeared suddenly from the dining-room convulsed with mirth, when she ought to have been handing some dish round the table.

Carinna's mild question—"Uncle, what is a fossil?" added to the amusement.

"That agent of yours is a nice sort of fellow, isn't he?" Mr. Cormac said presently, addressing himself to Mr. Gilmartin, who answered, looking rather mischievous, "Yes, very; and a good business man, though he is a poet."

This description, so entirely at variance with Mr. Cormac's idea of an Irish agent, seemed to silence him for a time, for after the two words "I say!" had escaped his lips he spoke no more, but he listened with an expression of piercing inquisitiveness to the conversation that went on round the table.

Mr. M'Donnell was asking Moy about people in the neighbourhood, and she was telling him how many were absent. Even Mr. Finch was alone, his "angel" having gone, for change of air, to stay with her father and mother in Scotland. Moy had been returning some of the many kind visits which had been paid to her, when the whole county was roused by what they considered Mr. Hackney's

persecution of the orphan girl. With the exception of the Geraldts, every one was now away from home. Lady Arthur and her daughter were abroad. The earl, for a wonder, had left Ireland for a few weeks. Poor Lady Catherine had her troubles (though Moy did not mention them to-night). She was certainly engaged to Mr. Davoren; but the news had so affected Lady Arthur, that it was a real grief to her daughter, particularly as there seemed no reason for the opposition. "I like him, my dear," she would say. "I consider him charming, but, Catherine, think of his politics." So it had gone on till the countess had worried herself into a low fever, and then Dr. Flinn ordered her away from home. When passing through London, Mr. Davoren came to see them, and, as he left, Lady Arthur sighed, "Oh, Catherine, that man is a charming acquaintance, but, my dear, he should not be anything more to us."

Lady Catherine on such occasions simply left the room. The thought never for one moment crossed her brain of giving Mr. Davoren up, but she was too dutiful and affectionate a daughter to argue with her mother when she was ill. So she told Maurice they must wait till Lady Arthur was in better health.

The session was rather a trying one to Mr. Davoren. The Home Rule members were not in a satisfactory state, but Maurice never despaired of the cause. That was a different thing altogether—he knew it would triumph at last. In the meantime *he* did his duty. He never was absent from an important division, and in many a debate one of his brilliant little speeches did immense good for Ireland. His table was always covered with invitations, and these he sometimes accepted; for, knowing that with many Englishmen it was merely ignorance of Ireland's condition and real wants which made them pooh! pooh! one measure after another brought forward by Home Rule members, he went out, not to have his own convictions weakened by arguments of well-meaning and well-to-do Britons, but with the one purpose of his life burning like a diamond in his breast, with a firm and steadfast glow, he modestly and fearlessly, whenever

opportunity offered, put the true state of the case forward ; and often a humorous story, learned long ago at his father's table, pointed an argument, or drove conviction home to the minds of his English hearers. And when he had left them, and all were agreeing in the wit and high spirits of the young Irishman, Maurice, in a hansom, speeding through the busy London streets, would be saying to himself, "Yes, my country ! It will come—it will come ! But one heart is too weak, one life too short, to hold all the tragedy of the past, all the hope of the future !"

* * * * *

Mr. M'Donnell had travelled a great deal, and his taste for the fine arts had thrown him into the society of many cultivated men both in America and Europe. Moy enjoyed greatly hearing him and Mr. Gilmartin discussing the merits of such writers as Emerson, Longfellow, Gladstone, Dean Stanley, Lowell, Ruskin, F. Harrison, and John Morley, and also the different surroundings in England and America which accounted for many peculiarities in the literature of both countries.

"I can't understand about Ballyvorna," said Mr. M'Donnell, after a while. "Why has it come down so ? It's a largish place, and looks as if it had once been a thriving town."

"So it was," said Mr. O'Brien, "but it was disfranchised at the "Union," so called ; and after that infamous transaction, like many other towns in Ireland, its trade rapidly dwindled away."

"Ah ! then, there must be many places like it," said Mr. M'Donnell, adding—"As I have passed through the country, though I have longed, like Thackeray, to bring an army of artists to make pictures for me, I have been shocked by the enormous empty warehouses."

"The Union, as Grattan prophesied, did all that," said Moy. "The trade of Ireland toward the end of the last century surpassed that of England."

"And no doubt if the improvement had gone on at the same rate," said Mr. Gilmartin, "the smaller island would have overtopped the larger in commerce, in art, in civilization. Look at little Belgium, not surrounded as we are

by the protecting sea. She has not only held her own—she has far outstripped other nations.”

“I see you are all Home Rulers,” said Mr. M'Donnell. “Well, I am glad of that,” he continued, as there was not a dissenting voice round the table. “I have always told my Irish friends in America that some want to go too far. Look at Canada how she flourishes as a part of an Imperial Confederation. That's a far grander idea in these days. Ireland should be perfectly free to make her own laws, and no longer be a sort of patchwork quilt for English statesmen to work upon. They sometimes mean well, but they make horrid blunders through not understanding the country or the people.”

“Then you are not in favour of Republicanism?” said Mr. Gilmartin.

“For America I am,” replied Mr. M'Donnell, “but not for an old patrician nation like Ireland. As I've often told some of my Fenian countrymen in America, the ancient order of Irish militia whose name they have adopted was for the support of the monarchy and the maintenance of law and order. I think the personal influence of the sovereign would be a good thing for us over here. Look what the Empress of Austria has done for that country and Hungary—bound them together in true friendship; and the royal family of England really trace their descent from Irish monarchs. So I say, ‘Queen, Lords, and Commons of Ireland!’” and as he ceased speaking he raised his glass to his lips.

All round the table followed his example, but in silence, out of reverence to the past, yet with a smile full of hope for the future.

Moy was a good deal affected, and, during the pause that followed the toast, she rose to leave the room, for the dessert had long been on the table. But as she held out her hand to Carinna, she was almost arrested by Mr. Cormac saying, as he stood up with the other gentlemen, “Why can't we go to the drawing-room with the ladies? I'm sure I've had plenty to eat. I'm getting crowded.”

CHAPTER XLIV.

"Then turned they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their day-god's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen thro' sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on their isle of destiny
Our great forefathers trod."

Irish Melodies.

THE next was one of those almost tropical days which in July and August sometimes visit even Ireland.

From out the cloudless sky the blazing sun poured down such heat as made it easy to understand how those early emigrants from the Mediterranean to the Emerald Isle, arriving, perhaps, on such a day as this, found no difficulty in planting in their new home that worship of the sun, traces of which to this hour can be found in various parts of Ireland.

"I guess you'd call this a lively day for the grasshoppers!" said Mr. Cormac, as, looking pale as death, and his hair by contrast more jet black than ever, he came into the O'Briens' house, soon after breakfast. "My stars!" he went on, "wouldn't pumpkins and Indian corn ripen round Ballyvorna to-day!"

Still, notwithstanding all she heard, Moy would not draw back from the promise she had given Mr. M'Donnell to go with him, rather a long drive, to two or three of his principal farms, and then home by "Glenrowe" itself.

Mr. Gilmartin came in while the weather was still the subject of conversation. He looked a little anxiously at Moy. "I don't think I ever felt anything worse in India," he said, quietly.

"Then I tell you what, governor," said Mr. Cormac,

"you come along with us and hold an umbrella over the young lady's head."

Mr. Gilmartin smiled. He had already made up his mind to accompany the party if he found that Moy was going.

He had placed his carriage and servants at Mr. M'Donnell's service, and now it was decided that Carinna should stay indoors with Mr. O'Brien, as the great heat was far too trying for the very young or the very old. So, soon after Mr. Gilmartin's arrival, he and Moy, Mr. M'Donnell and Mr. Cormac, drove off toward "Derreen," a farm they had to pass on their way to "Moneydonart," which was the largest tenancy on the property.

Mr. M'Donnell asked if they would pass the house where the little lace-maker lived. Moy told him yes, but not till they had left "Glenrowe," and were on their way back to Ballyvorna. She further explained that the people who rented the small farms near the town had also reclaimed a good bit of waste land farther off.

"It's curious," said Mr. M'Donnell, as they passed rapidly along the lovely country road between hedges rich with blackberries in every stage from bud to fruit—"it's curious where I ever heard the name of 'Moneydonart' before. It seemed quite familiar to me from the first."

"Perhaps it was a name about the diggings you left in Ireland when you were a little chap," said Mr. Cormac. "I guess they repeat names as much over here as they do in America. We have Washington Cities by the dozen out there, and about twenty million Woodbine Cottages."

Mr. M'Donnell laughed. "No; I think the people in olden times were more original; and the names cling to the very fields. Of course you see such a word as 'Bally' scores of times, but that only means 'town,' or 'townland.'"

"Why, Charley, you know everything!" exclaimed Mr. Cormac, with a mixture of awe and admiration in his countenance.

"I'm afraid not," said Mr. M'Donnell. "For instance, I don't know the meaning of 'Moneydonart;'" and he appealed to Moy.

"I think our great authority, Dr. Joyce, says that 'money' means 'shrubbery,' or 'thick shrubbery,'" said Moy.

"A shrubbery!" Mr. M'Donnell went on, musingly.

They had now arrived at the first farm they meant to visit—Derreen.

"I guess this ain't the finest part of the property," said Mr. Cormac, as they drove past a few fields with sod fences full of great gaps, through which some "slips of pigs" were looking. Then they came to a gate propped open, and off its hinges.

"Did you ever see such a sight!" cried Mr. Cormac, pointing to the dilapidated condition of the gate. "Why, there might be a set of cripples in that shanty; and I'll be bound Irish-American cripples would have fixed up that gate. Do these sinners expect the angels to come down and work for them?"

"You must not be so severe," said Moy, smiling. "Of course the gate ought to have been mended, but the man who rents this farm has been really very ill from nothing but worry and anxiety about Mr. Hackney's future intentions regarding the property. He told me himself there was nothing but the poor-house for his wife and seven children if he was turned out of this farm, for they had a great deal of illness last winter, and had got into debt."

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. M'Donnell; "I must cheer him up a bit."

He was as good as his word; and the next time he passed that way the gate was on its hinges, and the hedges had been neatly sodded—

"A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad one tires in a mile a."

* * * * *

When the party were about half a mile from "Money-donart" the whole aspect of the place became changed; beautiful trees reared their tall forms here and there along

the roadside, and the well-tilled fields and luxuriant hedges were pleasant to look upon. The latter were so particularly lovely that even Mr. Gilmartin, accustomed to such scenes, remarked on their freshness and beauty, while Mr. Cormac, with more than his usual energy, exclaimed:

"Well, I'm blest if ever I saw such fixins as these! What d'you call'em? Oh, hedges! Tare-and-ages! Why, snake-fences would be a long sight better. You don't know what those are? Well, I'll tell you. Give me your umbrella, and here's my stick. Suppose another umbrella and stick crossed so—like the two ends of a saw-horse. You don't know what that is either, I guess? Well, like two 'X's,' then. Some way apart, and cord-wood laid across so—one piece after another. I could fix you up one in no time, but I can't explain it well."

"I think I understand what you mean," said Moy, to whom his whole conversation was addressed; "but such fences must take up a great deal of room."

"And, bless your life, who thinks about room in America? It's only in this potato-garden here, or in England, that factory-yard, beer-store, and drawing-room opposite, you begin to think of the space your fences will take up! I reckon if I were Charley here, I would not content myself long in this fenced-in country; it would not be a year before I'd sell this whole concern to the highest bidder and go back to America, have a fortnight's hunting on the prairies, and then settle down again in the lumber business. Darn me if I can't hear the old saw-mill going now, and fancy I see the black-walnut and curly maple! Oh, miss, it would make your hair stand on end to see the slabs we turn out sometimes."

His enthusiasm was quite catching. Moy did not laugh. She just exchanged one brilliant, mirthful glance with Mr. Gilmartin (who sat beside Mr. Cormac), and then said, "I have often wished to see the beautiful American woods before they are cut down. I *have* seen some tables and chairs from America."

"Oh yes," said Mr. Cormac, rather contemptuously, "like bits snipped off anywhere; but I'd just like to take

you up into my mill—it's mine still, you know—and see if you wouldn't stare to see first the tree whole, and then what's made of 'em."

"Is it like what we hear of curing pork in America?" said Mr. Gilmartin smiling. "Does a tree, put in at one place, come out in sideboards and tables at another?"

"Something mighty like it, I reckon," returned Mr. Cormac, merrily. "Perhaps not quite up to a live pig put in at one door, and bacon and eggs—well, sausages—coming out at the other, as I have seen at Cincinnati and Chicago. I wish we were all over at the other side of the big pond now."

"Here we are at Moneydonart instead," said Moy, brightly, as they turned up a lane with hedges, lovelier than ever, on each side.

Mr. M'Donnell was very silent, but looking eagerly about, first on one side, then on the other. At last he exclaimed, in a low earnest voice, but as if speaking to himself, "I know this place: I have been here before."

His three companions gazed at him. There was something in his rapt look that would have attracted their attention even if he had not spoken.

"What's up, brother?" asked Mr. Cormac.

Mr. M'Donnell seemed with difficulty to remove his eyes from the landscape. At last he said, turning round to his companions:

"I feel as if, long ago, in a dream, I had visited this place." Then he looked away again, and was silent. Moy and Mr. Gilmartin exchanged three-volume looks. They both guessed the truth of what seemed slowly dawning on Mr. M'Donnell's mind, but they did not speak. Mr. Cormac was not so reserved. "Well, it's singular!" he began. "Now I might be carted all round Ireland and never see any place I'd dreamt about. I remember Cork city—I know that's where we started from—but bless if I remember any diggings farther up country."

"Do you mean," said Moy, "that you too have no trace of what part of Ireland you came from?"

"Not a trace, miss; but we are not so badly off after

all; for some didn't even know their own names. They were too small when they were left alone in the world; and now there's many a man in the States and Canada that's called by an English or Scotch name, that is Irish out-and-out. You see, all the grown-up folks of our party (except a cousin) kicked the bucket, and Cis and I were adopted by strangers; and sometimes it is pretty hard scratching in the backwoods, I can tell you; so for many years we'd no time to think or inquire. I did last, when I had made some money of my own. I went out to the Cape of Good Hope to look for a relation. I'll tell you that story some other time, if you like to hear it; but I guess we drop anchor here."

The carriage had drawn up beside a gate, inside which trees and a garden were visible; an old stone house to the left, with a comfortable, substantial appearance and a little farther off large farm-buildings.

"Guess this man takes his regular meals, and don't owe much rent," said Mr. Cormac, as he got out of the carriage and opened the gate. As they all passed through, the quick rattle of a chain was heard as it came link by link over the door-step of a kennel, and a fine Irish setter received the visitors with a perfect storm of barking. Immediately a door opened (they were all at the side of the house), and a nice, bright-looking woman, well and neatly dressed, came out, drying her hands on a coarse linen apron.

Moy shook hands with her, and introduced her to Mr. M'Donnell. "This is your new landlord, Mrs. Kean," she said. "I have been telling him about you all, and particularly about my little friend Barney."

"You are very good, Miss Moy," said the mother looking pleased. Then she turned to Mr. M'Donnell, and with a manner that would have done no discredit to a princess, said, "I'm proud, sir, to welcome as our landlord a friend of Mr. and Miss O'Brien's."

"I'm sure we shall get on very well together," said Mr. M'Donnell, kindly; "but I'm going to ask you to do me a great favour, and that is, if you have any old well near the house to let me look at it at once."

She seemed surprised for a moment, and then said. "Indeed we have, sir, and a right curious old well it is, Many a gentleman has come to see it. Will you be after walking this way?"

They all followed her past the setter's kennel, round the end of the house, down a close-cropped hedge, and so round till they had a full view of the front of the house.

Mr. M'Donnell caught Moy's hand. "It's the very place!" he exclaimed, much agitated. "It's our old home!"

"You're right," said Mr. Cormac, almost dancing. "This place and that picture you've got are as like as two peas."

There were some large and really beautiful trees at one side of the old stone house, and under these trees a very curious and ancient covered well. The top, though now much broken and worn, had evidently been richly carved, and under this curious sort of canopy was an empty niche, which no doubt had once contained the figure of the saint to whom the well had been dedicated.

"We can't help the people coming here on certain days," said Mrs. Kean, apologetically. "It's an old custom with them."

"I remember it well," said Mr. M'Donnell dreamily.

"Do you mean," said Mr. Gilmartin, who all this time had been holding an umbrella over Moy, for they were standing where there was no shade—"do you mean that you recognise this place as your old home?"

"I do, indeed," said Mr. M'Donnell, solemnly. "I'll show you all the picture—it's in one of the boxes we brought yesterday. I never part from it."

"Well, well, sir, only to think!" said Mrs. Kean; "sure, it's like a real story."

"Guess it's a long sight better than a real story," said Mr. Cormac. "To leave this place howling like a wild-cat, and come back with your pockets full of gold, and—" suddenly he paused, for he remembered the wife for whom Mr. M'Donnell was now mourning, so he concluded his speech with the words, "and many other mercies."

"Yes," said Mr. M'Donnell, "many other mercies."

He walked away by himself, and went and leaned on the wall.

"Poor gentleman," said Mrs. Kean; "he's oppressed-like with the suddenness of it all."

"He'll be well before he's twice married," said Mr. Cormac, with a shrug of his shoulders, while all the time, the tears were chasing each other down his cheeks.

"Singular man," said Moy, as she walked away into the shade of the house with Mr. Gilmartin; "but he has a kindly nature, I am sure."

"He's a splendid fellow," said Mr. Gilmartin, warmly. "But who is this?" Up came Barney (Dan Riley's little friend). He was gasping for breath. He had been many fields off by the river, where some men were mowing, but the sight of visitors on his mother's lawn was too much for him. He had started off at a tremendous pace, and now paused in front of Moy and her companion.

"On a day like this you might take less exercise with more advantage, my good boy," said Mr. Gilmartin, while Moy was trying to keep Barney from speaking till he had got his breath. She felt really anxious about him as she looked in his scarlet face.

"Thank ye, miss," gasped Barney. Then, after a moment, "Oh wisha! but it's hot. And please, miss, who is that spaking to mammy?"

(Mr. Cormac, asking and answering questions, was gesticulating in a most amusing manner.)

"Mr. Cormac—a nice gentleman, Barney, who has come home with your new landlord."

"And where's our new landlord, please, miss?" continued the inquisitive Barney.

"He is over there by the well. This is the very house where he was born. He has just discovered this. When you are older you will understand what he is feeling now."

Barney's large eyes, expressing the greatest wonder, were fixed on her face. "Sure, Miss Moy," he said at last, "do you mean that the gentleman who was rich enough to buy up all Mr. Hackney's property was born, just like me, in this very house?"

"Yes, Barney. You see he was a steady and industrious boy, and he got on well."

"Sure I'll try to be that, miss," said Barney, thoughtfully; "though I don't believe I could do what he's done" (with a wave of his hand towards Mr. M'Donnell); "sure that would be impossible."

"Never say that, my boy," said Mr. Gilmartin. "There was a brave man who said that 'impossible' was a bad word."

Barney stared. "Well," he said at last, "I'll never use it no more; and mebbe some day I'll buy the bit of land for daddy and mammy."

At that moment his mother called him to entertain Mr. Cormac, while she hurried in to prepare for her guests some "refreshments" in her best sitting-room.

CHAPTER XLV.

"He interested me because he was so quiet and solitary, and so happy withal; a well of good humour and contentment which overflowed at his eyes."

From "Walden."

WHEN they had all satisfied Mrs. Kean by taking something of what she had put neatly on the table, Mr. M'Donnell (who had sat very silent, his head resting upon his hand, except when now and then he looked round the room, endeavouring to recall past scenes), proposed that if Mr. Gilmartin thought the horses had rested long enough they should go on to "Glenrowe." So, very soon, they were once more in the comfortable carriage, Mr. Gilmartin watching Moy rather anxiously, for she had become very pale.

"It's nothing," she assured him with a smile, the first moment she could when their companions were speaking to one another. "I feel too thankful and happy to mind

even the great heat of to-day. But joyful as this discovery has been, I see how much our friend has been affected by it. His emotion is a little catching, isn't it?"

And so the cloud on Mr. Gilmartin's brow cleared away a little. Presently, as they turned a corner and saw a rather steep descent before them, and a lovely view across country, he said, "We are not far now from a splendid salmon leap."

"Indeed!" said Mr. M'Donnell; and then, evidently trying to rouse himself from his own thoughts, he went on, "What a day this would be for two kinds of landscape painters!"

"Two kinds?" said Moy, inquiringly.

"Yes," he returned. "Don't you know, some people see the south side—some the north? The Idealist sees the south side—the sun is facing him, all is mystery—everything throws its shadow. The Materialist, the matter-of-fact artist, sees the north view—the sun is behind; he glories in being able to see into every hole and corner. I prefer the Idealist."

This remark led to an interesting little chat upon art between the speaker and Mr. Gilmartin, who had not only visited every gallery in Europe, but had studied with a real love the literature of the subject. At last they arrived at "Glenrowe," which stood in a large and well-walled park, rather celebrated for its beech trees, and a fine salmon river, which swept round the foot of the lawn, and had been artificially widened just opposite the house.

A tiny craft was moored beside a painfully new boat-house, over which Moy longed to train some ivy, but Mr. Cormac suggested Virginian creeper.

"Glenrowe" itself was a very large and handsome modern building. The Irish landlord, from whose trustees Mr. Hackney bought the place, had unfortunately entirely rebuilt the house just before the terrible famine. Even had the times been prosperous he would have been obliged to retrench, as he had rather outrun his income; but this, added to the years of famine and misery, followed closely by the passing of the Encumbered Estates Act, completely ruined him, and after the place had been held

for a few years by trustees, it was sold to Mr. Frederick Hackney, who had then sent down an army of decorators, and transformed "Glenrowe" (at least the inside of the house) into a modern Queen Anne's mansion.

"I am heartily tired of the style," said Mr. Gilmartin, as he and Moy stood alone in one of the great gloomy rooms. "Fancy enduring one of those windows for a day, when plate-glass would give one such a glorious view of the country!"

"Besides, I don't think I could ever really like anything called by that wicked woman's name," said Moy, smiling.

"Queen Anne? Yes, she was an undutiful daughter," said Mr. Gilmartin.

"I was thinking, too, of the Penal Laws. I don't want to be illiberal, or to carry righteous indignation even into the pattern of my furniture," said Moy, brightly, "but I'd rather not have the name of Anne connected with my surroundings. Indeed, I really like the old hall and kitchen of this house better than the modern grandeur."

Mr. Mc'Donnell came to ask the two to go and see the stables with him, but Mr. Gilmartin put his veto on Moy attempting this, and Mr. Cormac gallantly proposed staying with her.

"No fear of a sunstroke in this black hole," said he, as the two other gentlemen left the room; and Moy seated herself on an empty packing-case, and advised her companion to take possession of another.

Here they held a sort of levee, for all the poor women for whom Moy had got employment in the great house came up to see her the moment they heard she was there.

"By-the-by, you are going to tell me about the search for your cousin," said Moy, glad to remember something that might set him off on one of his quaint descriptions, for he was apt to sit perfectly silent. His many long hours in the backwoods had taught him that habit.

"I'll be real pleased to tell you," replied Mr. Cormac, rolling up his cuffs as if he were going to fell a tree. "When father and mother and uncle and aunt made

up their minds to leave, or we were turned out (I don't know which it was), I had a cousin a second or third officer on a steamboat, and when we all left Cork he was away out on the Southern American coast somewhere. Well, of course, for a time I never thought anything about him, we two, Cis and I, being left alone with strangers; but when Cis got married, and my adopted father died, and his widow went to live with a sister in the States, and I had the saw-mill all to myself and was quite alone, things came to a focus. I said to myself, 'Now then, Jim, my boy, you must turn up your sleeves, and go at it like a streak of greased lightning;' and didn't the dollars come then? Lor! for my work was meat, drink, washing, and lodging to me. I'd nothing else to care for, I was out-and-out alone. All I loved were far away, or 'gone where the good niggers go.' Bless them, they're in the best place, I'm sure! Well, I began to wonder about that cousin of mine, and asked all the chaps I met, in the towns in Canada and the States where I did business, if they ever met a 'Cormac' in their wanderings; and at last one fellow—I 'spect he's got a keeper now—told me, oh, yes! he'd met a Cormac out at the Cape; a very nice fellow, too; he could not remember his address, or anything particular about him, but he was quite positive he had seen and talked to him, and told me what he looked like; so I went home and thought of it, and at last made up my mind that the Cormac at the Cape was my uncle's son; that he'd heard we were all dead, and had got tired of the sea, and settled in business, 'far from the scenes of his youth,' as the poet says. Well—would you believe it?—I made up my mind to go out to the Cape and satisfy myself. It was like an Irishman, some would say, to set off on such a wild-geese chase. Howsomever, I guess it wasn't quite so green, after all; for I meant, if he was a decent chap, to take him into partnership, and let him look after the business while I went sometimes to stay a while with Charley and Cis and Carinna, here. So I settled things as well as I could, and made a bee-line for the Cape, with nothing to guide me in my search but the name and the

description of this commission merchant: a tall thin fellow, with black hair and blue eyes—just the cut of my governor. Well, to make a long story short, I found him; at least I found the man the jackanapes had described and thought of his name backwards, for instead of 'Cormac' it was 'Maccor.' You can fancy how I felt. Stars and stripes! it was a real blessing for the man who'd misled me that he wasn't within forty miles of me, for I'd have run all the way for the pleasure of giving him a hiding; and it would not have been him that would have been to be pitied so much as those who heard him bellow."

"It must have been very provoking," said Moy, laughing. "But did you never hear of your cousin?"

"No, never," he returned, with a sigh; the first time he had sighed for many a month, for he seemed always cheerful, like the little hungry boy taken into the garden to sweep up some leaves (after having a good slice of bread-and-butter), and, being asked if he liked his work, "I loikes everything," was his reply. So Mr. Cormac seemed ever happy and contented under all circumstances. It was no wonder that Carinna found sympathy in his child-like spirit.

"And so you returned to America?" said Moy, after a moment or two.

"No; Charlie and his wife were in Paris—poor Cis was terrible fond of Paris; so I thought I'd go home by way of Europe, and I took my passage in a fine steamer, and set off. But before we'd been many days on board the ship took fire. Eh, miss, you may well start; it's an awful sight at sea. We don't think much of a fire in America. Squares and streets are burned down and built up again in no time. But it's a horse of quite another colour at sea. Lor! I wonder, if I live to be as old as Methuselah, will I ever forget that night, and the next three days? for one was almost as bad as the other. Didn't we all get powerful Christians then! At least we wanted to be, when Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, dollars and greenbacks, were nowhere, but we just hovering between white sharks and kingdom come!" He paused for a moment, and Moy passed her hand over her

eyes as she asked if there were many passengers on board.

"Yes, a good few; men coming home on business, officers and their wives and children, and some young fellows who had been out for a lark—hunting, and amusing themselves. One of them was an Irishman, and a regular brick. While the fire lasted, he was a perfect Samson, and such spirits, such hope, wouldn't let any one despair. Never let on that his left arm was burned through nearly to the bone—not he. I found it out only by chance, and then he let me dress it—a way I learned from the chief of the 'Blackfeet;' and if I hadn't done it then, the muscles would have all crumpled up, and a precious arm he'd have had. It was bad enough for some time. Well, when the fire was at last got out, they found the ship was so badly injured that it would be a miracle if we got safe to land. The men were at the pumps night and day, but we all knew that if a storm came on we'd go down like a shot. Well, you can fancy the state we were in. Well-nigh worn out, the men were as white as this ceiling (it's a rare one, by-the-by), and women trembling, some of them crying, the children looking scared, and wondering what would come next. Not a priest or a parson on board to speak a word to any one, when at last a lady, in a quaking voice, says, 'Would some one read a chapter out of the Bible?' and down sits my patient among them all and begins to read. Well, miss, when the old people were both alive, and before Cis was married, mine was a real happy home, and a God-fearing home, as they say, too; and I've sometimes thought, when the sun was stealing over the Indian-corn, and the pumpkins looking like pure gold, and the grapes hanging over the very window—I've sometimes thought, as I sat so comfortable and at ease like, with my pipe in my mouth, and my heels upon the mantel-shelf, and dear little Cis reading for the old people about the Prodigal Son, or the Good Samaritan, or some of those chaps—well, I've thought, 'Lor! what a book that is! it smoothes one out and makes things easy, and goodness the best plan after all.' You see, everything was going well with us; but, bless you,

miss, I never felt how right straight from heaven the words came as when the young fellow began to read, 'Let not your hearts be troubled,' and what's more, take my word for it, they weren't troubled after that. We just felt, whichever came, 'twould all be right; whether we got to shore or went to glory right off. And I b'lieve we'd all have gone, I do; I'd bet my boots we'd all have gone there, from the spirit that came into us as we listened to that chapter. Miss, your eyes are full of tears. Clear up! I've done my sermon. The real facts were the best I ever had preached to me. Well, we all got safe to land, and I've a standing invitation to my patient's home, somewhere in the south of Ireland."

"Thank you very much for your interesting story," said Moy, as she brushed the tears from her cheeks, and held her handkerchief for a moment to her eyes; for through the empty hall she heard the steps of the two gentlemen returning from the stables, and she did not want to welcome them with tears.

Mr. Gilmartin entered the room first. "I think Mr. M'Donnell must have the finest stables in the country," he said. "I have never admired any so much since I saw Napoleon the Third's."

"I want a few of his horses in them," said Mr. M'Donnell, with a smile. "But I'll not be in a hurry. I'll just get a good steady pair to drive Carinna and her nurse about the country. I've bought a nice mare for myself, and ordered a pony for the child."

Then, as Mr. Cormac took the owner of Glenrowe aside to speak about some luncheon which by his orders had arrived from the inn, Mr. Gilmartin said to Moy, "I've got some good ideas for our new stables, though you, dear, have not gained any for your house."

CHAPTER XLVI.

"Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw ;
 Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !
 Land of my forefathers, Erin-go-bragh !
 Buried and cold when my heart stills her motion,
 Green be thy fields sweetest isle of the ocean !
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
 Erin, mavourneen, Erin-go-bragh !"

REYNOLD'S *Exile of Erin.*

"You've come at last ! you've come at last !" and little Carinna, risking a sunstroke, came flying down the garden-walk as Mr. Gilmartin's carriage stopped at the O'Briens' gate. Mr. M'Donnell lifted his little girl up and kissed her fondly. "Carinna, darling," he said, "go and ask nurse to bring me my old leather desk."

"Right away, papa ?"

"Yes, dear, right away." Off flew the child, and they all went into the drawing-room, where they found Father Fitzgerald and Mr. O'Brien.

"Something has happened to-day, sir," said Mr. M'Donnell to his host, "which proves the wisdom of that oft-repeated saying, 'Truth is stranger than fiction.' I went, as you know, to see some of my farms, and in 'Moneydonart' I found my old home. I have sent Carinna for the box which contains the picture of it ; it was the only thing belonging to my father and mother that was saved for me. The good Sister of Charity who nursed my poor mother till she died said that little picture was tied round my waist by the dear hands that were soon after cold and stiff in death. Everything was burned—boxes and all—for fear of infection, but I was carried off to the Nunnery with this little picture fastened to me. It had no frame then, and on the back of it was written 'Our old home.' I suppose they were too heart-broken when leaving it to think of writing any more."

All listened to this narration with earnest feeling. There was something inexpressibly touching in this new proof of the devoted attachment of the Irish to the land of their birth. What intense love for the "sweetest isle of the ocean" must have been in that poor mother's heart, as with dying hands she fastened to her only child the picture of the home that had once been theirs.

When old Mr. O'Brien had really grasped the fact that the original of the picture had been found, his first exclamation threw new light on the subject.

"Why, I remember young M'Donnell of Moneydonart, quite well," he said. "And a fine-looking young fellow he was. I was away from here in 1847 and '48, and when I came home I remember quite well (when I heard of some one else as having "Moneydonart") asking about young M'Donnell, and hearing that he and his wife and child had gone to America. The famine and his landlord's downfall, both coming together, ruined the poor fellow. His landlord owed him a lot for timber he had got for him, and other things. I forget the whole story now, but every one was very sorry for poor M'Donnell. And so, my good sir, he was your father?" and he held out his hand to the millionaire Irish-American.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. M'Donnell, warmly grasping the offered hand. "Imagine what my feelings are now, when I think that perhaps a few hundreds out of all my thousands would have saved my poor father and mother from misery and death."

"We must bow to the will of heaven," said Father Fitzgerald, gently. "It all seems hard to us now; but remember what a little way the very wisest of us can see."

Poor Mrs. Duggan, with Carinna dancing round her, here almost staggered into the room under the weight of Mr. M'Donnell's strong old box, small though it was.

The key was soon found, and from its velvet case and white-satin covering was drawn a handsomely framed water-colour sketch, rather badly done, but an exact reproduction of the front of Moneydonart, every window and door of the house being most carefully portrayed, and

the group of fine old trees at one side, and, more than all, the ancient well—there was no mistaking that; there might be two such houses as Moneydonart, but there could hardly be two such wells.

* * * * *

After dinner that night, while Moy was singing some of his favourite songs for Mr. Gilmartin, with Father Fitzgerald, Carinna, and her uncle, also as listeners, Mr. M'Donnell and his host were shut up in the little dining-room—the latter trying to tell all he could remember about the M'Donnells of Moneydonart. He believed they were a very ancient branch of the old Clan. He was sure that among some manuscript papers on his own family history he had information about the M'Donnells, and at last, to the great satisfaction of both gentlemen, he found the manuscript—yellow with age—which proved that much of the land about “Glenrowe” had once belonged to the ancestor of its present owner, and that when the property had been taken from them, some of the family were allowed to rent a portion of the lands, contented even thus, if only they might remain in Ireland. But others—written to by their countrymen abroad—had joined the celebrated Irish Brigade, and—to use the words of Mr. A. M. Sullivan—“made Ireland’s valour felt and respected on the battle-fields of Europe.”

When Mr. O'Brien and his guest at last came to the drawing-room, Moy (when she had given them some tea) hunted up Davis's ballad of Cremona, and read aloud these lines—

“News, news in Vienna; King Leopold's sad,
 News, news in St. James'; King William is mad..
 News, news in Versailles; let the Irish Brigade
 Be loyally honoured, and royally paid.
 News, news in Old Ireland, high rises her pride,
 And loud sounds her wail for her children who died;
 And deep is her prayer, 'God send I may see
 M'Donnel and Mahony fighting for me.'”

Moy glanced at her guest with sparkling eyes as she read the last line. “That was your battle,” she said,

smiling; "and Fontenoy was ours, when O'Brien, Lord Clare, led on the Irish Brigade to victory, with the cry, 'Remember Limerick and British faith!'"

"This is only in the bosom of the family," said Mr. Gilmartin (half fun, whole earnest). He had been watching Moy, but now he turned to the others. He was generally so calm, cool, and collected; but when Moy was reading he had listened, with a look in his eyes which reminded one of the expression, "A volcano covered with snow!" He could enter now into all her enthusiasm for his country. He could thrill with horror at the past, and feel ready for a fierce constitutional battle in the future; but his wanderings through many lands to which English civilization had penetrated, had taught him the wisdom of the serpent, and while he never could forget, or hear one word said against those who in the past had loved Ireland "not wisely, but too well!" he at the same time regretted the steps they had often been led to take; and felt that as a Christian and a patriot he would best serve his country by following the example of those who firmly and persistently, by *constitutional* means, had worked for the good of Ireland. And he now looked forward confidently to the day when, by such means, his country would have her Parliament restored to her.

Mr. Gilmartin's eyes rested on Moy with an earnest expression in them. Moy returned the smile as she said, "You are quite right, I ought to explain myself. Of course I don't want any one to revenge the broken treaty. It would be as bad as the Scotch quack on the Border (whom Sir Walter tells of), who did not mind how often he poisoned Englishmen, as it would take a good many to make up for Culloden. Of course such a thing as the broken treaty of Limerick would be impossible now. The English people themselves would not allow it—they were slaves till the other day. During this century only have they freed themselves. They have fought and gained many a bloodless battle for their rights."

"And they have a few more to fight," said Mr. M'Donnell; "but, thanks to that terrible French Revolution, rulers know now when it is wise to give in to the de-

mands of the people. I hope," he added, "that you won't think me very rude if I ask you to allow me to say good-night, and retire to my room. I want to write down, while they are fresh in my memory, some facts which your grandfather has told me. I suppose I shall wake up to-morrow to the reality of my discovery. I feel almost in a dream to-night."

"It's like a wonderful romance," said Mr. Gilmartin, to Moy, when, Mr. M'Donnell having left the room, the rest of the party were chatting over the events of the day.

Moy was putting her music away, and Mr. Gilmartin followed her to a quiet corner behind the piano.

"It's a sort of companion picture," he went on, looking in her face with laughing eyes, "to the last of the O'Briens returning to the home of her ancestors as the bride of its *once* absentee owner."

CHAPTER XLVII.

"On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear, cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining.
 Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
 Thus sighing, look through the waves of time,
 For the long-faded glories they cover."

MOORE.

WINTER has come. Snow even (outside the town of Ballyvorna) is on the ground, though in the streets it has melted away, leaving such vast quantities of mud that, as Mr. Cormac remarked, "they were in a position to supply Europe for centuries." Sudden blasts of wind are whistling through the leafless trees—gusts which are as the flying outposts of a recent storm which has been terrible in its severity. Many an aged tree and chimney, many an unmended roof and door has suffered from its force, and now lies prone upon the wintry earth.

Moy O'Brien and her servants had been up the greater

part of the night, fearing every moment that either roof or chimney-stack would go, but old Mr. O'Brien had slept through all, and seemed much astonished when, as he and Moy sat at breakfast, Mr. Gilmartin came in, rather anxious to know what sort of a night they had spent. He was wrapped in his splendid coat, lined with Russian sable, and as Moy was helping him off with it, he said to her :

"You look tired, dearest;" and then Moy confessed what she had kept from her grandfather, that she and the servants had scarcely closed their eyes all through the night.

"I am not surprised," said Mr. Gilmartin. "It was a fearful night. I am on my way now to see how the ruins have fared. My man has got the dog-cart at the gate."

Soon he went off, and about two hours after Mr. M'Donnell's carriage drove up.

Carinna came flying in, followed more slowly by her nurse. The child, evidently in a great state of excitement, threw herself into Moy's arms.

"Oh, you must come to Moneydonart," she said. "Papa sent me for you. Some chimneys fell there last night, and knocked down a piece of the old wall, and it's double, and inside they have found an old Irish brooch that was papa's. Mrs. Kean's little boy Barney found it, and they sent for papa. Oh, do come and see it. It's such fun."

And here Carinna paused for want of breath. And then Mr. O'Brien made her repeat her story more slowly to him.

"Your papa's brooch, my dear? How can that be?"

"Well, it's got papa's name on it. No one knew till Mr. Gilmartin read it what was on it."

"Mr. Gilmartin? How did he come to be there?" questioned the old man.

"Why Barney Kean met him and told him; and it was he came for papa and took him off; and papa sent us for you."

"Well," said Mr. O'Brien, "I remember when I was a boy a valuable manuscript being found behind the rafters

in a house at Ballyvorna, but I never heard of an ornament being discovered."

"Why was the—what they found hidden?" asked Carinna, looking up in his face with wondering blue eyes.

"Why, my dear, in those times which in England you will hear talked of as 'the good old days' it was as much as a man's life was worth to have in his possession a manuscript in the language of his country. The Irish tongue was under the ban of the penal laws. Even I remember when children were beaten for speaking a word in Irish!" Carinna—little free-born American—looked incredulous, and the old man went on: "When the poor fellows saw their language treated with contempt, and their children unable to get on in the world except they spoke English, for there was no justice even in the law courts (and not always then) unless they could speak the language of the Saxon, they hung little bits of wood round their children's necks, and on these they cut a notch whenever the child said a word at home even, in Irish, and then when they went to school the master counted the marks on the wood, and gave an equal number of stripes with his cane."

Carinna failed to understand this at all. She smiled at the old gentleman, as if she thought he must be humoured, not contradicted.

Barney Kean, on his way to Ballyvorna with the brooch to show Moy, had met Mr. Gilmartin, and, as they were great friends, of course Barney related the terrors of the night, and then drew forth the brooch, which he had found when "grubbing," as he expressed it, in the ruins of the old wall.

Mr. Gilmartin examined the treasure (for such it proved to the owner of Glenrowe). It was like many of those found in different parts of Ireland, with whose appearance Mr. Gilmartin had become thoroughly acquainted from his frequent visits of late to the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. The ornament on the front of the brooch was in that Eastern style so characteristic of Celtic art, which, together with the history and traditions of the race, point clearly to the people from whom the greater part of the Irish nation are descended.

Had the back of the brooch been as plain as, with one or two exceptions, has been the case in these ornaments of a remote age already found in Ireland, Mr. Gilmartin, though looking upon it as a most interesting "find," would not have thought much more on the subject; but when he turned the brooch over he saw on the back two or three lines of those characters, the history and origin of which have so far completely baffled the wisest and most deeply read of the comparative philologists of Europe. There was no mistaking the fact that on the back of the brooch found inside the broken wall of Moneydonart there were three lines in the Ogham character, and besides the Ogham some words in Latin. Mr. Gilmartin's pulse beat quicker as he made this discovery. Coming to Ireland after his long wanderings in the East, and beginning to study, first as a duty, but soon as an intense pleasure, the history and traditions of his own country, he had been continually startled and impressed by the resemblances he met with in the philosophy, the arts, and the laws of the lands he had come from and the country of his forefathers, where he was now determined to spend the remainder of his days. Accustomed, in England, to hear the early power and learning of Ireland sneered at, and her claims to a glorious and cultivated past spoken of as "too ridiculous for belief," and "too much even for patient endurance!" (and this in a book on the frontispiece of which, among the principal events of the world's history, the Duke of Wellington's cocked hat figures as the central object), Mr. Gilmartin had sometimes, in his ignorance, listened with a smile of incredulity when some countrymen of his own had held forth on the ancient glories of Erin; but when he began to study the subject for himself; when he found that Alfred the Great had come to Ireland to drink from those wells of learning from which, no doubt, that wise monarch took his scheme for the foundation at Oxford of that University which has flourished ever since in the country which denied to Ireland the blessings of learning, and hunted the Irish schoolmaster even from his scholars in a ditch; when he read the works of really learned men in England, Ireland, France, Germany, and America;

when, with his own thorough knowledge of the East, he verified every statement, and saw as clearly as though it had happened yesterday that early migration from the Hindoo Khoosh, not through Europe, but through Persia, Egypt, and so on down the coast of the Mediterranean to the north-west corner of Africa, and thence to Ireland ; the idea of working the subject out till others should see it all as clearly as he did himself, became a passion, and only Moy knew how hard he was now studying, learning Irish and the Ogham character, so that he could some day examine thoroughly those long-neglected hoards of manuscripts, a few more of which may perhaps be published by the English Government, if French or German *savans* bring enough pressure to bear on the subject, as they did in the case of the ancient laws of Ireland ; for, though the requests of the Irish people are neglected by England, Germany and America do not speak in vain.

From his knowledge of the characters used in early times in Ireland, Mr. Gilmartin saw very plainly that one of the names in the Latin inscription beside the Ogham was "M'Donnell." All that this involved made his eye flash with a new and keener interest. The brooch had evidently been an heirloom of the M'Donnells. He knew when they were thought to have emigrated to Scotland. It was also known when they returned. The Latin words had no doubt been added centuries after the inscription in Ogham, which most probably contained the names of some of the clan before surnames were used.

"What are you going to do with this, Barney?" he said to the boy.

"Sure, sir, I was just going to take it to Miss Moy, and then go on for Terry, the bricklayer, to come out and help daddy."

"Well, Barney," said Mr. Gilmartin, "you had better trust the brooch with me, and you fetch Terry as fast as you can. I will drive to Glenrowe, and show Mr. M'Donnell what you have found."

Barney was perfectly satisfied to do whatever his good friend Mr. Gilmartin thought right, so he touched his cap and ran off toward Ballyvorna.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"In the night, in the night, O my country, the stream calls out from afar :

So swells thy voice through the ages, sonorous and vast :

In the night, in the night, O my country, clear flashes the star :

So flashes on me thy face through the gloom of the past."

AUBREY DE VERE.

WHEN Moy and Carinna drove up near the gate of Moneydonart, Mr. Gilmartin and Mr. M'Donnell were there to lift them out of the carriage and help them over the *débris* of the fallen chimney; for when the old stack came down it had broken a great part of the end wall of the house, and exposed to view what the present tenants of the farm had hitherto no idea of—the *double* wall in part of the old house.

"It's a blessing it was not the corner of the well. But look what your little favourite, Barney, found in the ruins this morning," said Mr. M'Donnell, as, with eyes brimful of surprise and delight, he put into Moy's hand the brooch with the Ogham inscription upon it.

"I've sent two lads scouring the country to find Mr. Cormac," he continued, "so I expect him every minute."

And almost as he spoke they heard Mr. Cormac's voice speaking to Mr. and Mrs. Kean.

"By Jupiter, but you've got a nice heap to straighten out here! Let's have a 'Bee,' and put things to rights in no time—that's the way we do it on the other side."

Then he appeared round the end of the house. "Here I am," he exclaimed. "Two-forty on the plank!" which Moy knew had some reference to trotting matches in America.

Carinna ran to meet him. "Uncle Jimmy, Uncle Jimmy, they found a brooch of papa's in the ruins!"

Mr. M'Donnell explained what his friend Mr. Gilmartin had been able to decipher ; and at last the real facts of the case were realized.

"Well, this *is* nice!" said Mr. Cormac; "as the American boy said, 'this is real jam!' as if finding the home of one's ancestors was not enough, but one must light upon some of their blessed fixins besides. Now, do tell, Mr. Gilmartin, how old do you think this is, say?" and he held the brooch at arm's length, and gazed fixedly at it.

"The exact date would be difficult to determine," said Mr. Gilmartin, smiling at his original questioner. "But I think we may in time, perhaps, get pretty near it."

Here Mrs. Kean came and begged that they would come out of the cold and sit by the cheerful fire she had in her best room. There was a table (drawn close to the welcome blaze), and on it they found some books the two gentlemen had been consulting before Moy and Carinna arrived at Moneydonart.

"Mr. M'Donnell tells me for certain," Mr. Gilmartin continued, "what I was sure I heard or read somewhere—the chiefs of his house came back to Ireland about the beginning of the thirteenth century."

"Sakes alive! think of that!" ejaculated Mr. Cormac. "I'll take a rise out of them when I go back. Why, the relics of antiquity we have there are the block-houses which were built during the Rebellion of 1838 or '39; but tell us something more of what you think, Mr. Gilmartin. It's real nice to hear you talk."

Moy mentally agreed with Mr. Cormac, and liked him better than ever, but Mr. Gilmartin laughed as he went on. "It seems rather presumptuous for a beginner in the study of Irish antiquities to say anything, but my guesses may help those who know more. I believe that the ancestors of the M'Donnells took this brooch with them when they emigrated to Scotland and the Hebrides, and some of them returning in the thirteenth century brought this heirloom back, and then had inscribed upon it their surname in this Latin character, beside the lines of Ogham writing. I

think any unprejudiced person will allow that not only has it the appearance of being squeezed in just where they could get room for it, but that the Ogham letters have a far greater appearance of age than these Latin characters. I have not studied the Oghams enough to speak with any certainty, even if I knew the pedigree of the M'Donnells; but I think you will find, if you ask some competent person, that the Ogham writing contains the names of the M'Donnell family, and as they are known to have emigrated from Ireland in the remote past, it will throw another gleam of light on the fact that the Irish had a written language many centuries before the arrival of St. Patrick. Like the spirals and interlaced ornaments, I think the Ogham character will be traced to Egypt."

"Where, perhaps, it was used by the priests," said Mr. M'Donnell, thoughtfully.

"Very likely. There were monasteries in Egypt long before Christianity, and I think the Monastic Orders (on the model of those in Egypt) were already flourishing in Ireland when St. Patrick came."

"And he was so very careful to preserve whatever was good in the Pagan Irish customs," said Moy, smiling brightly in her lover's face, "that it is more than likely that he would let them keep their monasteries and their Ogham character, just as he built their Christian churches close to their Pagan towers, so that the people would come to the usual place to worship the now 'known God.'"

"I guess Miss O'Brien has hit the right nail on the head," said Mr. Cormac. "I think St. Patrick was as wise as he was holy, and could see farther into a stone wall than most people."

"We must humbly apologise to a recent writer on the Round Towers for daring to differ from her," said Mr. Gilmartin, smiling. "The work she has done for Irish Christian inscriptions can never be forgotten, and entitles her to our everlasting gratitude. But as to the Round Towers! I think even this justly celebrated lady has not a *proved theory* to offer us, some of the facts of the case are against her view, though many, I must own, are in

her favour. Dr. Petrie thought the Round Towers dated from St. Patrick's time."

"I want to ask you one question," said Mr. M'Donnell: "the alphabet of the Irish language, where did we get that? is it known for certain?"

"No," replied Mr. Gilmartin; "so every one is at liberty to have a theory on the subject, and this is mine: De Rouge, as you perhaps know, has traced the Phœnician alphabet to the hieratic writings of ancient Egypt. I believe some of the early settlers in Ireland came through Egypt, for the Irish alphabet is like, and yet unlike, the Phœnician; just such difference as one would expect in two alphabets derived from a common source. The Irish people (or whatever they were called then) no doubt also brought from Egypt their reverence for the dead, and many curious customs at funerals; their knowledge of how to make the fine linen of Egypt, which, even down to the times when the Danes ravaged our coasts, always formed part of the spoils carried off, and I daresay you remember how Plutarch mentions Cleopatra wearing the sacred robe of Isis, which was of all colours. Well, a monarch of Ireland, who reigned B.C. 1543, introduced the wearing of certain colours in the dress, by which the different ranks were distinguished, and the king and queen and professors of the liberal arts had the greatest number of colours in their robes. Then, too, the costumes of some of the figures in the wall-painting of various tombs at Thebes is exactly like the dress of the ancient Irish."

"I am very much interested in what you have told us," said Mr. M'Donnell, "and I think your theory will hold far better than many I have considered. I forget what you said about the Round Towers?"

"Well, I can't see," said Mr. Gilmartin, "when those early emigrants brought to Ireland the religion, the music, the traditions, the very dress and language of the East, even the way of building their tombs, why we should look elsewhere for the origin of the Round Towers or the Oghams; but I must tell you that there is a very clever Oxford philologist who, sooner than trace the Welsh Oghams to the Irish, writes pages and pages to

try and prove 'that the Celts got their Ogam (Ogham) from the Teuton, and the latter directly or indirectly from the Phœnicians;' but this only shows how deeply, even in a superior mind, enlarged by scientific study, the old English prejudice against the Irish is rooted; for I believe that this (though perhaps unconsciously to himself) is the secret of his elaborate, but to my mind unconvincing argument, and this is the opinion of far more scientific men than myself."

"If I were only clever enough," said Moy, "I would write a peaceable sort of book for Wales and Scotland and Ireland, a sort of popular hand-book of the Celtic races, showing how we are all brothers and sisters, and reminding all that a friend should bear a friend's infirmity, and that we ought to help one another now, as 'in the brave days of old.' I was reading lately an extract from the Bishop of Truro's sermon, in which he reminds the people in Cornwall how, in the 'fifth century, there came over from Ireland (which was already Christian) missionary after missionary to the coasts of Cornwall.' Surely we did good to Wales and Cornwall and Scotland then. They need not begrudge us any glory and learning in the past, because it pleases them to deny our superiority in the present."

"I believe the Oghams were introduced into Wales and Cornwall by the Irish missionaries," said Mr. Gilmartin, "just as we know they were in Shetland. The well-known Irish cross in a circle is found in Shetland on an Ogham stone, and also one in Wales about a mile from Cilgerran—if you spell the word with a 'K' you have one of our names at once. 'Cill,' or 'Kill,' means church, as we all know in Ireland, and it is certain that many churches were founded in Cornwall and Wales by Irish saints, both men and women. There is hardly any mention of Oghams in Scandinavian literature, none in Welsh literature, unless what even my Oxford friend calls allusions 'faint and nebulous' can be called so; but in Irish literature we find an immense number of writings on the subject, which surely goes far toward proving that this land was (in Europe) the birthplace of the

Ogham character. Then all the Welsh Oghams, with the exception of two, have also Latin inscriptions, showing plainly that when the Irish introduced them into Wales, Roman influence was at work, for only two of our Oghams have also words in Latin. I am indebted for this bit of information to my friend, for he is my friend, at Oxford."

"I think the arguments are very convincing," said Mr. M'Donnell; "and when we remember how the East ever sought the West; how, as Mr. Gladstone proves, the great northern and north-eastern mass of Europe was taken by Homer to be the sea, surely all points to a spreading of races, one wave after another, down the Mediterranean, and out to sea in search of new lands."

"One of the most accomplished linguists of the day," said Mr. Gilmartin, "is now on the Eastern track of the Oghams. I think he will trace them from Ireland to Egypt, or rather *vice versa*, and that he may also prove that the Runes are a perfectly independent and later development of some character and language from perhaps the very same source as the Irish Ogham, but which found its way by the upper instead of the lower end of the Caspian Sea through Russia to Scandinavia."

"The only thing against it," said Mr. Cormac, "is, could the people in that blessed early time have made such a long voyage as from the Straits of Gibraltar to Ireland?"

"Why, they made longer," said Mr. M'Donnell. "Even Carlyle (who is so down on us, poor Irish, while he is doing his whitewashing of Oliver Cromwell) says that in Dahlmann's opinion the Irish were probably the first discoverers of America. They had evidently, Carlyle adds, 'got to Iceland itself before the Norse exiles found it out.'"

The ancients were too wise to overlook what the moderns are only just beginning to find out," said Mr. Gilmartin; "that Ireland has the most fertile soil and the finest harbours in Europe; and is it not more than likely that the adventurous colonists who came from the East and peopled Ireland would presently set off on farther

explorations? I believe that Homer's *Odyssey* is fact and fable mixed up, and that 'the route of *Odusseus*' really included Ireland, and that the whole story is founded on the voyages of some ancestors of the Asiatic Greeks, who in very early times not only found their way to Ireland by sea, but returned and tried to astonish their friends at home with an account of the different countries they had visited, and that more and more followed their example, and founded one colony after another on the shores of Ireland. You will find it more than hinted at that the language which, next to their own, the ancient Irish were most thoroughly acquainted with was Greek."

"Mr. Cormac," said Moy, "I am going to ask you a great favour."

"Lor', Miss O'Brien, don't be formal. I'd do anything for you, give you anything, up to half the profits of the saw-mill."

"Thank you very much," said Moy, smiling. "You were telling me the other day that you intended to make a grand tour round Ireland. Now, if you would only inquire for any inscribed stones, and note the localities down in a little book I will give you, and also what you may see for yourself, we would feel really thankful to you. Would we not?" she said, appealing shyly to Mr. Gilmartin.

"Most certainly. Mr. Cormac would deserve a testimonial. But seriously," he continued, "it would be a most useful inquiry. There never has been in Ireland a systematic search for Ogham stones, as there has been in Wales by my friend whom I just mentioned. But here is Mrs. Kean, with some of her delicious home-made wine for us to drink success to the rebuilding of part of Moneydonart."

CHAPTER XLIX.

"She was my one companion, being herself
The jewel and adornment of my days,
My life's completeness."

JEAN INGELOW.

It is summer-time again. June—royal June! Lilacs and laburnums have faded, but roses and lilies are gloriously fresh and bright.

On the grassy platform on which stands Gilmartin Castle, close, indeed to the spot where its lord and master once lay asleep in the ruins with the "Life of O'Connell" beside him, stand Mr. and Mrs. Gilmartin. Moy has a large garden-hat on, and her husband is carrying a basket of freshly gathered roses, which can well be spared from the profusion in every direction; for lovely gardens in terraces surround the ruins, especially on the side which has been restored as a dwelling for its owners until the new Gilmartin Castle is finished, which will not be for years.

From where they stand now they can hear the chip, chip of the stonemason's chisel and hammer, the air is so still, and the quiet only now and then broken by the quack of some happy ducks wading in a pond full of water-lilies.

"Moy, that farm-house is ever so much too near," said Mr. Gilmartin. "It would be glorious fun to plant a cannon here and demolish the old heap."

"Denis, how can you make such a horrid speech, even in fun?" said Moy, reproachfully.

"My dear love, of course I would have all our good people out first, and into a more comfortable house," he returned.

"I know you would," said Moy; "but don't suggest it to them; it would grieve them, Denis, terribly. And

what matter if the farm-house is too near? Those trees you planted will soon grow up; and I like to hear the ducks quack."

"Oh, if you like it, dear, it's all right," he answered, gayly. "And if the old saying is true about 'birds of a feather,' it's no wonder the ducks come near you."

"Now, Denis," she said, laughing, "that is a questionable sort of compliment, as you say I am so fond of doctoring the farmers' children. But won't it be nice this afternoon to have Maurice and Catherine here?"

"It will indeed, dearest. Davoren is full of rejoicing over this measure just passed. They may think it a small affair in England, but it involves a good many interests here; and Davoren may well have a few days' holiday, for he has worked hard, and his triumph is the one 'oasis in the desert' for the Home Rule members."

"Ah, the tide will turn," said Moy. "It's always darkest before the dawn."

"I ought to own the truth of that good old saying," replied Mr. Gilmartin. "I shall never forget that day at the inn before Miss Wentworth's note came up to me."

"Hush, dear!" whispered Moy; "don't talk of that dreadful day; it's the only cloud in my life now—to think of Miss Wentworth, alone in the world, her mother dead, her brother married—it's dreadful to me."

"My dear love, you must not be miserable about her," said Mr. Gilmartin; but he looked grave enough as he spoke. "I know that as long as Alice is helping others she is happy. She has the house in Eaton-square for her life, whether she marries or not; and from thence she goes out to her poor people, and does them good every day of her life; and to her house the scientific, the artistic, and the literary, as well as the fashionable, are all only too glad to be invited. Did she look unhappy when we saw her?"

"No," said Moy, slowly; "not exactly unhappy; but then she was a little excited, perhaps, at seeing us, and talked more than usual."

"I don't think Alice could get excited about anything," said Mr. Gilmartin.

Lady Catherine had, by promise, kept her cousin acquainted with the Gilmartins' whereabouts. The consequence was that as soon as they had returned to London from the South of France, they found an invitation from Miss Wentworth waiting for them.

"Well, Moy," Mr. Gilmartin went on, turning from the subject that, notwithstanding all he said to reassure his wife, did give him many a pang; for he felt that he had entered lightly into his engagement with Miss Wentworth when he was so utterly miserable and out of humour with life that he did not much care what might be his next step—Moy lost to him forever! the world so dark that Miss Wentworth's affection had seemed the only ray of happiness left; but he knew now that he had erred in offering her the wreck of a heart, and he bitterly reproached himself. Turning from the subject with a deep sigh, he said: "I was thinking only to-day that as I am not in Parliament, and not likely to be till there is a general election, still I might do something to show my real interest in the dear old land, and (but of course this is a secondary thought) please you."

"No one now doubts your interest in the land," said Moy, smiling at the conclusion of his remarks; "but what were you thinking of doing?"

"Of offering a prize at the school in Ballyvorna and other places about here for a short essay or poem in Irish. It would be a spur to the young people in the study of their own language."

"Oh, it's a beautiful idea!" said Moy, in great delight. "And you will give the subject yourself? Some heroic or magnanimous event in our own history."

"I might give them that splendid incident about Brien's favourite troops, when they were stopped on their return from the battle of Clontarf, and had to fight the Prince of Ossory. You remember what I allude to? when the wounded men asked that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. Between seven and eight hundred of them were each tied to and supported by a stake, and placed in the ranks beside a sound comrade."

"Oh, that was heroic!" said Moy. "But" (then she

hesitated for a moment) "just now don't you think there is another incident might do more good? I mean where Daniel Roadh, in 1282, came suddenly among the O'Brien clan, and so pathetically-appealed to his countrymen to make up their quarrels, and wait with patience till they could all get a victory over the common enemy. Of course it's a different kind of victory we want to get now, but we can remind them of those times,

"When every arm was Freedom's shield,
And every heart was Freedom's altar."

Mr. Gilmartin watched her heightened colour, and met her sparkling eyes with a flash of sympathetic admiration, as he replied :

"Give me chapter and verse, Moy, and I will set to work at once. What you have suggested will do capitally. Perhaps we may get up an Irish meeting year by year, at which all classes may unite, no matter what their creed, in the one wish to revive and preserve the ancient language of Ireland, and cultivate brotherly love."

"And we'll have the people all gathered in tents on the slope of this hill," said Moy, with animation, "and unfurl the old 'sunburst' banner on the castle. Don't you think that would be nice, Denis?"

"It would, it will be," he answered, returning her beaming smile. "But, Moy, when we've got rid of this basket let us walk over to Shamrock Cottage. We have not been there since our return."

In the grand "welcome home" that Mr. and Mrs. Gilmartin had received, no faces had shone with a truer, a happier light, than Mr. and Mrs. Tim O'Leary's. Thanks to Mr. Gilmartin, they were very prosperous and very happy. They had a nice little farm, and a charming house which they had named Shamrock Cottage. Tim was steadier and more hard-working than ever, and Kitty had her hands full with her housekeeping affairs, for Tim allowed some "dacent boys," workmen from Dublin employed at the castle, to lodge in the house.

Mr. Gilmartin and Moy walked round the wall near

which they were standing, past a lovely aviary which had been formed by merely passing wire gauze over a good part of the old ruin, which, half covered with ivy, and here and there an arbutus-tree, made a splendid nestling-place for Moy's feathered favourites. She paused a moment to speak to some especial pet, and dozens of lovely birds came fluttering down to greet her. It was wonderful the variety she had got together, and they all looked as happy and contented as the master and mistress of their romantic home.

"It is a perfect paradise," said Mr. Gilmartin, as, his hand resting on his wife's shoulder, the two passed what had been left as ruins, and down the lovely path, round to the lawn in front of the wide-open French windows of the restored portion of the castle, through which they could get a glimpse of an exquisite landscape by Turner, hanging on the wall over an ebony cabinet full of rare old china.

Here and there on the lawn stood comfortable wicker arm-chairs; beside one an open book on the grass, over which two white butterflies were hovering in the sunshine.

Mr. Gilmartin took up the book, while Moy went into the house to deposit her basket, and arrange the vases of flowers for the afternoon. Presently she returned, and said, smiling, "Is your book too fascinating, Denis, or shall we go and see Kitty?"

"You will, perhaps, tell me I am like Mr. Finch if I say that you are more fascinating than any book," he said, laughing, as he threw down the "Odyssey."

"Poor Mr. Finch!" Moy began, with a smile and a sigh; "I do hope he is happy."

"I sincerely hope he is," said Mr. Gilmartin, looking rather stern, as he always did when anything reminded him of his late agent's wife, and the efforts she had made to ruin his own and Moy's happiness. "His poetry is an immense comfort to him. He lives in a world of his own, but he deserved a better wife." Then he changed the conversation, saying, "What weather this is! It's an intense pleasure just to breathe the air, and let the eye rest on the lights and shadows over the woods and hills. It was

such a day as this made Lord Bacon experience that 'quick sense of felicity and noble satisfaction' that he speaks of so quaintly but so well."

They passed on through the lovely young plantation that surrounded the castle, down past the terraces, and at last out through a tiny gate (for they had left the carriage-drive) into one of the most beautiful hay-fields in Ireland. But the hay was still uncut, and many a lark rose singing from their feet as they passed along the narrow pathway.

Moy paused once, just as they reached the boundary of the field, and stood looking after one of the songsters up at "Heaven's Gate," as she said, "The lark that sings in heaven builds its nest upon the ground."

"I can quote poetry, too," said Mr. Gilmartin, gayly, as he stooped down and gathered a shamrock nestling in the hedge, and holding it up, he recited Tennyson's lines :

"Oh trefoil, sparkling on the rainy plain ;
O rainbow with three colours after rain :
Shine sweetly ; thrice my love hath smiled on me."

"Give it to me, please," said Moy, holding out her hand for the leaf, and she opened a locket on her watch-chain and put it in. "I shall never part with that," she said, archly. "It is consecrated by your voice and the poet's words."

So the two passed on through the sunshiny fields, chatting as only lovers can, in a way very delightful to themselves, but perhaps not equally edifying to the rest of the world.

CHAPTER L.

"A type that blends
Three God-like friends—
Love, Valour, Wit, forever !
Oh, the shamrock ! the green immortal shamrock !
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief—
Old Erin's native shamrock."—MOORE.

TIM O'LEARY's cottage deserved its name. From the neat gate with its "round-tower" style of pillars, up to the shining door-step, the path was bordered on each side with

shamrocks in beautiful order ; and no wonder, for they were lovingly watched and tended. The whole garden was a model of neatness, and the little farm lay round it ; with, a few fields off, some picturesque old buildings, which in due time would be stocked with the produce of the farm.

Inside the cottage was as pretty as Kitty herself, dainty and cosy ; and Tim evidently found it a very congenial spot, for he had hurried from his work to have half an hour's chat before the men came in to dinner.

"Sure it's just wonderful," he was saying, "the change that Mr. Gilmartin and Mr. M'Donnell—God bless them!—have made in Ballyvorna ; a reading-room for the men, where the likes of me can go and have all kinds of divarsion (if we don't want to look at books or papers) ; and a gymnastic place, I think they call it ; and all the shops doing a thriving business ; and the town going to be drained this year, and many of the old houses put in order. Ay, Kitty darlint, but it's a changed place !"

"True for you, Tim ; but who have we to thank, first of all ?"

"Why, Miss Moy, of course, Kitty. I know that. It's little good we any of us have that we can't trace up to her, bless her !"

"Why, here's the dear master and mistress themselves!" said Kitty, pausing in the midst of laying the table for dinner.

"By the powers, so it is!" cried Tim, throwing his hat in the air and catching it again, as he ran out into the garden to meet them.

* * * * *

It is past five o'clock in the afternoon, and some of the wicker chairs on the lawn at Gilmartin Castle are occupied. Lady Catherine, looking bright and charming as ever, is in one, Moy in another (which is drawn up close to her dainty tea-table). But Mr. Davoren and Mr. Gilmartin have left theirs, and are walking up and down the lawn engaged in earnest conversation.

"We can't get all we ask at once ; it's madness to expect it," Mr. Davoren was saying. "We must put up with compromise, as long as no principle is involved. Look at

Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, and Gambetta. Which of the three has served France best? The two who will not yield one inch, or Gambetta, who has patiently, untiringly worked and waited, never changing his principles, but simply using his common sense, till now for his reward he sees the Republic day by day becoming more consolidated than any one a few years ago thought possible? We must work for Home Rule in Ireland in the same spirit. I am not a republican, but I think we may learn a good deal from the conduct of the men who hold such views in France."

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Gilmartin. "But what we want more than all is, that those who really love Ireland should try and reunite the Irish people. The ruin of us is that the Conservatives and Liberals in England know that there are two parties here whom they can play off one against the other when it suits them to do so."

"It's terrible!" said Mr. Davoren. "And if those Irish people who are rather given to look down on their own country, and make much of the English connection, could only realize the falseness of their position—how they are sneered at by many an English noble, who yet trembles at the idea of losing his hold over this country! How, if a Tory Englishman is praising the Americans for their common sense and love of freedom, he will say, 'Ah, they are a grand off-shoot from the great Anglo-Saxon race;' but if the same man's dividends are not paid in America, he will abuse the whole nation as if they were a set of pickpockets, and add, 'There are, unfortunately, many, many millions of Irish there.' Surely, if the Tory in this country realized the true state of the case, he would see that it would be a worthier, a more manly part to take his country as it is, and work for it, and make much of it, to cast in his lot with it, and not be content to be merely a well-treated slave and hanger-on of England; and, indeed, as the Tories own themselves, not always a well-treated slave."

"There is a love of country even in the most desperate Tory Irishman," said Mr. Gilmartin. "There is the spark that may be kindled some day into a useful glow. You

see it cropping up now and then in a burst of pride in the genius of some countryman of different politics and religion (of course there are hardened exceptions to this rule); but even the Tory papers, that are sometimes so servile in their worship of England, have occasionally a patriotic sentiment in them; and I believe that gradually, as there is less of bigotry, this transient love of country will crystallize into devoted attachment."

"I think you are right," said Mr. Davoren; "and though when we get Home Rule we may fight over our differences a little, it will be only what they had to go through in England over every Reform Bill. The two parties in Ireland will but keep up a healthy activity of thought. Who would wish to see either the Conservative or Liberal party die out in England? If such a thing were possible the nation would utterly stagnate."

The two men were silent for a minute or two. At last Mr. Davoren began: "Goldwin Smith says, 'That to specify the time at which a political event will take place is hardly ever possible, however assured the event itself may be.' So, something may occur to bring about the realization of our Home Rule scheme sooner than in our wildest dreams we have ever dared to hope. I believe that English and Scotch Liberals would vote with us for it to-morrow; but the 'No Popery' party argue as if the Catholics of Ireland, if they had the power, would behave almost as badly as the Protestants did when they were in the ascendant; but the true Celts, whether Protestant or Catholic, have too strong a sense of justice."

"You are right," said Mr. Gilmartin. "And they are not bigoted (of course there are exceptions). Where else in the three kingdoms will you find a Protestant member returned by a Catholic constituency, as often occurs here?"

"No, we are not bigots," said Mr. Davoren, thoughtfully; "and I think the English people will at last acknowledge that, for the real state of the case must be known some day. The Protestants have nothing to fear from us. I feel so certain of it that I would stake my life upon it; for if the Catholic Celts of Ireland ever become persecutors, they will be the degenerate sons of a liberal and generous race."

CHAPTER LI.

"God prosper the cause ! Oh, it cannot but thrive
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel and its rights to maintain."

MOORE.

MEANWHILE the two ladies were having their chat.

"Carinna M'Donnell only left us yesterday," said Moy.
"She has been spending a few days with us."

"What a lovely and charming child she is !" said Lady Catherine. "My brother was over at 'Glenrowe' the other day, and he talked so much about Carinna when he came home that papa told him he had better wait for her; and he says he will, and that she shall be his wife."

Moy smiled as she said, "The M'Donnells are made a great deal of already. The county people have been most kind and attentive to them."

"I like Mr. M'Donnell very much," said Lady Catherine, "particularly when he begins to talk about art. I think, too, that the romance of his returning to his old home, and then the finding of the brooch, all made people take an unusual amount of interest in him. By-the-by, Mr. Gilmartin was right about the brooch, was he not ?"

"Oh yes," said Moy. "The greatest authority on Oghams has found that one of the names in Ogham is that of a chieftain of the clan who lived in the fifth century; and you cannot think how glad I am, for it has had a wonderful effect on the people. You know we Irish prize 'a long pedigree,' just as much as the Laird o' Cockpen did; and though the tenants were very ready to be civil to Mr. M'Donnell and Carinna, there was no enthusiasm about them. Even when they found that several generations of the family had lived at 'Moneydonart,' I overheard one of the tenants speaking of his landlord as 'that man from Amerikey;' but since the brooch has been found, and its

great antiquity proved, the people are wild with delight. If Mr. M'Donnell had been suddenly raised to the peerage they would not look up to him half as much as they do now; but when, besides the pride and delight in the old family coming to their own again, we have all the kind thoughtfulness which it is in the power of a landlord to show toward his tenants, I think you will not wonder that the people think themselves the most fortunate in Ireland."

"Ah! Mr. M'Donnell has not only the will but the power," said Lady Catherine, with one of her rare sighs. "There are dear good Irish landlords who cannot do what they would, because they have not the means."

"That is most true, dear," said Moy, pressing her friend's hand. She knew that Lady Catherine alluded to Lord Arthur. "But," Moy went on, "when they live among their people they are loved and respected, and the will is often taken for the deed."

"It is, it is," returned Lady Catherine. "Papa feels that, and it comforts him (of course, you knew who was in my thoughts); but sometimes he says to me, 'Catherine, what have I given these people in return for their devotion?'"

"I wish he would say that to me," said Moy, with much animation. "I would answer, 'You have given a priceless gift to Ireland—your noble daughter to work for the good cause.'"

"Flatterer!" said Lady Catherine; but she caught Moy's hand and pressed it lovingly, as she said, "Let me see—what were we talking about? Oh yes—Mr. M'Donnell."

"Yes, and his tenants," said Moy. "Fancy Dan Riley a respectable member of society. He is a reformed man. He does not boast, as he used to, that 'Dan never breaks his word,' but his conduct proves the truth of the old saying; for when Mr. Gilmartin went to see him in prison, Dan made him a solemn promise that if he lived he would be a changed man. Denis would have given him a farm, but Mr. M'Donnell offered him the old place where Dan was born, and there he lives with his wife's father, a dear

old man, and they work early and late, and that brings contentment at least."

"It does, indeed," said Lady Catherine. "But this reminds me, Moy, of one who has found hard work the greatest blessing, and that is Alice Wentworth. Do you know that she is coming to stay with us the day after to-morrow?"

The colour deepened in Moy's face as she gazed at Lady Catherine for a few moments without speaking. Then she said: "She told me she would come back again some day and see us all, and show me that she was happy. And I—who felt just then as if it would be almost better to die than take the place of one who would have been such a blessing to the whole neighbourhood——"

"Never such a blessing as *you* have been and will be, my dear child," said Lady Catherine, interrupting her affectionately. "So I will hear no more in that strain. Alice is coming to us for a rest. She has not only been working rather too hard among the poor in London, but now, in the height of the season, she does not like being in town: all her gay friends are coming to see her, and trying to make her go out. So she wrote to ask if we could have her for a few weeks, and we are only too delighted. Poor Alice, she is so rejoiced that there is no longer any opposition to my marriage; but she says there is a good deal of selfishness in her satisfaction, for she will have us so much in London next year."

"I am almost selfish enough to wish it was to be Dublin," said Moy. "For Denis has a nice old house there, where he was born, and I want to have it done up, so that we can have a home in Dublin as well as here. We might gather round us all the bright, clever, charming people in the capital. I would like the rising talent in the country to find that in our house they had a home, and see among our guests those whom it would be an advantage to them to meet."

"That will be delightful," said Lady Catherine. "I say 'will,' for you can do it, Moy. I hate the idea of all the genius and talent in the country going to London; and nothing would stop it emigrating like finding itself properly

treated at home. You are quiet enough here. I suppose you always have your evenings to yourself?"

"No," said Moy. "Grandpapa and Mrs. Fitzgerald (who has come, as you know, to keep house for him) often drive out and dine with us, and sometimes stay from Saturday to Monday. Then, one evening lately, we had the Geraldts, and the rector and his wife, and Father Fitzgerald to dine with us; but Denis and I spend many an evening alone sitting here, our wicker chairs drawn close together. Sometimes we talk, but generally we just sit looking away over this lovely country, watching the shadows lengthening and the stars coming out."

"'Love is enough,'" said Lady Catherine, with a smile. "But I wonder when ever Maurice and I will have time to sit hand-in-hand? Only when I call at the House of Commons for him in the small hours of the night, on my way home from some party; for, you know, I must go a good deal into society. I have some work to do there;" and her eyes flashed with a mixture of fun and earnestness.

"Denis and I mean to live an Arcadian sort of life," said Moy, "serene and quiet enough, helping, as best we can, those who surround us; while you—what a different lot will be yours! You will soon be in the thick of the battle."

"Yes," said Lady Catherine. "Dear old Maurice and I expect but little calm weather for some time to come. But if the sea is rough," she added, with one of her sunny smiles lighting up her whole face, "it is something to be in the same boat with the man you love, and to have such perfect confidence in him that you can feel almost certain he will steer the good ship safe into port—that is what I feel about Home Rule! Maurice, and the Irishmen who work with his spirit (sinking all thought of self), will in time see all that they are striving for accomplished."

"God grant they may, and I believe that they will," said Moy, earnestly; "but every one must work for it; there can be no drones in the hive. And we must have patience; as Longfellow says, we must 'Learn to labour and to wait.' Then at last the day will dawn on a United Ireland and a really United Empire."

CHAPTER LII.

"When safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter."

"Oh ! for the kings who flourished then,
Oh ! for the pomp that crowned them ;
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them."

MOORE.

BEFORE Lady Catherine and Mr. Davoren drove away from the Castle, they all went into the house to look at some beautiful birds from Arabia, India, and Japan, shot by Mr. Gilmartin, and now looking very perfect in handsome cases placed along the sides of the wall.

"Here are an interesting couple," said Mr. Gilmartin, pointing to two aquatic birds something like wild-ducks, but with round instead of flat beaks. "I must say I did not shoot them; I bought them. I think if, after telling Moy their history, I had owned to having shot them, she would have broken off our engagement."

They all laughed, and Lady Catherine asked for some particulars about the birds.

"Well, the pair are never happy away from one another. I have seen them often skimming side by side over the surface of ponds. Their cry is very like a clear, prolonged sigh. If one bird flies away, the other immediately follows; and if one is killed, the other soon dies of sorrow. 'Youen' is the name of the male, and 'Yang' that of the female; so they are generally called 'Youen-Yang.' This particular pair were shot in Tartary."

Mr. Gilmartin passed on to another case, and, as the others followed, Mr. Davoren said, in a low voice:

"Catherine, will you call me 'Youen' if I call you 'Yang?'"

"Yes," she replied, smiling; and, after her marriage, people in England were often surprised to hear Mr. or Lady Catherine Davoren address one another by some foreign word. They never could quite make it out, but generally decided that "Youen" and "Yang" were terms of endearment in the Irish language.

"And here is the only other bird in the collection that Denis did not shoot," said Moy, pointing to an American canvas-back. "This was a present from Mr. M'Donnell. By-the-way, Catherine, he is going to give an afternoon party (a very grand affair), in return for all the kindness he and Carinna and Mr. Cormac have received."

"How I wish that Mr. Cormac had stayed here till we returned!" said Lady Catherine. "I have already heard so much of him from Carinna and all of you that I must say I long to see him."

"I hope you will," said Moy, "for he has promised to leave his beloved saw-mill, and spend three months in Ireland next year. I assure you we all had tears in our eyes when we said good-bye to him."

"And he said he felt as spiritless as a turnip at the idea of parting from us," added Mr. Gilmartin, his eyes sparkling with suppressed mirth.

"Ah, how much I have missed this year!" sighed Lady Catherine, though she laughed at Mr. Gilmartin's simile.

Lady Arthur and her daughter had been in the South of France for many months, and were not in Ireland when Moy was married.

"To think," Lady Catherine continued, "of missing Lady Anne and her remarks! Is it really true, Moy, that she had loaded pistols at her pillow, to keep off the natives?"

"Something very like it," returned Moy, laughing. "Sir Ralph declared that she nearly shot him by mistake. I was thankful, on the servants' account, when she left Ireland. I was always in terror lest some accident would happen to them."

"And what did the servants think of it?"

"Oh, it amused them; besides, they would put up with anything to please Sir Ralph, they are all so fond of him. People about here often ask us if there are many Englishmen like him, and we say, 'Oh yes, thousands.'"

"I think, with Lady Anne's prejudices, and such genuine fear as she felt, it was very good of her to come at all," said Mr. Davoren.

"Yes," said Moy, "I shall always feel grateful to her for it."

"It was nothing but curiosity brought her," said Lady Catherine. "But I dare say she went back feeling sorry for some of the remarks she used to make about us."

"You do not seem properly impressed, Catherine, with the news of Mr. M'Donnell's intended party," said Moy, archly.

"I may not be impressed, but I am delighted," said her ladyship, smiling; "for it will be a nice, sensible country party to take our friend to. She can't object to an afternoon drive and a cup of tea under the trees, for who can call that gayety?"

"Who is the friend that fears gayety so much?" inquired Mr. Gilmartin.

Moy had not been able to tell him who the Arthurs were expecting; so she now looked rather anxiously at her husband as Lady Catherine replied, "Miss Wentworth. She wants a rest, and to get away for a while from her gay London friends."

"Has she suffered in health from her work among the poor," asked Mr. Gilmartin, gravely.

"Oh no," replied Lady Catherine; "I don't think she would even confess to being tired, were it not for her too-kind friends in the gay world. She longs, too, for a breath of country air, and an opportunity of using her beloved sketch-book."

"That reminds me of Carinna M'Donnell," said Moy. "You know she has a wonderful talent for drawing. She goes on sketching expeditions with her father, and then

he has many artist friends from all parts of the world staying with him ; so of course the dear child gets many a lesson."

"The only kind of lesson she ever does get, I expect," said Mr. Gilmartin. "She knows her letters, and she can ride and drive famously, but that is all."

"Has she no governess?" asked Lady Catherine, in amazement.

"Oh no," replied Moy. "Mr. M'Donnell would not hear of one. I told him the other day it was fortunate he was not living in England, or he would be 'had up' by the school board."

"It's doubtful if England is such a free country, after all," said Lady Catherine, laughing. "What with the school board, and the persecution of the 'Peculiar People,' and compulsory vaccination, some people have a lively time of it."

In the dining-room they all sat down to have some strawberries and cream, which, on the table already adorned with the lovely roses Moy had gathered in the morning, looked tempting enough.

"I should like to know what you two gentlemen were talking about so earnestly this afternoon, when you left us alone to our own devices," said Lady Catherine, very archly.

"I suppose Moy thought we were deciding on the best site for a monument to Brian," said Mr. Gilmartin, smiling at his wife. "She will never be quite happy until there is something put up to the memory of the hero of Clontarf."

"She is quite right," said Mr. Davoren ; "Clontarf was an event of European importance, and has been well named 'the Marathon of Ireland.'"

"But to answer you truly, Lady Catherine," said Mr. Gilmartin, "we were discussing politics, and especially the Home Rule question."

"And how much nearer to becoming a reality it may be than any of us think now!" said Mr. Davoren, gravely.

"I wonder," said Lady Catherine, "how it would do if we were to propose to the English Government to let us

try Home Rule for, say, five years, just to see if all the evils they prophesy would come to pass?"

Moy's eyes flashed.

"To try it for five years!" she said, in a low voice. "What does Moore say about the Union? Truer words he never wrote :

"Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
Oh ! 'tis not in man nor in Heaven
To let Tyranny bind it again !"

And then Lady Catherine's carriage (which had been ordered) was announced, and Mr. and Mrs. Gilmartin stood at the door to see their guests drive away.

"I am rather shocked to find you, Lady Catherine, sitting behind a horse, enduring all the pangs of a bearing-rein," said Mr. Gilmartin, half fun, whole earnest, as he patted the arching neck of the beautiful creature nearest to him, which, like its companion, was champing the bit and tossing the foam in flakes from its poor tortured mouth.

Lady Catherine coloured slightly as she said, "I am so glad you noticed it. I am sorry to say I did not remark that the horses had the bearing-rein to-day. We have discontinued its use ever since you lent papa Mr. Flower's book on the subject." She turned to the old coachman for an explanation.

"I thought, my lady, as we were coming a long way"—he began, and then paused. He was an old man, and did not like to give up anything he had been accustomed to all his life, but he knew he had no excuse. Lady Catherine was rather annoyed with him, but she said, good-naturedly, "You shall read the book yourself, Davis, and you will see that we are quite right to give up the bearing-rein."

When the guests were gone, Mr. Gilmartin and Moy sat down in two of the wicker chairs, and the former drew from his pocket the "Odyssey." "Moy," he began, "I was very much struck with a passage I found in the original to-day, so I got Pope's translation to read you a few lines" He began at the words, "Let Hermes to th'

Atlantic Isle (or Ogy-gia) repair." He read to Moy for some little time, then he closed the book, and told her how the Atlantis is mentioned by Plato in the *Timæus*, where the legend is said to have been told to Solon by the Egyptian priests.

"They call it 'fable,'" added Mr. Gilmartin; "but some one has truly said that history has been lowered into fable."

Then they sat quiet. It was too dark to read now. The birds, even, were still—only a cricket somewhere in the grass was chirruping its last "good night."

CHAPTER LIII.

"Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystals and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill.
Oh! no, it was something more exquisite still.

"'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love."

MOORE.

THE day of the afternoon party at Glenrowe had come. It had been talked off for weeks. All that money could do was to be done, people said. Mr. M'Donnell had a dim idea that much was expected of him, and his one wish was that no one should be disappointed.

The house, so lately entirely furnished under the supervision of a man possessed of such fine artistic sense as the present owner of Glenrowe, wanted little doing to it. The exquisitely carved furniture in the wide hall, softened and beautified by the light from the stained-glass windows, only wanted a few "fair women and brave men" moving about to make up a scene that would carry one back, in thought at least, to the days of the troubadour and the knight, who, bidding their lady-loves farewell in such a hall as this, would have sallied forth to brave danger and death itself for love or fame.

But if there was no room for improvement in the house, much might be done in the grounds. There were tents to be erected in case of rain, and one on purpose for the celebrated band that was to arrive from Dublin the morning of the party, to remain till the next day. There were Chinese lanterns to be arranged down the avenue—indeed wherever it was possible to hang one. There were the preparations for the fireworks, which, ere the party broke up, were to be exhibited from the little island in the middle of the lake; such fireworks “as never in the memory of man” had been seen within a hundred miles (or more) of Ballyvorna.

There were vast preparations in the servants’ hall for the coachmen and footmen, who would of course remain at Glenrowe as long as their masters and mistresses, so that the preparations for the *fête* had altogether occupied some time and much thought.

But now all was ready—the very hour had arrived. Nature even seemed to smile on the eventful day, for the sky was cloudless and the air soft as a lover’s whisper.

Mr. M'Donnell, with a shade of sadness in his face, was holding Carinna by the hand as he stood in his luxurious library before a veiled picture. It was the little sketch of Moneydonart, which he had so treasured all his life. He raised the curtain with one hand, and looked long and fixedly at the picture. “Papa,” said Carinna, a little awe-struck, “why do you look like that to-day.”

“Well, my darling, I was thinking, very naturally, of all the past, and of the feelings with which my dear father and mother left this beautiful country, where you and I are to-day in such comfort and luxury.”

“Yes, papa, dear; and it was Mrs. Gilmartin brought us back here, was it not?”

“Yes, Carinna. Never forget that, for, under Providence, it was her doing.”

“And nurse says she has done a great many good things, papa.”

“It is quite true, dear child. My fondest wish for you is that you may grow up as sweet and good, and useful a woman. But I hear carriages, dearest, we must go and receive our guests.”

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Before very long nearly every one had arrived except the party from Lord Arthur's.

The guests, first of all, walked through the house, which was entirely thrown open for inspection; and Carinna—little white-robed angel—flitted hither and thither, delighting everyone by her frank and graceful manner. After one of these rapid tours she had returned to her father's side as he moved about among his guests. The company were sitting on the terrace or under the trees, listening to the exquisite music of the band, when Mr. M'Donnell saw the Arthurs' carriage driving up to the house, and went forward (followed by Carinna) to receive the party, which consisted of Lady Arthur, her daughter, and Miss Wentworth. Lord Arthur and his son were riding, and arrived a few minutes after the others.

Miss Wentworth was rather startled to find herself in such a gay scene, after the simple picture Lady Catherine had drawn of a cup of tea under the spreading trees. Her dress was in striking contrast to the attire of those about her, but her rich mourning robes suited her tall figure to perfection, and she had never looked more noble than now, as she paused a moment beside the chair her host had courteously brought for her. Lady Arthur and her daughter had moved away to meet some friends, and Miss Wentworth hesitated whether she would follow them or sit down where she was. She had just decided upon the latter course, and taken her seat, when, looking up, she met Carinna's bright eyes regarding her with a very earnest expression. She smiled, and held out her hand, and in a moment the child was beside her, and resting against her knee as she said:

"Are you very sorry about some one?"

Miss Wentworth looked a little startled for a moment, and then said, "Why do you ask, dear?"

"Because when my mamma died we were very sorry, and I was dressed in black, just like you."

"Then, dear child, we ought to be friends, for I am very sorry about my dear mother's death. I have not been going out lately. I feel hardly equal to this gay scene."

"Come with me into the house," said Carinna, in her most coaxing voice. "It will be so nice and quiet there."

"But, my dear child, your papa will not like you to leave the rest."

"Oh yes, he will," said Carinna; "I've taken nearly every blessed one of them in, to show them the house" (some of Mr. Cormack's expressions were occasionally used by his little niece), "and I shall like best of all to take you."

There was no resisting the beseeching blue eyes and the little dimpled hand held out. Miss Wentworth took it, and they went into the house together. Carinna hurried through the beautiful hall where the guest would gladly have paused for a moment (for the sight was a treat to her artistic sense), and it was not till they had gained the library that the child let go the hand she held.

"Now," said Carinna, mysteriously, "I'll show you something;" and she advanced on tip-toe to the veiled picture, and then suddenly drew back the curtain, as she said, "That is Moneydonart, where papa was born, and where his brooch was found."

"Ah, I have heard of that," said Miss Wentworth, with real interest. During the drive that very afternoon Lady Catherine had given her a sketch of her host's antecedents.

"And now," said Carinna, "I'll show you papa's own picture of Moneydonart."

She struggled manfully with a huge portfolio, and throwing it open turned quickly over a great number of Mr. M'Donnell's really beautiful sketches, taken in different parts of the world; but his whole heart was in his work as he painted the picture of his parent's home, and Miss Wentworth was surprised and delighted with the result.

"But, my dear child, let me look at some of those other sketches," she said, for Carinna would have closed the portfolio as quickly as she had opened it, and, real artist as she was, Miss Wentworth, fascinated with the drawings, gradually settled down to a seat on the floor, with Carinna handing her one sketch after another, while she chatted away as if the two had been old friends all their

lives. It was thus Mr. M'Donnell found them; and the child and the woman, with Italian skies and marble ruins on the floor between them, made a pretty picture enough.

Miss Wentworth had never in her whole life been found in so unconventional a situation. Her colour rose slightly as she stood up and said, "I ought to apologise for running away with your little girl, but she was so kind as to bring me here, and I have, indeed, had a great treat."

"I am much flattered to find you interested in my sketches," said Mr. M'Donnell. "They have been an intense pleasure to myself, but that is not a very sure test of their real worth," and he smiled as their eyes met.

"I dabble a little in art myself," said Miss Wentworth, "so I venture to express an opinion now and then, and I think your sketches would be an intense treat to any of our best artists. I see you have already taken some views in this neighbourhood," she continued.

"Yes," said Mr. M'Donnell, "they are always tempting me out with my book. But there is one of our loveliest to be seen from the drawing-room windows," and he led the way to the next room.

It was indeed a perfect scene, and particularly delighted Miss Wentworth, for it reminded her of a view from one of the windows of her old English country home. And as the three (for Carinna had linked her little arm in Miss Wentworth's) stood looking through the plate-glass window, they saw Mr. Gilmartin and Lord Arthur pacing up and down on the lawn below, and, a little further off, Moy walking beside old Mr. O'Brien and Father Fitzgerald.

"Do you know the Gilmartin's?" asked the host, suddenly.

"Yes. Mr. Gilmartin is an old friend of ours," replied Miss Wentworth, perfectly unembarrassed.

"Indeed! Then, perhaps, you already know that he is about bringing out a work on the Ireland of ancient times?"

Miss Wentworth had heard of this, and the two had a little chat over the views of their mutual friend.

"But," said Mr. M'Donnell, "I find in a book I have

been reading lately such opposite opinions, and by such a clever person, too, that I really hardly know what to think."

"Theories afterward proved true are often opposed by clever men," said Miss Wentworth, calmly. "Look at Lord Brougham's absurd attack upon Dr. Young's undulatory theory of light; and Sir William Hamilton, of Dublin, by a sort of inspiration, made the discovery of conical refraction, and proved the facts which Young had already seen clearly with his 'mind's eye;' so, if Mr. Gilmartin's theory be true, we may expect to find (as more researches are made) traces of the migrations of the ancestors of the Irish, as they came, wave by wave, through Persia and Egypt and the North-west of Africa. We may not live to see it, but I am convinced that Mr. Gilmartin's theory will be proved, and that we shall find that Ireland, in those old days, had a very good share of the wisdom of the East."

"Perhaps, as more and more of that wonderful library of Assur-bani-pal's at Nineveh is translated," said Mr. M'Donnell, "or as the collection of MSS. now being made in Egypt is searched, startling facts will turn up."

"Such Egyptologists as Mr. Sayce are every day throwing more light on that wonderful past," said Miss Wentworth, "and showing us that we must go farther back than a few years ago we would have dared to venture for materials for authentic history."

"Oh, the world is brimful of interest," said Mr. M'Donnell. "If only one half of mankind were not so fond of war, what a rich harvest we might reap from the materials unearthed in only the last twenty or thirty years."

"We have a rich harvest in this country waiting for our artists," said Miss Wentworth, smiling. "I see at least three pictures before us now. Is it not curious how few Irish scenes we have year by year on the walls of the Academy in London?"

"The artist must live as well as other men," said Mr. M'Donnell. "He must paint whatever he can sell, and unfortunately there is no demand in England for Irish

landscapes. The English—pardon me for saying so—like to see in their pictures what they know best, and how much do they know about Ireland ?”

“Too little, indeed,” replied Miss Wentworth. “All we can rejoice over is that now the English *do care* about art and artists. The times are changed since Queen Anne’s reign, when poor Sir James Thornhill was paid for his pictures two pounds for the square yard !”

“Yes, thank goodness, now our artists labour under no penal laws,” said Mr. M'Donnell, smiling.

“I am detaining you from your other guests,” said the lady. “Shall we go out on the lawn ?” and the three passed through the beautiful hall again, pausing this time for a minute to inspect an ancient piece of Spanish carving ; and then, as they passed out of the house, Moy and Miss Wentworth clasped hands once more. Mr. Gilmartin and others came up to speak to her, but, after a word or two with each, she turned again to Moy.

“I have so much I want to tell you,” she said, “of what I have been doing to help the Irish in London.”

And the two, in earnest conversation, walked away together down some of the lovely paths that led one here and there only to find new and lovelier views of the country, the river, or the ornamental lake and island.

Later in the afternoon Moy and Mrs. Fitzgerald were watching Carinna (as she stood close beside Miss Wentworth, her own bright little face raised to her new friend’s, as if she would not lose an expression that flitted over it), when Mr. M'Donnell came up and said :

“Mrs. Gilmartin, I want to ask you something. Who is Miss Wentworth ?”

“She is a cousin of Lady Catherine Arthur’s,” replied Moy, “and a very highly educated and accomplished woman, and so good and so kind !” she added, hurriedly, as she thought of the side of Miss Wentworth’s character which she best knew.

“I should think so,” said Mr. M'Donnell, with decision ; “I don’t know which of us has taken the greatest fancy to her—Carinna or myself.”

And before very long Moy saw him walking beside Miss

Wentworth and his little daughter. This time they got upon the subject of politics. Miss Wentworth said she thought the franchise question a very real grievance.

"It is," said Mr. M'Donnell. "Look at that man crossing the bridge over there," and he pointed to one of his labourers, a splendid specimen of rude but manly beauty, already past middle age, but straight and active as ever.

"I'm sure," Mr. M'Donnell continued, with a merry smile, "that man has as good a right to the franchise as I have. He is far better looking, to begin with, and he has three sons fighting for the Queen of England. But, to speak seriously, that man has all the qualifications which in England would entitle him to a vote. Why—just because he lives in Ireland—should he be without one? He has saved a little money, too. Indeed, when I hear people saying that the Irish are thriftless, I always remind them of the fact that has been proved, that in the space of twenty years twenty millions of pounds have been sent back to their relations in Ireland by those who went, for the most part, as penniless emigrants to America."

"And the generosity of it, too!" said Miss Wentworth. "The Irish in America would have been twenty millions the richer if they had kept their money, but their poor hearts were too full of love and pity to do that."

Just as the sun was setting every one sat down to a splendid "cold collation" in the vast dining-room, but long before it grew dark all the country round had assembled (though they kept at a respectful distance from the house) to see the fireworks.

Gradually, as darkness gathered, the guests came out on the terrace again, to find the whole scene changed, truly, "into something rich and strange." The graceful outlines of the trees picked out in coloured lanterns, the very flower-beds, traced in lines of light, the bridge across the quiet river looking like some magical creation, the gay boat on the lake moving here and there like a thing of life as well as a "thing of beauty;" and then the island, from its rocky shores what wonders issued! The country people were entranced, enraptured; and even those among

the guests (and they were many) who had seen *fêtes* at the Crystal Palace, said that Mr. M'Donnell's fairy scenes need not fear comparison with those at the Sydenham Palace.

"Of course I had this show for the people," said Mr. M'Donnell to Moy. "I will give them all a party at Christmas, but I wanted them to have some share in this."

"It was very kind and thoughtful of you," said Moy; "and the music—what a treat that has been to the people! Mr. Gilmartin and I just now extended our walk a little farther than usual, and came upon a group of men sitting with folded hands, like children—just listening with intense delight to that overture of Wagner's that the band played a little while ago."

"Ah, I thought the music would be a treat to them," replied Mr. M'Donnell, looking very much pleased. "And they shall hear their own beautiful harp presently."

"Indeed!" Moy looked up brightly into his face.

"Yes; I have had a young man on the property taught (he already played very well by ear), and I have kept him to the last as a surprise. By-the-by, I was thinking the other day of another fact for your husband. Does he know that the only instance of a harp without a fore-pillar, known out of Ireland, was found in Egypt? Ours is on a cross at the old church of Ullard, in Kilkenny; so, altogether, I expect that the Irish brought the harp from Egypt, and altered it as time went on. But come with me."

Moy took the arm of her host, and he led her down the terrace steps to the side of the fountain, which was playing in the most magical way—one moment clear as crystal, the next bathed in the palest sea-green, which rapidly changed to all the colours of the spectrum. Beside the fountain stood a young and handsome Irishman, attired in full Cauthack dress, a cap of the same stuff, shaped like a sugar-loaf, with many tassels, and wrapped carelessly round him a plaid of the same material as his dress. The whole costume was as like as it was possible to make it to the dress worn by the bards in ancient times in Ireland. As Mr. M'Donnell and his guest approached, the young

man swept the harp-strings with a master-hand, and as the delicious sounds reached the ears of those farther off the company gradually gathered round him, and the happy people in the meadows and by the river-side grew bolder as they heard their old friend performing in such grand company.

The harper played with a rapidity, regularity, and sweetness that showed he had not only a special talent for music, but had taken pains to profit by the few lessons Mr. M'Donnell had procured for him. He played "The Minstrel Boy" and several stirring airs, his eyes flashing with the intensity with which he entered into the spirit of the music. Suddenly he paused, looked thoughtfully on the ground, and commenced in a softer mood to play a few bars of a well-known and lovely air. Then, in a sweet rich voice he began to sing some verses of Moore's "Remember Thee!" (that most beautiful address to Ireland):

"Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow:
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?"

A few weeks after Mr. M'Donnell's most successful *fête*, a pretty open carriage and pair came driving out of Ballyvorna and along the country road. Mr. Gilmartin held the reins, Moy sat beside him. They were both looking very well and remarkably happy. They were returning home from an afternoon visit to Lady Arthur, and perhaps the following scrap of conversation will throw some light on the satisfaction expressed in both faces.

"I thought from the very first that they seemed exactly suited to one another," said Moy, with animation.

"And I am sure she is happy," said Mr. Gilmartin.

"And Carinna adores her."

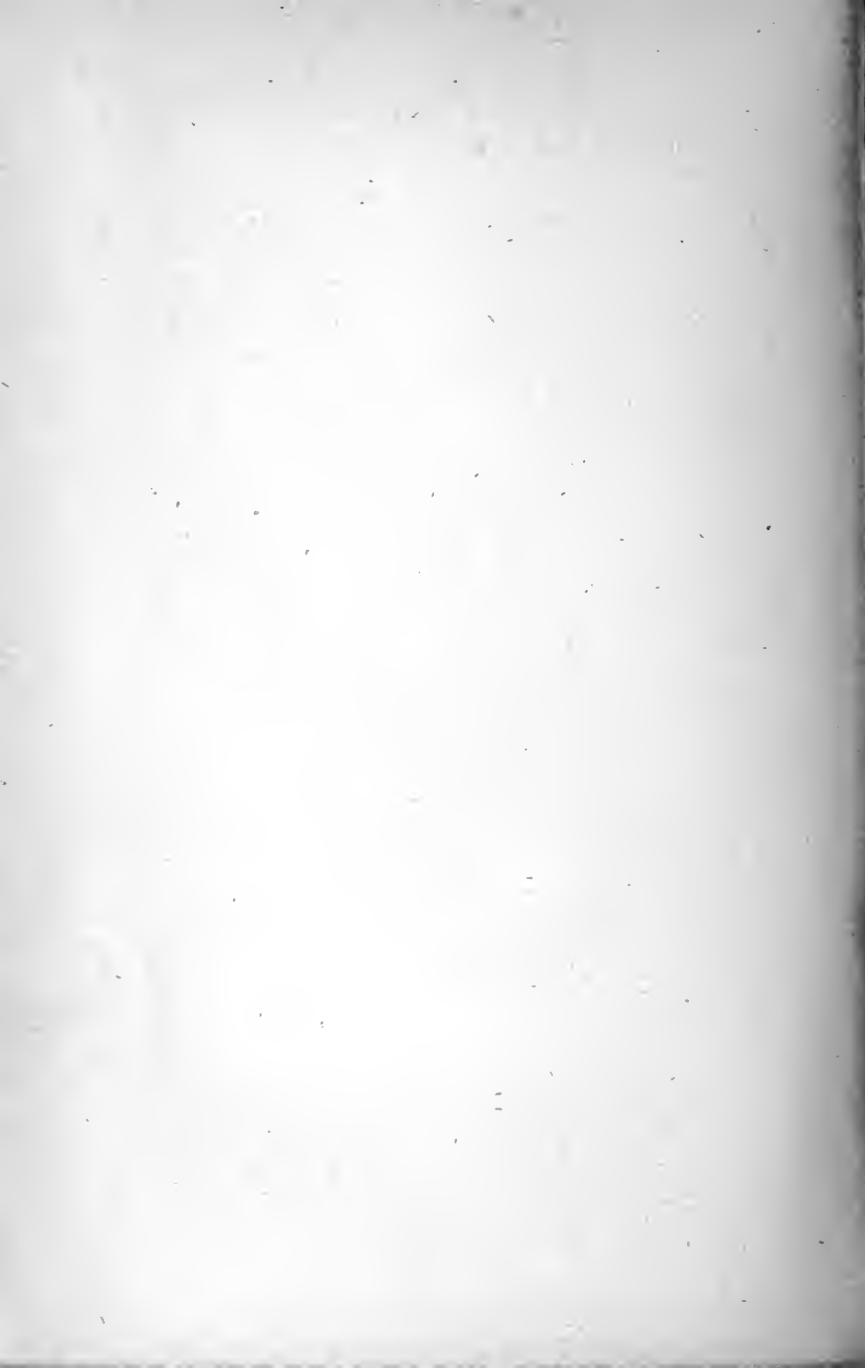
At that moment they were passing the cottage where Miss Wentworth had once read aloud Washington Irving's words about Emmett. At the gate stood Mrs. Farren. She came forward and courtesied, but looked so much as if she had something she wished to say, that Mr. Gilmartin drew up. "Sure you must excuse me, sir, and your lady

will forgive me, I know, but I am going to make so bold as to ask, Is it really true that our good landlord, Mr. M'Donnell, is going to be married to that grand English lady, who liked to read about Emmett?"

"Yes, it is true," said Moy, with great delight. "We are going to have her for our very own."

"Such marriages are the best kind of union between England and Ireland, are they not, Mrs. Farren?" said Mr. Gilmartin, as, leaving the good woman beaming with delight, they drove on between the sunlit hedges, over the very spot, where, on a bright summer morning long ago, Denis Gilmartin and Moy O'Brien met for the first time in Ireland.

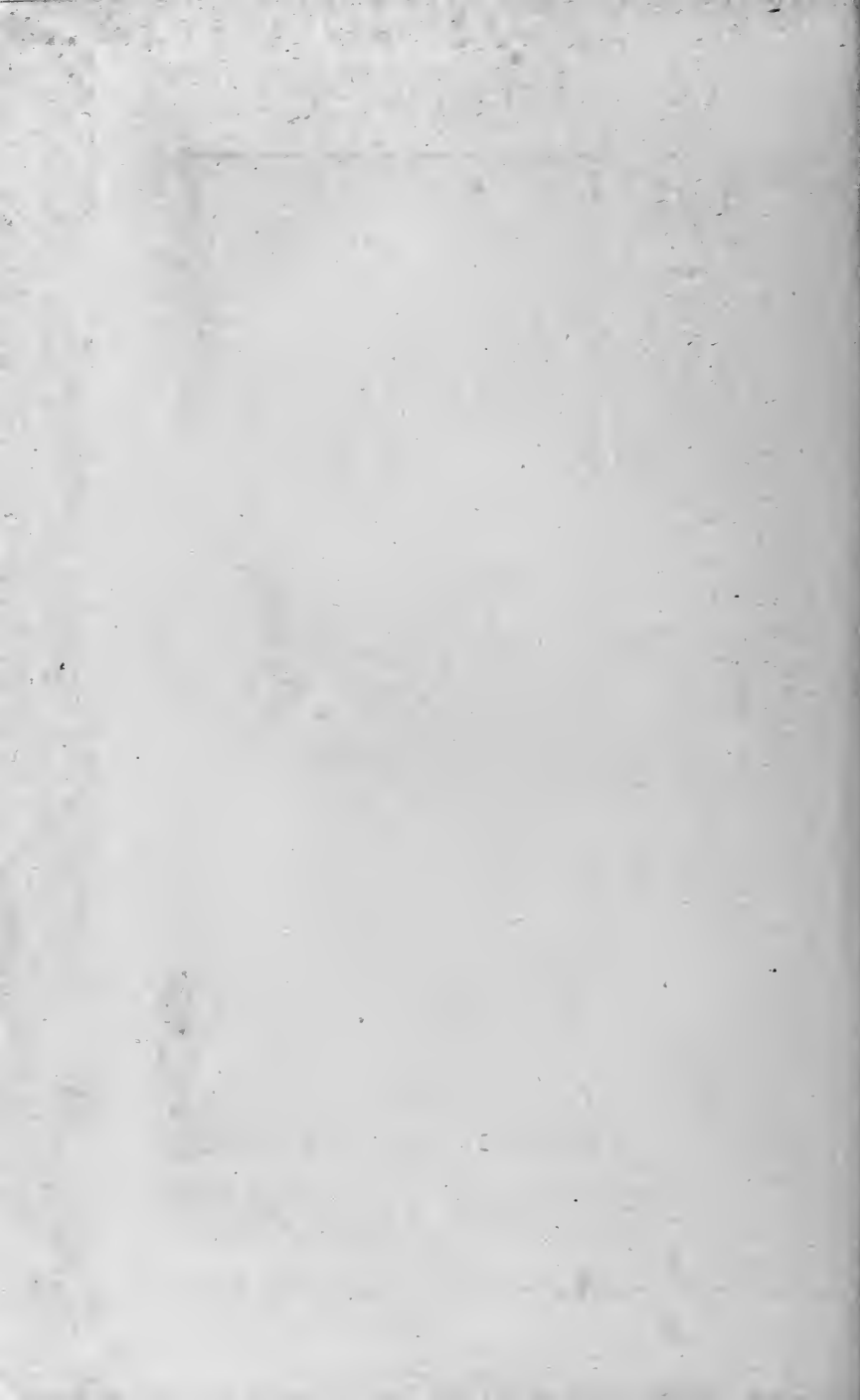
THE END.











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Thompson, Emily Skeffington
Moy O'Brien

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